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THE
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE
DECEMBER—MAY,
1871.



THE
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE

ENTIRELY NEW SERIES.

VOL. VI. 230

DECEMBER—MAY.



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1871.

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PREFACE.

HE usual design of Addresses of this sort is to implore the Candour of the Public; we have always had the more pleasing Province of returning Thanks and making our Acknowledgements for the kind Acceptance which our Monthly Collections have met with."

I had the pleasure of addressing my readers in these terms one hundred and thirty-three years ago. My friend, Dr. Johnson, regarded the sentence as a fitting prelude to a general chastisement of my unscrupulous opponents. It would be a great satisfaction to me if he could now witness the peculiar realisation of his prophetic treatment of my foes. For example, the preface of 1738 was chiefly devoted to the annihilation of the writer of a certain periodical entitled *Common Sense*, "printed by Purser, of White-Friers." My public notice of this person had so filled his head with idle chimeras of applause, laurels, and immortality, that he indulged himself in a wild prediction of the honours that would be showered upon him by future ages. "The plagiarising rogue!" exclaimed my friend the Doctor; "if he ever becomes known to posterity, it will be for his stupidity and ingratitude, and that only by our favour." I at once suggested to my illustrious contributor the propriety of embodying this thought in a prophetic criticism to grace my next preface. I turn back to the well-known page with a sigh that the learned Doctor is not here to see how completely his words are verified. *Common Sense* is only known through *The Gentleman's Magazine*, and I myself might have forgotten that spurious work had not my memory been excited by the following letter :—

"MR. URBAN,—As you are the oldest conductor of periodical literature in England, so I imagine you must take the greatest pleasure in referring to the illustrious memories which are associated with your youthful days, and this without showing any signs of that imbecility which belongs to the mere *laudator temporis acti*. If you are susceptible of such feelings, I suppose you can never peruse without gratification the elegant little ode which, according to Mr. Boswell, appeared, fresh from the hand of Johnson, in the number of your Magazine for March, 1738. I find from the same authority that in the following May appeared a translation, which is given at full length in the notes to Boswell's great work. It is my extreme dissatisfaction with the manner in which the elegant simplicity of the original is diluted with clumsy verbiage in this translation, which has induced me to offer you what I consider a superior version. Trusting that you

will receive my contribution with some favour, if not for its own merits, yet for the opportunity it gives you of recalling the cherished glories of 133 years ago.—
I remain, Mr. Urban, your sincere friend,

“JOSEPH GILES,

February, 1871.”

Resident Magistrate, Westport,
Nelson, South West Gold Fields, New Zealand.

URBANE, NULLIS FESSE LABORIBUS.

Oh! Urban, unsubdued alike,
Though labours press and slanders strike,
The wreath upon thy learned brow
Shall ever flourish green as now.

Unmindful what the common crew
Of imitators threat or do,
Happy in mind and studies, choose
The paths devoted to the Muse.

The dull darts of the spiteful tongue
Break, in calm silence proudly strong;
Thy strenuous zeal shall quell thy foes,
And force its way though crowds oppose.

Put forth thy strength, and, smiling, foil
Each jealous rival's idle toil;
Put forth thy strength, and thou shalt claim
The Muses partners in thy aim.

No page is dearer to the Muse
Than that whose genius can infuse
Grave themes with light, and trifles find
Of power to ease the jaded mind.

When for the nymphs Lycoris weaves
Fair chaplets, thus the violet leaves
Relieve the redness of the rose,
With various tints thus Iris glows.

In my early days it was a popular custom for editors to receive and publish complimentary letters. My correspondents addressed me in laudatory prose and glowing verse. Fashions change. New men, new manners. I have always laboured to adapt my work to the times, only accepting changes when I was convinced that they were improvements. My correspondents are not less numerous than they were. Some of them want the courtesy and grace of style and manner which characterised the epistolary work of a hundred years ago. Contributors are more irritable than they were in my early days. This probably arises out of the higher rate at which literary labour is now paid. A hundred years ago many of my best articles were gratuitous contributions. Indeed, some of my distinguished friends would have thought it undignified to receive an honorarium. All this is changed. Authorship is an honourable profession. Princes and peers add to their dis-

inction by successful competition with the professional writer ; and neither prince nor peer is ashamed to receive the commercial reward of literary success. If competent writers alone favoured me with their manuscripts, my position would be one of especial comfort. It is the amateur essayist and the unfledged poet who plant thorns in my chair, and make me sometimes long for the lungeing pen of Dr. Johnson, who had no mercy upon vanity and stupidity. I remember me now, in that same preface, how boldly he talked of the miserable persons who dared to raise their heads in the august presence of my shadowy figure. Frequently he passed over the calumnies of my competitors, not only, as he said, because it is cruelty to insult the Depressed, and folly to engage with Desperation, but because he considered all their outcries, menaces, and boasts, as nothing more than advertisements in favour of my publication, being evidently drawn up with the bitterness of baffled malice and disappointed hope. Ah, they were brave days, those days of my early life, when authors hit out right and left, with an earnestness that shames modern criticism !

The New Zealand magistrate is alone to blame for this preface on a preface. His letter recalled the old days so vividly that I could not resist the desire to print his communication. That point settled, I had no other resource but to introduce it with some few words of my own. I feel assured that my readers will agree with me in regarding the letter of my colonial correspondent as a notable and interesting communication. What revenge could be more complete than to find in 1871 a British colonist solacing his leisure by doing into his native tongue the Doctor's Latin song of triumph over enemies whose works find their only lasting memorials in my own pages ? The resident magistrate has justified his criticism of " Briton's " version of this elegant composition. I prefer my new contributor's lines to the more elaborate verse of my friend who sent along with his translation in 1738, the following characteristic tribute in prose :—

" MR. URBAN,—Thro' the whole Course of the Opposition you have met with from your weak Antagonists, I cannot recollect that you have ever used any other Method of convincing the Publick of your own Merit, and the false Insinuations of your Adversaries, than that of fair and open Reasoning, undeniable Argument, and impartial Evidence ; or that you have ever attempted to hector Persons into an Approbation of your Work. Nor do I remember that you have by empty Paragraphs of Buffoonery in Newspapers, forged Advertisements, or any other unfair Manner of Proceeding, attempted to stain the Character of your Rivals. No : I am sensible you think, as any one who pretends to Candour or Honour would do, that such base, mean Artifices, are utterly beneath you. But, notwithstanding all this, the *London Magaziners* have, with their usual Impudence and Scurrility, ventured to publish some Lines in their last, below the most abject Production of *Grub-street* I ever met with ; yet, under the Name of an Imitation

of the *Latin* Ode to you in your Magazine for *March*. This was the Occasion of my now sending you the following Version of it : And tho' I could not pretend to render it in its native Beauties, I have attempted to do it in its true Meaning, and therefore hope it will not be unacceptable to your Readers."

I commend "Briton's" letter, as a curiosity, to the colonial magistrate, and I rely upon the forbearance of a generous public to pardon my discursive introduction to this volume of my latest series. It will be not a little singular if the native New Zealander, when he sits on the ruins of London Bridge, should have imbibed an early knowledge of the literature and history of the metropolis from certain magazines which my colonial correspondent is evidently turning over with pride and pleasure. If my late contributor were at my side, he would enter into a learned and thoughtful disquisition concerning the indirect influence of these volumes upon the administration of British law in the New Zealand gold fields. I shall not venture to imitate him in that respect, even if I possessed the lexicographer's power of analysing philosophical problems.

In conclusion I will only briefly refer to the varied contents of this half-yearly volume, as evidence of promises fulfilled and hopeful prospects in the future. I regret that the fourth part of "The Fall of Paris" has not yet reached me. The writer has met with a serious accident in Paris, where he resides. This misfortune and the interruption of communication with that unhappy city are ample excuses for an author, who, having fled from Paris to avoid the German siege, now finds himself suffering from the unexpected investment of the place by its late defenders. I hope to resume and conclude the writer's personal narrative in my next number, and I venture to commend it to my readers, as one of the most truthful reflections of the effect of the late war upon the social and domestic life of France which could be given in so short a space. Mr. Charles Cowden Clarke commences, in this volume, a series of valuable essays upon the "Comic Writers of England," and I have other works in hand which I trust will be as acceptable to my modern readers as the *Gentleman's* writings were to their forefathers a hundred and fifty years ago.

SYLVANUS URBAN.

THE
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DECEMBER, 1870.

SIEGES OF PARIS.



WHEN Cæsar came first to Gaul, Lutece, or Paris, had no walls, and was merely a cluster of poor huts, defended by a river that wound its way between forest and marsh. In the great insurrection when the wild Gauls refused any longer to contribute cavalry to the Roman armies, Cæsar, before his defeat in Auvergne and his retreat to Champagne, sent Labienus, his lieutenant, to attack the Parisians. The barbarians on his approach burnt their fortresses, destroyed their bridges, forsook their woods, and encamped to the north of the town. In the battle that ensued the Gauls were routed and their chieftain, Camulogene, slain. In 356 Julian the Apostate cleared Paris and its environs of the hordes of German barbarians who had overrun it for five years, gave the town a municipality, and built the Palais des Thermes (now the Hotel Cluny). The Roman camp then stood on part of what is now the garden of the Luxembourg.

Lutetia—the favourite city of Julian the Apostate, the pleasant capital of Roman Gaul—was much tormented by those rapacious Danes who in the ninth century came down in hungry swarms from their northern pine forests upon the unhappy countries of their choice. In 842, fresh from burning Nantes and spoiling the Saracens of Spain, the Danes rushed on Paris. The river was wider then, and as Sir F. Palgrave learnedly explains, there were but two bridges to the city island, and probably only one gate. The Palais des Thermes was still a noble structure, the great monasteries of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, St. Germain des Près, Ste. Genevieve, and St. Victor, were castellated fortresses, used as strong-

holds in such hours of need. On the approach of Regner Lodbrok and his horde, Charles the Bald concentrated his army at St. Denis, before the Abbey (St. Germain des Près), and opposite to an island of the Seine. The Danes did not attack, but spread over the country, burning and ravaging. The frightened inhabitants abandoned Paris, and on Easter Eve the Danes entered it. The monks had fled with their shrines' relics, the citizens had borne away or hidden their valuables, so the Danes carried off only the iron gates and the roof beams of St. Germain, to show as trophies to King Eric of Denmark, and when the too free use of wine brought on dysentery in their army, they consented to depart on Charles the Bald paying them the enormous subsidy of seven thousand pounds of silver, a sum equal, say the Academicians, to 520,000 livres.

In 857, these pirates were again on the Seine. The monasteries, heretofore sacked, were now destroyed. St. Denis was burnt and a heavy ransom demanded for the Abbot, Charlemagne's grandson. Notre Dame (then St. Etienne) and St. Germain des Près alone escaped. The savages also broke open the tombs of the Merovingian kings, and scattered the bones of Clovis. Even till the era of Louis XIII. a clause was retained in the Ste. Genevieve Litany, "From the fury of the Norsemen, good Lord deliver us."

These sea robbers came again in 885. Rollo had then reoccupied Rouen and advanced on Paris; Sigfried leading their host of 40,000 men in boats and barges that covered the Seine for two leagues. The city was now fortified, a painted bridge stopped their vessels, and the Grand Chatelet was defended by Eudes, son of the Count of Paris. This is the defence that Ariosto has immortalised in his gay and chivalrous verse. A treaty refused, on Ste. Catherine's Day the Danes fell to it, trying to storm the Grand Chatelet, and wounding Bishop Gauzelaine. The siege lingered on for four years, but the Danes made no great way. One spring the Seine swelled; carried off several piers of the Petit Pont, and opened a way to the Danish vessels, but Bishop Gauzelaine instantly repaired the bridge and manned an adjoining tower with twelve brave citizens of the merchant forces. The Danes tried in vain to burn the painted bridge with fire ships, but the Bishop sunk them; the tower however they burnt and butchered the defenders, who surrendered. Bishop Gauzelaine dying of vexation, the Emperor sent a grand army to raise the siege, but the Danes caught the leader, Count Henry, in a pitfall outside their camp and killed him. Eventually Charles came and gave them a subsidy of 1,400 silver marks and Burgundy, which had recently revolted from him. Sigfried was soon after killed in a

foray in Holland. The Parisians refusing to allow the Danes to ascend the Seine, the Northmen dragged their vessels round over land; and about 50 years since, says Sir F. Palgrave, a curious Danish boat, hollowed out of a single piece of timber, that had been swallowed up by the silt, was dug up near the Champ de Mars. The Danes lingered for a year or two round Paris, till every stiver of the black mail was paid.

Paris had then some little rest, nearly a century's repose, till 978 in fact, when the Emperor Otho attacked Lothaire, one of the last of the Carlovingian race, with 60,000 steadfast Germans. The French refused to fight, all except one knight, who slew a German ritter who rode up in defiance to the Chatelet gate. Enraged at this reticence, Otho ascended the heights of Montmartre, and there sang exulting hallelujahs over the city, having first ridden to the Chatelet, and contemptuously stuck his lance into the door.

The great wars between France and England in the reign of Edward III. originated in Edward's claim to the French throne on the death of Charles IV. Philip of Valois derived his title by being cousin-german to the deceased monarch, while Edward claimed it as nephew of Charles, ignoring the Salic law, which forbade women to ascend the throne, and which debarred his mother, a sister of Charles, from any right. Edward also espousing the cause of a fugitive Count of Artois, and of Artevelt the rebel brewer of Ghent, an enemy of France, furnished fresh causes of quarrel where none were needed. As a climax to these sources of hatred, King Edward added this also, that the Emperor Louis at a diet at Coblenz put Philip under the ban, and appointed Edward vicar for all lands held by France on the left bank of the Rhine. Chivalrous Sir Walter Manny broke the first spear by attacking Mortaigne, the French retaliated by landing at Southampton and pillaging the town. About St. John the Baptist's Day, 1346, says Froissart, King Edward, leaving his brave wife in the care of her cousin, the Earl of Kent, embarked with his men-at-arms and archers at Southampton. The English were to have landed in Gascony, but afterwards decided on Normandy, as being fuller of rich towns and handsome castles. Our army landed at La Hogue, and took Caen, sacking the place and obtaining great plunder of rich robes, jewels, and gold and silver plate. The English then took Louviers and burnt Gisors, Mantes, and Meulan, and pushed forward to Poissy, only seven leagues from Paris. The bridge here being broken down, the patient army remained five days while it was repairing, our knights in the meantime solacing themselves by burning St. Germain-en-Laye, five leagues from Paris, St. Cloud, Boulogne

(Bois de), and Boissy la Reine. "The Parisians," says the chronicler, "were much alarmed, for Paris at that time was not enclosed." Still the invaders hesitated about marching on, and King Philip beginning to stir, pulled down all the pent-houses in the city, and went to St. Denis to meet the King of Bohemia, Lord John of Hainault, the Duke of Lorraine, the Earl of Flanders, the Earl of Blois, and others of his allies and vassals—barons, knights, and lords. The Parisians, hearing he was leaving the city, came and fell on their knees, and said, in the simple-hearted language of those times:—

"Ah, sire and noble king, what are you about to do? To leave your fine city of Paris? Our enemies are only two leagues off. As soon as they know you have quitted us, they will come directly, and we are not able to resist them ourselves nor shall we find any to defend us. Have the kindness therefore, sire, to remain in your good City of Paris and take care of us."

The king replied: "My good people, do not be afraid; the English will not approach you nearer than they have done. I am going to St. Denis to my army, for I am impatient to pursue these English, and am resolute to fight without delay."

Soon after this came the English march into Picardy and the great victory at Crecy, where the English heralds counted among the French dead eighty banners, eleven princes, 1,200 knights, and 30,000 common soldiers.

In 1357 Paris was enclosed for the first time. The Provost of Paris fortified it with walls and a ditch—employing 300 masons for a whole year. And the time soon came to test the new walls. The Duke of Normandy, Regent of France, collecting 300 lances, besieged Paris, on the side of the Faubourg of St. Anthony, his head-quarters being at Charenton and St. Maur. He held both the Marne and the Seine, allowed nothing to enter the city, and burnt all the suburban villages. The city was defended by the King of Navarre, the Provost of Merchants, and some Navarrese English archers. Peace was at last proclaimed, but the Provost still intrigued for the King of Navarre, who remained at St. Denis, and allowed his English soldiers to brawl and riot in the city, where sixty of them were killed in one fray alone. The Parisians arming to retaliate, the English were set upon as they were returning by the gate of St. Honoré, and 600 of them slain. The Provost at last planning to let in the English to sack the city and kill all the Regent's adherents, some citizens set upon him on the steps of the fort of St. Anthony, struck him down with a battle-axe, killed six of his fellow-conspirators, and brought the Duke of Normandy in triumph from Charenton to the Louvre.

In 1359 Paris was again besieged by the English, who had sailed from Dover two days before the feast of All Saints with cries of "God and St. George." Marching through Picardy and Rheims, they in due course arrived at Monthéry (seven leagues from Paris), and thence sent to Paris heralds to offer battle to the Regent, who, however, refused to come outside the walls at a disadvantage. It was at this time that the good knight Sir Walter Manny, eager for lance-breaking, requested the king to let him venture with some new-made knights as far as the barriers of Paris. The son of Sir Nicholas Dambreticourt, a squire of the body, the king had wished to be of the party, but, as the chronicler sarcastically perhaps mentions, the young man excused himself by saying he could not find his helmet. In these skirmishes many hard blows were exchanged, which ended by a French knight being captured by a stratagem before the English retreated. I am afraid we were cruel in those times. An eye-witness says, "No living being to be seen from the Seine to Etampes; all have sought refuge in the three faubourgs of St. Germain, St. Marcel, and Notre Dame des Champs. Monthéry and Longjumeau are on fire—all round we see the smoke of burning villages rising to heaven. On Easter day I saw the priests of ten communes officiate at the Carmelites, the next day orders came to burn down the three faubourgs. Some wept, others laughed. Near Chanteloup 12,000 persons, men, women and children, threw themselves into a church, which was burnt by the English; and not 300 escaped." "I learned," says the eye-witness, "this lamentable event from a man who had escaped through our Lord's will, and who thanked God for it." Paris was in great distress, for Burgundy sent up no more fire-wood, and fruit trees had to be used for fuel. The English King at last drew off his forces towards the Loire, promising to return to Paris at the vintage. In May 1561, he made peace on receiving Aquitaine, and a ransom for King John, of 3,000,000 of gold crowns, 600,000 to be paid before he left Calais. Paris went frantic with joy at this treaty that saved them, and even presented the English ambassadors with some thorns from the real crown at the Sainte Chapelle. "All rejoice," says the chronicler, "but the armourers. The levied towns and provinces were alone miserable, the Rochelle people saying they would rather pay half their incomes; and adding, 'we may submit to the English with our lips, but with our hearts—never.'"

In those cruel wars which devastated France in the reign of Charles VII., when Burgundians and Armagnacs were more dreaded in Paris than even the English, Joan of Arc, after saving Orleans,

making the redoubtable Talbot prisoner, and crowning Charles King of France at Rheims, experienced her first reverse at Paris. Against her wish (for poor Joan after the coronation had fallen at the King's knees and begged him to let her go back to her father and mother to once more guard their sheep and tend their cattle), the Pucelle led the French troops in August, 1430, to wrest Paris from the English by a *coup de main*. Her angelic voices had warned her to go no further than St. Denys. At the first attack she carried an outpost by a rush. She crossed the first fosse, and even the mound that separated it from the second. Finding the second fosse full of water, amid a storm of arrows she called for fascines and began sounding the water with her lance. Just then, as she stood there conspicuous, an English arrow pierced her thigh; she strove to resist the pain and to urge the troops to the assault, but faint with loss of blood she at last sought the shelter of the first fosse, and late at night was persuaded to return to the camp. But 1,500 were killed or wounded in this attack, and the army accused La Pucelle of imprudence, and believed her justly punished for her impiety in giving the assault on the anniversary of the nativity of Our Lady. Soon afterwards the brave girl (a Charlotte Corday in armour), was stricken from her horse at the siege of Compiègne, sold to John of Luxembourg, and cruelly burnt alive. It was not till April 1436, that the brave Breton Constable of France, Count de Richemont, and the gallant Dunois, immortalised by both Shakespeare and Schiller, took Paris from the English and put the garrison of rough invaders to the sword.

Another lull till 1465, when the proud and warlike Count of Charolois, afterwards that Duke of Burgundy whom Sir Walter has sketched in such a masterly way in "Anne of Geierstein," invested Paris in order to bring his deadly and wily enemy, Louis XI., to terms. Commynes, who was with the Duke, computes his army of German cross-bow men, Neapolitan horsemen and Swiss halberdiers, at 100,000 men. They routed a handful of French archers at Charenton, and passing over the bridge there encamped at Conflans, beside the river, enclosing their army with waggons and artillery. While the scared citizens were still hesitating about an armistice, the subtle King slipped into Paris with 2,000 men-at-arms and half the nobility and volunteers of Normandy, and lent new vigour to the sallies on the Burgundian foragers. The enemy not having blocked the three rivers, Marne, Yonne, and the Seine, provisions were plentiful in Paris. "In a word," says Commynes, "Paris is surrounded by the finest and most plentiful country I ever yet beheld, and it is almost incredible what vast quantities of provisions are brought to it."

The Parisians made frequent sallies, and in many a warm skirmish drove back the Burgundian outposts of 50 lancers at Bercy. The ladies of Paris being spectators, roused the chivalry of the 2,500 men-of-arms who helped to defend the city. One day particularly 4,000 of the King's Franc Archers (young Quentin Durward was perhaps among them, and certainly grim old Balafrè) came to Charenton, threw up a barricade, dug a trench, and began to cannonade the Duke of Calabria's quarters on the opposite side of the river, even killing a trumpeter who was bringing up a dish of meat to the Count de Charolois. The Burgundians instantly mounted their cannon (all but their cumbrous bombards) along the river wall, and gave tongue, having either sheltered themselves in a convenient stone quarry or dug pits before their tents. During this temporary success, half Paris came out to have a safe peep at the enemy. The Burgundians then made a bridge of planks laid on barges, broad enough for three men abreast, and at daybreak passed over; but on a sudden the men in the trenches shouted "Farewell neighbours, farewell," and setting fire to their tents drew off in a huge cluster towards Paris. The King, says Commynes, did not dare attack in force, being suspicious of some of his officers, having indeed one night found the gate of the Bastille (of St. Antoine) towards the fields left open. At the grandest sally there were to be three attacks; one a general sortie, the second at the bridge of Charenton, the third with a brigade of 200 men-at-arms from the wood of Vincennes. At daybreak, when the attack opened, the Burgundian army sprang in a moment to arms, and a hot cannonade began on both sides, though the walls of Paris were a good two leagues off; the Count's scouts in the mist mistook a field of tall thistles for the King's lancers advancing in force, much to the amusement of the rear guard. Peace was soon after proclaimed; Louis, for 200,000 golden crowns, giving up to the Duke Amiens, Abbeville, and other fortresses on the Somme. The Burgundians were, however, again shaking their lances at Paris in 1465; they attempted to surprise the gate of St. Denis, but being repulsed at the barriers they cannonaded the town; and during this attack, says Jean of Troyes—the supposed author of the "*Chronique Scandaleuse*"—a cowardly rascal of a bailiff frightened the citizens almost into fits by running up and down, shouting at the top of his voice, "Get into your houses, O Parisians, for the Burgundians have entered the town." Louis arriving just as the Count had stormed St. Cloud, fell on the Burgundians at Mont Chery, defeated their vanguard, and captured their baggage. The Bretons and Burgundians, during this siege, cut down ruthlessly all the vines at Clignancourt, Montmartre,

and St. Courtille, and made wine of the green grapes; and the Parisians, to save the fruit, did the same to all the other vineyards. During this danger the citizens of Paris barricaded their streets with chains, as the Provost Marcel had first done during the Armagnac and Burgundian troubles of 1356, great bonfires were burnt nightly in every ward, and watch was kept all night at the Hotel de Ville. Louis XI. again temporarily bought off his enemies by concessions of money and territory, and so the war ended. According to Dulaure's calculation, there were at this time only about 150,000 souls in Paris.

After the hero of the "Henriade" had stricken down the insolent Spaniards and the fanatic Leaguers at Ivry, he invested Paris. Choosing a dark night, he told off twenty divisions, to carry at the same time the suburbs of St. Antoine, St. Martin, St. Denis, Montmartre, St. Honoré, St. Germain, St. Michael, St. Agnes, St. Marceau, and St. Victoire, in order to cut off all supplies from Paris. "I wish for peace," said the King; "for a battle I would lose one finger, for a general peace two. I love my city of Paris: she is my eldest daughter. I am jealous of her. I am desirous of doing her service, and would grant her more favours than she demands of me; but I will not be compelled to grant them by the Duke of Mayence or the King of Spain." Henry, attended by his wise favourite Sully, who had been severely wounded at Ivry, and by his secretaries and physician, sat at one of the windows of the Abbey of Montmartre, and watched the two hours' cannonade, and the flames that sprang up with horrible rapidity in a hundred different directions. The Duke de Nemours, who defended Paris, defended it well, nevertheless. Thirty thousand poor wretches died of hunger in the space of a month; mothers fed upon the flesh of their children, and by the advice of the philosophic or fanatical Spanish ambassador the citizens even dug up dead bodies, and pounded the bones into a kind of horrible dough, which generally caused the death of its consumers. The half-starved people fought with fury, even the Capucin and Carthusian monks put on armour over their frocks, and fought beside the citizens. Sully, however, says the city could never have held out if the King's officers had not allowed provisions to pass in exchange for scarfs, plumes, silk stockings, sashes, gloves, and beavers that they wanted from within. Eventually, either owing to hopelessness or fear of the cruelty of his Huguenot soldiers, Henry IV. raised the siege, and retired to Challes, a town between Paris and Meaux, where the Duke of Parma (grandson of Charles V.) was encamped, and soon after retired to the castle of Creil, on the Oise.

This was, no doubt, a discomfiture, though Sully coloured it over; but in 1594, Henry fairly bought his capital of the League governor, the Count de Brisac, for 1,695,400 livres. The royal troops were admitted by the Porte Neuve, at the Quai du Tuileries, which had been banked up, the Porte St. Honoré, and the Porte St. Denis. The cannon on the ramparts were at once turned on the city. Soldiers from Corbeil and Melun landed at the Quai de Celestins. Some German soldiers who resisted at the Quai de l'Ecole, were killed and thrown into the Seine. The Leaguers in vain endeavoured to save the Temple. The agitators excited the people in the University quarter, but a lame-legged captain falling down and breaking his wooden leg and musket, covered with an air of ridicule the whole *emeute*. From a window near the Porte St. Denis, the King himself shouted to the Spanish soldiers as they left the city, "Gentlemen commend me to your master, but never return here."

But the siege that after all more nearly concerns us, and was attended by events that bear more resemblance to what may soon happen, was that conducted by the Allies in March 1814. A short narrative of this one day's siege will have a special interest to most of our readers at this moment. The Allies, eager to at last revenge the losses of Marengo, Jena, and Smolensko, took an ungenerous but not unnatural advantage of those disasters of Napoleon that had culminated at Beresina and at Leipsic, and crossed the Rhine, mustering with their reserves scarcely less than half-a-million of men. The Emperor with a genius soaring above all dangers, instantly concentrated 80,000 men at Chalons and ordered a levy of 280,000 fresh conscripts, intending to form three camps, one at Bordeaux, a second at Metz, and a third at Lyons.

The grand running fight which the Emperor carried on through Champagne ended in his being frequently overpowered and always overweighted by his relentless enemies. Unwilling to be crushed to death between Blucher's and Schwartzemberg's divisions, he at last retreated, hoping to be joined by Suchet's army from Catalonia, and Angereau's regiment from Lyons, and then to hurry back and defeat his enemies under the very walls of Paris. In the meantime, as Marmont and Mortier fell back to the capital, the Allies approached the gay city by three routes, Meaux, Lagny and Soissons. The preparations in Paris for real defence had hitherto been but slight. Napoleon had either never relied on the luxurious and excitable people of the capital, or what is more likely, had, like his nephew, been afraid to trust them with arms. There were two hundred cannon at Vincennes intended for the heights, but they were not

yet mounted. No barricades had been thrown up in the streets near the Octroi wall. Of the 30,000 National Guards, not more than 6,000 had been provided with muskets. The redoubts before the gates were mere "tambours" of palisades, and without moats. The 50, or 60,000 volunteers with fowling pieces that could have been mustered, had not been called upon. Paris was not yet fortified, and all was excitement, confusion and distrust; while the actual reliable soldiers did not number more than 25,000 men.

Paris, protected by a curve of the Seine, is naturally strong on its north and east sides; but its other sides are weak and paralysed. But then the Seine has to be crossed on the weak sides, and the enemy if repulsed is in danger of being driven into the river. "On the east side," says M. Thiers, who prides himself, and with reason, for having urged Louis Philippe to fortify the city, "from Vincennes to Passy a semi-circle of heights encloses the most populous and richest part of the city. From the confluence of the Seine near Charenton to Passy and Auteuil, the heights, sometimes in plateau as at Romainville, sometimes salient as at Montmartre, afford valuable means of resistance. South were the encampments of Menilmontant (at the back of the cemetery of Père la Chaise), Charonne, and furthest south of all, the forest and chateau of Vincennes, a natural rampart reaching to the banks of the Marne. Beyond Belleville (now like Montmartre within the *enceinte*), stretch the gardens, orchards, and vineyards of Romainville." North of these are the villages of Pantin and Près St. Germain, on the west is Bondy, still outside the fortifications, but now almost as much part of Paris as Kensington is of London. North of Romainville and towards Montmartre comes the high ground called the Butte de Chaumont (now just inside the *enceinte* railway), to the right hand, also inside the walls, stands La Petite Villette, and on the left the larger Villette. At St. Chaumont the ridge of heights sinks, and admits an aqueduct called the Canal de l'Ourcq. The ground then rises to that steep quarter of Paris called Montmartre, where in old time St. Denis is said to have been martyred. Before the fortifications it was necessary for an army, M. Thiers shows in his history, to first seize the plateau of Romainville, or he might be cut off at once from his Allies on the north-east. If the plateau was disregarded the defenders could fall on the flank of a regiment coming from Vincennes, or on the flank of a column crossing the plain of St. Denis to attack the barriers of La Villette, St. Denis, or Montmartre.

On the 29th of March the Allied Sovereigns met at the Château of Bondy; and dreading the tiger-like rush of Napoleon, resolved to at once storm Paris, and by the right bank of the Seine, so as not to

have to recross the river if repulsed. There were to be three simultaneous attacks. On the east (the German side), Barclay de Tolly, with 50,000 men, was to march by Passy and Pantin, and carry the plateau of Romainville; on the south, the Prince Royal of Wurtemberg undertook, with 30,000 Germans, to break through the wood of Vincennes, and to reach the barriers of Charonne and du Trône; the third attack, on the north (the English side), was to be led by grim old Blucher himself, who was to force his way through Mortier's grenadiers and over the plain of St. Denis.

On the French side, Marmont took Vincennes, the Barriers du Trône and Charonne, and the plateau of Romainville as far north behind this plateau as Près St. Gervais; while Mortier defended the plain of St. Denis and the space round the Canal of the Ourcq. The Russians won the first move. Misled by an officer, Marmont was mortified to find the Russians already in possession of Romainville. With 1,200 men of the Lagrange division, however, he threw himself on their rearguard, and drove them hotly back on Pantin and Noisy. At the same moment the Ledru des Essarts division swarmed hotly into the wood of Romainville, whose heights border the plain of St. Denis. Marmont then distributed his troops. The Duke of Padua placed his men on the extreme edge of the plateau of Romainville, in the tallest houses of Bagnolet and Montreuil, where the gardens slope down towards the city. In the centre of the plateau Marmont drew up the Lagrange division, backed by the houses of Belleville, while the Ricard division was in the wood of Romainville on the left, and to the north the division of Ledru des Essarts. At the foot of the plateau, in the plain at Près St. Gervais, stood the Boyer de Rebeval division, while the Michel division guarded La Grande and La Petite Villette. The cavalry was posted between Charonne and Vincennes. About eight o'clock, Joseph, posted safe like Jupiter in Montmartre, heard the musketry begin to rattle.

The brave Livonian, Barclay de Tolly, vexed at being pushed out of Romainville, called up his reserves to retake it. Paskiewich's grenadiers were to scale the heights on the Rosny side, while Count Pahlen's cavalry attacked on the south from Montreuil. At the same time Prince Eugene of Wurtemberg was told off to attack Pantin and Près St. Gervais to the north, and to contribute to the recovery of the important post of Romainville. The Russian attack prospered. General Meyerzoff, who had been repulsed in the morning, forced back Lagrange, and wrested from him the heights. The Russian brigade also turned the plateau by Montreuil and Bagnolet, and the Duke of Padua, being outflanked, was driven

slowly but surely backward. At the same time the Russian cuirassiers, storming along the plateau, charged the French infantry, but were repelled by the drifting fire. At Belleville, too, the narrower plateau gave the French, by concentration, greater strength. The tirailleurs threw themselves for cover behind the houses of Bagnolet, and found shelter in the wood of Romainville. The French batteries, though served for the most part by mere lads from the Polytechnique, kept up a relentless fire that drove the grey coats backwards, at the same time Ledru des Essart's Young Guard won back, tree by tree, the wood of Romainville, and outflanked the Russian force. At the foot of the plateau, the French still held Pantin and Près St. Gervais, and repelled all efforts of the Prince of Wurtemberg to win them back. If the French had now got but 11,000 more men, their historians say, the Allies might have received a severe check; but they had not.

About this time, while Schwartzenberg waited for the two other attacks to begin, that weak and vain man, Joseph Bonaparte, hearing that Cossacks had already been seen near the Bois de Boulogne, and that the capital must soon be surrendered, fled back to the city.

The other attacks were now commencing. Blucher was on the plain of St. Denis. Langeron had driven through Aubervilliers nearly to the Bois de Boulogne. He then sent his Prussian and Baden Guards to help Prince Eugene to carry Pantin and Près St. Gervais. The Prince Royal of Wurtemberg was also moving forward to the south by Neuilly and the forest of Vincennes.

The Allied forces were now in line. To the north Prince Eugene, backed by Prussian bayonets, fell fiercely on Pantin and Près St. Gervais, and tried his best to drive out the Boyer de Rebeval divisions and the Young Guard. Slowly but surely Romainville was won. The Russians, though at first repulsed, at last seized Montreuil and Bagnolet, and took possession of the nearest houses of Menilmontant, and the Duke of Padua was outflanked on the French left. The Ledru des Essart division was beaten from tree to tree out of the wood of Romainville, which they had so lately conquered. Pressed on both flanks and enveloped in fire, Marmont struck a brave blow for life and for victory. Throwing his troops rapidly into four massive battalions formed in column, he rushed like a sword-fish at the Russian centre. Twelve cannons loaded with grape welcomed the fierce assailants, and at the same moment the Russian grenadiers pressed upon his front, while Miloradovitch's heavy cavalry hewed at his flank. The French columns bent, wavered, and retired before

these myriads ; but a brave fellow, named Ghessler, breaking with 200 men from a wood, gave time to Marmont to retreat towards Belleville. The game was all but played, the struggle all but over. Everywhere the French were outweighed and retiring. The wood and plateau were now both lost. The centre stood near Belleville, maimed and enfeebled. The Padua division was at Menilmontant. The Michel and Boyer divisions battled still, but almost hopelessly, for Pantin. In the plain, too, there was tough fighting ; La Villette and La Chapelle were both assailed. General Billiard's cavalry was keeping Blucher's dogged squadrons at bay. It was at this crisis that General Dejean arrived from Napoleon, and cheered on the men for a last rush by the enormous and reckless lie that the Emperor was almost in sight, with a force of 600,000 men. There was some hope still at Vincennes. A battery nobly worked by Polytechnique lads, advancing too far from the Barrier du Trône to play on Pahlen's cavalry, got cut off by some German cavalry, and were only saved by their own steadiness and a dash of some national guards and dragoons, who would not leave them to perish. Belleville, the key of the height, still held out ; and there Marmont had concentrated his field artillery and the wrecks of his shattered divisions, sending word to scared Joseph, like an obstinate old soldier that he was, that as yet he saw no reason for surrender.

But the end was now near. Schwartzemberg, dreading every moment to see the flash of Napoleon's bayonets on the eastern horizon, ordered a general attack. Five columns (north and south) were to cut off Belleville from Paris. Brigadier Paisch, with eight heavy guns at Menilmontant, four more at Belleville, and eight on the Butte de Chaumont, received them with a mowing fire, but nothing could stop such deluging masses ; they were everywhere superior, and Belleville fell. Mortier, afraid of being cut off, then collected all his forces, charged on the Russians, already entering the Temple Faubourg, drove them out, and resumed the defence of the Octroi wall. In the meantime another division, fighting desperately on the plain of St. Denis, was jostled back to the barriers, while Langeron took the now undefended Montmartre, and marched on the Clichy barrier, held bravely by Marshal Moncey. Marmont, unwilling to see the city destroyed in a useless defence, now proposed terms, and surrendered the city to the Allies. Thus with a total loss of 16,000 men (10,000 Allies, 6,000 French), fell Paris after one day's hard fighting.

Will the city, beautiful and fierce as a tigress, make a desperate resistance now is the great problem that may be solved before this

article appears. We think not. A few sharp days, and the forts will fall, and with the forts the city. Still we must remember that Paris is now far stronger than in 1814; and instead of a few contemptible redoubts and 100 guns, has twelve leagues of wall and sixteen citadels. Instead of 30,000 men, she has at present, by the most trustworthy accounts, 60,000 soldiers, 100,000 Gardes Mobile, 190,000 National Guards, 9,000 volunteer Franc-Tireurs, and 10,000 auxiliaries from the municipal services. The reliable defenders of the city are computed by General Trochu, a cool and determined man, at 410,000 armed men, ready for instant service on the ramparts. This sounds well, and much may be expected from the rage and despair of such a multitude, even though two-thirds of them are young recruits. Still we do not think that Paris will rival even Sebastopol, much less Troy, Numantia, or Saragossa. Yet there are certainly elements of strength unknown in 1814. The population, then only 700,000, is now 1,696,000. The whole twenty-two miles of ramparts only require 150,000 men to man them; and if the total number of guns required, 3,640 (the Allies of 1814 only took 100), have really been mounted, and the thirty-six entrances hitherto left open have been well fortified—if there is no treason, internal insurrection, or panic—Paris may still make a bloody resistance, and many thousands of Prussians may perish before its bastions, even in the few days of storm that we expect. The rain of fire and iron must soon, we fear, descend upon the fair siren of cities. God grant her days of suffering may be short, and that the sunshine of peace may follow speedily the cruel tempest.

WALTER THORNBURY.



AFTER-DINNER SPEECHES.

THERE are three or four things that most people think they can do till they try ; waltz, for instance, or throw off a *Times* leader, drive tandem or draw up a budget. Of the secrets of Printing House Square of course none of us know any more than we know of those of the Œcumenical Council or the Court of the Grand Llama. But if Mr. Delane ever takes it into his head to give us "The Autobiography of a Journalist," he will, I have no doubt, be able to illustrate one of these foibles as interestingly as Mr. Lowe exemplified another in his speech at Gloucester a couple of years ago. All the world knows how Sir William Jones used to upset the quadrilles at his friends' houses, when young ladies, anxious to trot out the lion, assumed as a matter of course that the man who could spell out an inscription on an Assyrian obelisk, must know all the figures of a quadrille ; and you have only to keep your eyes open during a London season to meet with scores of instances of the superstition that a man has only to take his seat on a box, and flourish a whip, to distinguish himself as the driver of a four in hand. But after profound meditation, and a diversified observation of public dinners at the London Tavern, at the Freemason's Hall, and at Willis's Rooms, I have come to the conclusion that the most general, the most alluring, and I may add the most fatal, of all the known forms of temptation, is the temptation to stand up with a glass of wine in your hand, and propose a toast.

An Englishman, as Frere said, generally opens best, like the oyster, with a knife and fork, and it looks so easy to get on your legs after dinner, when your blood is five or ten degrees higher than usual, and when your intellects are as keen and as fertile, in your own estimation at least, as those of Barry Cornwall's happy Squires,—

With brains made clear
By the irresistible strength of beer,

and set the table in a roar by a few happy flashes of wit, of satire, or of humour. The profusion of plate and flowers, the rattle of glass, the inspiration of the claret, the apparently thoughtless geniality of the guests, the anticipation of waking up next morning and finding yourself famous—your speech in all the papers, your *bon mots* in all

mouths—form together a combination of temptations that may well turn more heads than they do.

And yet what failures most after-dinner speeches are. How they associate themselves in one's recollection with mental nausea, with fits of indigestion, blue devils, Gorgons, hydras, and chimeras dire! Run over in your mind's eye all the after-dinner speeches you have heard in the course of your life, select the best, and if you are of a critical turn of mind analyse them, and what are they? You might as well attempt to analyse a butterfly's wings or the motes in a sunbeam. A single speech of Mr. Lowe's or of Mr. Disraeli's upon a question that stirs our passions or touches our imagination will, I venture to say, be worth all of them put together.

How is this? In Parliamentary eloquence, the eloquence proper to business-like assemblies, we have no rivals. Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Disraeli, and Mr. Bright are not only the first of English orators, they stand at the head of all contemporary orators. The traditions of the English Church do not favour the growth of eloquence, especially the growth of extemporaneous eloquence. The churches of the Continent cultivate it as one of the fine arts, as one of the first of their professional accomplishments—cultivate it, that is, as we do Greek and Latin. And in the mass, these churches probably possess more fluent and striking preachers than are to be found in all our churches, Episcopal, Presbyterian, and Nonconformist. Yet if we take the most distinguished lights of their pulpits and compare them with our Stanleys, our Liddons, our Wilberforces, and Cairds, we do not believe that we need blush for ourselves even on this score. In Sir Roundell Palmer, in Sir John Coleridge, in Sir John Karslake, and Mr. Henry James, we have, too, lawyers of the most distinguished powers of oratory. Here, however, our boasting must end. We do not possess the art of making after-dinner speeches. Public dinners are our forte. But after-dinner speeches are our foible. We have only two or three men out of our thirty millions who can talk a little agreeable and witty nonsense at the head of a dinner-table that will look as light and sparkling in the type of the *Times* the next morning as it sounds with the voice of the speaker still ringing in your ears. One of these is a popular divine, another a comic actor, and the third one of the most distinguished of Her Majesty's ministers. The mass of after-dinner speakers are intolerable, and not to be endured. They are vapid and pointless to a degree which is hardly conceivable by those who have not conscientiously gone through a course of the banquets by which, during May and June, the millionaires of the metropolis are hocused out of

their guineas under the genial and exhilarating influence of cheap Champagne and pathetic statistics. Is it that the genius of our language does not lend itself to the persiflage that forms the staple of the happiest specimens of after-dinner oratory? That it is not sufficiently plastic? That it is not sufficiently precise and picturesque to reproduce the fleeting fancies of the moment with the piquancy and delicacy of the French or the Italian? Or is it a sort of constitutional defect? Is it a superstition of our own that we open best like the oyster, with knife and fork? Or what is it? for we are at our wits' end to suggest any plausible hypothesis in the form of a universal fact.

Many of our failures arise, probably, from the want of preparation. People go to dinners anticipating to be called upon to make a speech, and yet go without a single sentence upon their lips, without a single thought in their heads. They trust, like Telemachus, at the Spartan Court, to the inspiration of the moment, and, like that interesting youth, when the moment comes they are as mute as rats who have just crossed the floor of the House of Commons. They rise in a fluster, acknowledge the cheers which greet them with a ghastly smile, stammer out a few words, pause, hesitate, stop, quote poetry, or get on the stilts and talk hyperbole or nonsense, according to the turn of their minds, repeat themselves two or three times, and sit down in a cold sweat, possibly thanking Heaven that they are not under the table in a fit of apoplexy, or perhaps consoling themselves with the reflection that after all they have not made greater asses of themselves than the rest of the guests, and that they can atone for their failure by adding five guineas extra to their subscription. We are thinking now only of the more favourable cases. Now and then you meet a man who is perverse and stupid, who does not sit down when his head is gone, who treats a cough with contempt, and resents conversation as an impertinence; a man who simply stands still when his ideas have all vanished, and who, although conscious that his mind is an utter blank, nevertheless persists in keeping on his legs and firing off odd little sentences that mean nothing, like riflemen firing off blank cartridge, after their shot is all gone. Most after-dinner speakers are simply bores. These are a nuisance.

All our failures, however, are not to be explained on this hypothesis. More men break down, perhaps, from want of preparation than from anything else. But this is not the only cause. There are many men who possess every gift by which the most brilliant after-dinner speakers are distinguished—imagination, wit, keen powers of ridicule, a polished style—all except one: sufficient strength of nerve to stand

upon their legs for ten minutes in the presence of two or three hundred pair of eyes. At their desk, with a pen in their hands, these men are perhaps among the most thoughtful and suggestive of writers ; and over a glass of wine, with half a dozen friends, the liveliest and most sparkling of talkers ; but the instant they feel themselves on their feet, asking permission to propose a toast, or acknowledge their own health, they sink to the level of the ordinary stutters of common-place. Thackeray belonged to this class. It was a positive torture to him to be called upon to make an after-dinner speech. "Why don't they get Dickens to take the chair?" he used to say peevishly when a deputation had just pestered him into attending their anniversary at the London Tavern. "He can make a speech, and a good one. I'm of no use. They little think how nervous I am ; and Dickens does not know the meaning of the word." And this was the fact. Thackeray scribbled out a draft of all his speeches, and revised, and altered, and polished them as he did a chapter in "Pendennis" or a "Round About Paper," and then learnt them by heart. But it was a thousand chances to one whether he got through half of what he had thus prepared ; and whether he did or not, he was like a toad under a harrow all the evening, and very seldom made the slightest play with his eloquence.

And this is generally the case with men of Thackeray's type. It was the case with Theodore Hook. In a Club smoking room the witty editor of *John Bull* would mount the table and keep a select circle of boon companions laughing for a couple of hours, by mimicking the style of most of our Parliamentary orators, Peel, Palmerston, Croker, Althorp, "the brilliant Baron," Lyndhurst, Brougham and Follett, reproducing their style, their thoughts, all their little affectations and tricks, with astonishing fidelity. Yet when called upon to put a few sentences together at a Lord Mayor's dinner, the keenest wit in London was brought to the stand-still at his third sentence for a thought or a phrase, and never, I believe, in his life got beyond a dozen sentences. Pen in hand Jeffrey was the most fluent of men. He threw off page after page of a slashing criticism for the *Edinburgh Review* in the course of the evening, without a single erasure or interlineation, without even a pause for a word. But at a dinner table it was a mere chance of hit or miss whether his speeches were brilliant successes or contemptible failures ; and in the most important after-dinner speech that he was called upon to make, that of proposing the health of Charles Kemble when presenting him with a testimonial in the name of the City of Edinburgh, he broke down at the very outset of his speech, and had to sit in confu-

sion and shame. Lord Lytton's speeches read well, but to listen to them as they fall from the lips of their author they are as flat as champagne in decanters. Goldwin Smith is ineffective. Anthony Trollope is surprisingly feeble, although, perhaps, now and then, as in his recent speech at the anniversary of the Newspaper Press Fund, you may trace a flash or two of the author of "Barchester Towers." Froude is as dull as an alderman. Edmund Yates is pert. Sala talks like a school-boy repeating a half-learnt lesson. Tennyson, I believe, has never risked his reputation by the slightest attempt at any kind of eloquence; and Longfellow systematically refuses to touch a toast list even with a pair of tongs. These names run so high and so low, in the ranks of literature, that I should be disposed to lay it down as a rule that poets, novelists, and historians are not of the stuff that brilliant after-dinner speakers are made of. Their intellects are not sufficiently flexible. Their wit is not portable. Their nerves are too weak. Charles Dickens was, I believe, the only exception to the rule; and, with Charles Mathews and Mr. Lowe, he was the best chairman in London. He never lost his balance. His wit was always sparkling. His strokes of humour never failed to tell. He was as much at his ease at the head of the table with 200 guests, as he was in his own library chair throwing off a page of dialogue between Mr. Grewgious and Rosa. He did not know what nervousness was. "The first time I took the chair at a public dinner," he told one of his friends, "I felt just as much confidence as if I had done the same thing a hundred times before." And his fluency was equal to his self-possession. He was never at a loss for a happy expression, a bit of humour, or a telling anecdote.

Princes, dukes, bishops, and soldiers of all ranks may be classed with poets and novelists as, on the whole, bad after-dinner speakers. They are too dignified for the work. They cannot abandon themselves to the inspiration of the scene. Imagine the thrill of horror that would ascend to heaven from every ruri-decanal chapter from Penzance to Berwick-on-Tweed if the *Times* were to publish a speech of Charles Mathews or Buckstone under the name of the Bishop of Lincoln or of the Bishop of Oxford! No; humour and shovel hats do not go together; and the first thing that a doctor of divinity ought to do after he has been gazetted is to clear his mind of all the anecdotes that have been storing themselves in his recollection from his college days, and to cross himself whenever he happens to think of that mad wag, Sydney Smith. Yet even here you may find exceptions. The Bishop of Winchester and the Bishop of Peterborough, for instance, are admirable after-dinner speakers, although neither of

them equals the Ven. Archdeacon Denison. He is superior to Buckstone at a cold collation. The Duke of Cambridge, too, can speak well at a military club dinner or a volunteer banquet.

Men of science often speak well. Professor Huxley, Professor Tyndall, and Professor Rankin are equal to Charles Mathews in his best form. The Royal Academy possesses but one orator; but Sir Francis Grant is as distinguished by his speeches as by his pictures. His speeches at the Royal Academy dinner are of the highest type of after-dinner eloquence.

Of politicians I cannot say much. They are, as a rule, too heavy. Sir Robert Peel generally operated as a wet blanket upon the guests at the Mansion House; and Sir Robert Peel's most distinguished pupil, Mr. Gladstone, is apt to bore one with his grave and earnest eloquence. Lord Houghton is pleasant and polished, and that is all. Mr. Bright is a political Paganini. He always plays on one string, and there are few notes in the gamut of his eloquence. He is either political or nothing. Lord Granville and Mr. Lowe are the only good after-dinner orators in the present ministry. They are equal to Lord Palmerston, light, racy, anecdotal. Mr. Lowe is apt to be a little too cynical, and Lord Granville's geniality now and then becomes perhaps a trifle too effusive. Taking them all in all, however, they are super-excellent. They are never stupid, never insipid. They never get too serious. They never lecture their host or his guests. They throw off the minister, throw off the politician, and adapt themselves to the tone of the company in which they happen to find themselves, never rise beyond the level of conversation, and never attempt anything more rhetorical than an epigram. They have but one rival in this art, and that is the leader of Her Majesty's Opposition. Mr. Disraeli's after-dinner speeches are perfect in their way, sparkling with keen and witty observation, graceful personal allusions, terse and picturesque phrases; and, like the speeches of Mr. Lowe and Lord Granville, they are, except upon rare occasions, very short.

This, in fact, is one of the suggestions that ought to be written in letters of gold at the head of every toast list, "No speech to exceed a quarter of an hour." Very few of Mr. Disraeli's or Mr. Lowe's do. The worst speaker that ever laid his hand upon his heart to declare this the happiest moment of his life, may count upon the patience of his fellow guests for ten minutes, but the best diner-out in London is thought a bit of a bore if he interrupts the circulation of the claret beyond a quarter of an hour. "The instant you have made a hit, raised a laugh or a cheer, sit down," was the

advice of one of the most accomplished masters of the art I have known ; and it was sound advice. How happy we might all be if it was acted upon a little oftener ! To this I should be disposed to add another hint or two. Know what you are going to say before you rise, say it, and sit down. Avoid politics like the plague. Keep clear of every controversial topic. A dinner-table is not a discussion-forum, and you may always console yourself with the thought that the *Times* or the *Telegraph* is open to you. Never apologise for your own incapacity. That may always be taken for granted. Your own friends know it. Those who do not know you will assume it for themselves after they have heard your first ten words. I need say nothing about the use of the phrases, "Unaccustomed as I am to public speaking," and "I could have wished that this toast had fallen into abler and better hands." All those flowers of rhetoric have long since been abandoned to provincial aldermen. You might as well drop the aspirate at once as use them in Willis's Rooms. I have one more hint to add. Eschew eloquence. It will spoil your digestion ; and that consideration to the wise will, I know, be enough. But there is another, which ought to be conclusive with all. It will be thrown away everywhere—except, perhaps, at an agricultural dinner. People who have dined well do not wish to be worked up into a passion ; and passion spoils the palate. Put into a single sentence, all these suggestions may be summed up in three or four words—"Never violate good taste." An after-dinner speech is to the higher forms of eloquence what a sonnet is to an Iliad, what French *vers de société* are to English epics ; and the qualities of brevity and buoyancy which Mr. Locker insists upon as absolute essentials in their case, I should insist upon as the absolute essentials of after-dinner speeches. Like them, they should be short, elegant, refined, and fanciful, not seldom distinguished by chastened sentiment, and often playful ; and when they are this, our after-dinner speeches will be as perfect as our political and forensic, and not till then.

CHARLES PEBODY.



“STONE WALLS DO NOT A PRISON MAKE.”*

IT is not the brilliant and humorous work that leaves the firmest impression upon the mind. The happiest and most joyous character has a less permanent charm for us than that which is tinged with melancholy. Joy palls upon the appetite. It needs the shadowy back-ground of sober sadness. We cannot always be laughing. A book entirely devoid of pathos cannot last. No life that mingles not tears with joy is worth the reading.

“In every life some rain must fall,
Some days be dark and dreary.”

Philosophy accounts for the attractiveness of melancholy subjects by setting down the spirit of sadness as in keeping with man's innate consciousness of misery. We do not for a moment propose to inquire into this feature of the human constitution. The idea occurs to us in connection with two men who are gone, and two books that remain behind.

The two books are the works of the two men. The two men are Charles Waterton and Henry Dixon. The latter gentleman we knew personally, and he knew the former. If Dixon had been a merry, jovial fellow when we first made his acquaintance, four or five years ago, we might have retained a less vivid recollection of him than that which remains with us now. It was the melancholy position of the man that drew us to him. He was getting into the sere, the yellow leaf. Thin, gaunt, haggard, with big intelligent eyes, he was propped up in his easy chair, a prisoner to lung disease.

“I shall never ride again,” he said; “never be able to go about as I did. If I am to write any more, it must be from drafts upon my memory.”

“Don't take a despondent view of your state,” we said, as cheerily as we could.

“No, I do not,” he replied. “I have been sitting in this same chair without daring to go to bed for many weeks. When I can breathe at all comfortably I am happy. I have my work about me, you see.”

* “Saddle and Sirloin.” By “The Druid.” London : Rogerson and Tuxford.

Lying upon a table near him were several sporting journals, sundry volumes of *THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE*, the daily papers, and his pen and ink. He was writing that chapter in the life of Lord George Bentinck which appeared in the first number of the new series of *THE GENTLEMAN'S*, and he was full of ideas for other papers. The walls which shut in the man doomed to his arm-chair only seemed to give more scope to the exercise of memory. But he never trusted to memory alone. He always managed to revise his own facts by the memory of a friend.

"If I can only get out by-and-by," he said, "and spend a day or two with old friends, I dare say I can tell some stories worth the telling. I want to sit on the corn-bin at the stables with some of the lads, and talk over past days."

His hopes were fulfilled. With the warm weather he recovered some of his strength, and during the last few years, when he could escape from his arm-chair, he made quiet excursions into the country, refreshing his memories of the field and the farm, interviewing famous farmers, breeders, dealers, trainers, naturalists, and indeed all classes of men with whom he had come in contact when he was in health and spirits. The results of these last days of the sporting barrister (who knew the pedigree of every crack horse and every famous herd, and yet never made bets or speculated, even upon the Epsom races) are to be found in the new series of the periodical in which we are permitted to write these lines. Some of these papers come back to the general reader in scraps of anecdote and incident, in fragments of facts and figures, through the pages of Mr. Dixon's last book, "*Saddle and Sirloin*." And we venture to say that the peculiar charm of this work lies in its melancholy characteristics and associations. In the first place, it is the last book the author wrote, and it is part of an unfinished design. "The second part," wrote the author in his preface, "will (D.V.) see the light in the course of the present year." D.V. ! Poor Dixon ! he knew that it was more than probable Death would countermand the publisher's order for the second part. What were his feelings when he inserted those two lines between parentheses at the close of his preface ? Hope trembled in the hand that death was paralysing ; but "*The Druid*" had prepared for the end long before. He knew that his footsteps were drawing near to the goal ; he had seen "*The End*" written up mistily in the future ; he felt that any day the words would stand out in bold relief, marking the last proof of the last printer ; and he wrote accordingly, hopefully but resigned, "D.V."

Almost the last time we had a long chat with Dixon was at

the close of the Royal Agricultural Show at Leicester. Having exhausted the subject of a personal discussion which had taken place at the Council Board of the Association, some paragraph which we had both noticed in one of the country papers about Waterton, the naturalist, gave rise to a conversation of which we are forcibly reminded in a paper contained in Mr. Dixon's last work. His story of Waterton is full of sympathetic interest, although the sportsman's feelings with regard to hunting and coursing limited his sympathy with the naturalist's enthusiasm to admiration for his personal character, and unvarying interest in his experience at home and abroad.

A stranger must have felt a peculiar sensation on arriving at Walton Hall. After a walk of three or four miles from Wakefield, with railways in all directions, it was a sudden and remarkable transformation to find yourself within a solitude of wood, field, and water. The naturalist surrounded his wonderful estate by a nine-foot wall. He had accurately gauged the jumping power of a fox, and it was his boast that one, and only one, had ever got its pads on the coping, and that this act of daring was never repeated. It was like a grand old wayside refuge, Walton Hall, where the mind could rest and dream. The owner was a sort of modern Robinson Crusoe in affluent circumstances, an educated and thoughtful Crusoe without a gun. There was not a fowling-piece nor a trap about the domain. The golden age had come again within that nine-foot wall. Every living thing that obtained admittance there was safe to come and go as it listed. The birds made their nests and reared their young unmolested. Shy members of the feathered tribe found out the naturalist's retreat, and made him happy with their curious presence. His lake swarmed with rare aquatic birds, his woods were ever musical with song. Mr. Dixon suggested to the owner that the water-rats must increase terribly under his benign rule. He replied, almost angrily—"Kill the water-rats! They are my greatest comfort—they are the English beaver." This definition would have been more striking applied to the otter, of which there are many to be found in the northern rivers. We remember a rare day's sport hunting otters with a pack of excellent dogs in Northumberland.

To most men the nine-foot wall which surrounded the Waterton estate would have been a depressing barrier, making Walton Hall a prison. But Waterton was a philosopher as well as a naturalist. In early life, when his wealth would have been sufficient passport to all that is commonly understood as pleasure and recreation, he preferred the swamps of the Oronoco and the forests of the Amazon

to the comforts of his own land. His heart yearned for the closest intercourse with nature. He rejoiced to be with her alone in the woods and forests, away from the footprints of man. Sudden remorse seized him one day just before the hunting season began. He had been a great hunter with the Badsworth when "Darlington's peer" was in his prime. Suddenly, as if by divine inspiration, he felt that riding after foxes was not "life in earnest." He longed to change the "Tally-ho!" and "Ware wheat!" for the more mysterious sounds of the Brazilian forests. On his way to London, *en route* for the distant land, he met the Earl himself, who begged him to change his mind, but without avail. No convoy, however, could be got for six weeks, and in this interval he stole back again; but, true to time, forsook Womersley, and Hemsworth Lane Ends, and dropped down the Channel on his Wanderings up and down the world. His own account of what he did and saw is a work of rare interest. He was in downright earnest. "The sun exhausted him by day, and the mosquitoes bit him by night," wrote Sydney Smith; "but on went Mr. Charles Waterton. . . . He rejoices that he is the only man there; that he has left his species far away, and is at last in the midst of his blessed baboons."

Amongst the most picturesque of moated residences is the ecclesiastical house at Wells in Somersetshire, Lord Beauchamp's place near Malvern, and that of Walton Hall. Near the drawbridge entrance to the latter residence, rising above the ivy, towered the emblem of Charles Waterton's faith. A pronounced Roman Catholic, he lampooned some of our "Christian martyrs" most unmercifully, though he was in every way courteous to visitors who entertained views entirely opposite to his own. The late Archbishop of Canterbury, who frequently visited him, must have smiled, as did many others, when ascending his noble staircase, to encounter among cases of humming birds, toucans, and the other results of his Wanderings, the "English Reformation Zoologically Illustrated." If there was an uglier monkey than usual in the menagerie-offerings which were made to him, he stuffed it to represent Old Nick, or labelled it "John Knox." Titus Oates, Cranmer, and Bishop Burnet were illustrated from reptiles of the lowest order. "Mother Law, Church, and her Dissenting Fry" were made up chiefly of toads; and "Queen Bess at Lunch" was an appalling combination of lizards and newts and other unhallowed things, such as might have strengthened the hellish mixture of the witches' cauldron in *Macbeth*. Beetles and flies, as emblems of the devil, bore their part in this strange medley of polemics. You could not feel angry

with the old man for relieving his mind in this characteristic exhibition of his opinions. Man must explain himself in some way. If he live in the remotest solitude, the subjects which have moved him most will find expression. Moreover, Mr. Waterton was a very earnest and religious man; and if he did ridicule Protestantism in his own harmless way, he would have been kindly and respectful and loyal even to Queen Bess if she could have called upon him, just as he was to the Archbishop of Canterbury. And you thought only of his deep devotion when you saw him bend his shrunken form before the Eucharist, and heard him bear his part at vespers in the Hymn of St. Bernard:—

“My comfort in the wilderness,
But oh! when face to face!”

Alas! since those days archbishop, naturalist, and author have each solved the great mystery, and we cannot but feel assured that they have met with their exceeding great reward, for they shared Cowper's sublime feeling with regard to nature. “I delight in baubles, and know them to be so; for, rested in, and viewed without a reference to their Author, what is the earth, what are the planets, what is the sun itself but a bauble? Better for a man never to have seen them, with the eyes of a brute, stupid and unconscious of what he beholds, than not to be able to say: ‘The Maker of all these wonders is my friend!’”

“Every tree at Walton had its story, or was peopled with some mysterious feathered tenant in fee. There was the owl's hole in the oak beyond the bridge; a tower was pierced with ‘chambers’ for the jackdaws’ parliament which never ‘rose for the holidays;’ the American hawk was there in plenty, for the miseltoe-thrush or the storm-cock; and there too was the shattered elm, from whose shade, as he so often recounted, under a prescience of ill which made him hurry home from the confessional, he warned off two visitors, just before it was struck by lightning. He delighted to point out the window from which when a child the good Abbé rescued him, as he climbed along the sill to get at a nest in the eaves; but on the point as to whether he had really tied up his arm in a sling and tried to hatch an egg in his armpit, and was within four days of being a mother when a schoolfellow pushed him and broke it, we did not find him decisive. He seemed content to let the story rest in the shape which it then bore. We loved best to see him in his most inspired attitude, watching in the October evenings whether the rooks would take their regular departure for the season after their evening meal for Nostell Wood, or linger one or more days “over the ninth.” He would almost drag you out, and stand bare-headed on the lawn long after nightfall, listening to the quack of the mallard, and telling each fresh water-fowl by its tone, as it settled on the lake, with all the quickness of Fine Ear.”

The naturalist, while playing the part of a hermit at home, took an interest in the events of the outer world, and read the newspapers

diligently. Occasionally he came to London, and, when he did so, the Zoological Gardens were always visited.

"The people stared famously when they saw him enter the cage with the keeper, holding his right hand at a certain conventional distance from the ground. One woman said, '*Law! I'll be bound that's the Doctor.*' '*No, madam,*' he replied, never taking his eye off the beast as it crouched in the corner, '*your mistaken, it's only the Apothecary;*' an answer which gave him great delight, and puzzled the old lady still more. He left home very little, but every Christmas he repaired to his old college at Stonyhurst, for a week, to meet his friends and see the boys act Shakespeare."

"The Druid" was not altogether at home with Waterton, despite his highly appreciative account of Walton and its owner. Mr. Waterton was too stubborn in favour of his own theories for the practical and experienced judgment of the author. He thought it indeed worthy of a note that Mr. Waterton did not seem to allow that the world had grown older, and that other men as well as himself had grown grey with thought. "The Druid" felt this, no doubt, keenly, when called upon to "handle the paragon bull," the points of which did not strike him with very great admiration. Probably he was fresh from a visit to Mr. Bruere at Braithwaite, where he had been counting up the triumphs of that famous herd commenced with Lily and Damsel. He was so enthusiastic about bulls, and had such an intimate knowledge of stock, that even his admiration for Charles Waterton would not induce him to cancel for the moment his opinions about the animal which his companion wanted him to praise. Even when sorely pressed and anxious to please the naturalist, he acknowledges that he did not speak so reverentially of the beast as his friend wished. He was nonplussed in this way more than once during a ramble round the park, every incident of which lingered with him and clung about his memory. Waterton laid down the law most emphatically—for example, about stags and foxes, which he had not hunted for fully fifty years. This did not astonish Dixon evidently so much as did the naturalist's refusal to accept the judgment of practical authorities upon points of difference between them. The opinion of men like Charles Davis and Harry Ayris on the points in question did not weigh an ounce with Waterton. Looking at this from the barrister's view, it startled Mr. Dixon; but regarding it more as a sportsman, he was evidently embarrassed with Mr. Waterton's obstinacy, though his sympathy with the more prominent features of the naturalist's character made him acknowledge that this peculiar tenacity of opinion gave a unique charm to Waterton's conversation, when once you got accustomed to him.

"We wound our way onward to the grove facing the rock, in one of whose recesses he sat like a prophet of the cave, the live-long summer day, 'musing upon many things' in his green chair, and listening to the birds. It was with them far more than insects that he loved to hold communion. A hen-pheasant flew across the drive, and as we heard her mate crow to her in the wood, he recounted to us how that bird is the direct antithesis of the cock, and crows *before* it claps its wings. '*Hark, there's a jay,*' he would suddenly observe, grasping our arm; '*Listen! there's a jenny wren; did you ever hear her sing?*' Had he spoken of Kettledrum and Duchess 77th we might have said something, but this was a poser—only to be made a note of. Then a magpie struck in, and he was quite eloquent again. But there our colloquy was interrupted for a time. He suddenly discovered that some rude visitor on the open days had cut his initials on the bark of a tree, near the swings. Hence we had to seek out the carpenter together, and get a neat little piece of wood; and ere long he had written, in his fine Roman hand, and nailed up against that tree, his love, in most pungent terms, for all such stupid clowns."

They both felt the poetry of nature, these two men so opposite, yet so much alike in character. Dixon would dwell upon the scenic surroundings of a race or a farm, as if the hills and dales and the sunshine were as important as the main subject—and so they were to him. He combined the naturalist's and the poet's love of fields with the sportsman's enthusiasm. He loved everything that belonged to the land, and no man had such a fund of curious and entertaining knowledge of sports, sportsmen, and farming. His conclusion of the details of his visit to Mr. Waterton is as striking and characteristic as the last of the naturalist's own touching story:—

"Once more we were on our way, past the spot where the watercress grew, perhaps looking at his peculiar wickets, and hearing of his charm for cattle. Not a hedge was cut within the park, which seemed fully two miles round, or else 'there would be no berries for the blackbird or the poor man.' Then he paused over the thorn which 'bloomed in the winter of its days,' like its sister of Glastonbury, and was rich with white honours on Christmas morning. We saw the keepers' huts, and then turned, near the spot he had chosen for his burial—over the little bridge by the cranberry tree, and away to the heron nests. On our left were twelve large willows, one of which had been broken during a thunderstorm, and had been spliced up again with iron. '*There,*' said he, '*are the Twelve Apostles; the broken one is Judas Iscariot; I hear it groaning like a troubled spirit, when the wind is high.*' And so we left him in his lodge in the wilderness, and we saw him again no more."

Could anything be more poetic than this idealisation of the willows? Can anything appeal more pathetically to the imagination than the naturalist's burial? True to the sympathies of his earliest years, he directed by his will that his body should be rowed to his tomb, which had long been erected near the top of the lake under the shadow of two venerable oaks. At the setting of the sun the

simple funeral took place. The old man passed through the midst of his unconscious feathered friends on the calm lake ; and there by the hillside he was laid, the words of the service of his Church mingling with the cry of the heron. Since those days the primrose and the violet have gathered about the turf beneath which he rests, and the birds overhead sing the songs which he loved to hear. The groaning of the stricken willow no longer troubles the old man's fancy. He is at home with the Great Master, who could even pity Judas Iscariot. "Pray for the soul of Charles Waterton, whose wearied bones rest here," is the epitaph written by the naturalist in Latin. If it does not accord with our Protestant notions, it is at least a beautiful sentiment ; and whatever be his creed, the visitor who contemplates the last resting-place of the wanderer will be unable to keep back the internal prayer, "God rest him !"

Henry Dixon speaks of the last letter he ever received from the naturalist. Dated January 22nd, 1865, it was written in a firm hand, which told little of eighty-three. The characteristic postscript contained the gist of the whole letter. "Walton Hall is twelve miles south of Leeds, and the nightingale breeds here and sings here charmingly." I have before me while I write the last letter of him who regarded this very postscript only the other day with thoughts of sadness, looking back as he did to that never-forgotten ramble about Walton. It will be interesting to the readers of *THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE*, as an appendix to his article on "Steeplechasing." Referring to a criticism upon that article to which his attention had been drawn, he says :—

"I stated in the article that I confined myself to the 1843 limit, because after that handicapping and all its feeble accompaniments came in. I dwelt on the severe courses, the grand riders, and the great horses of the golden time 1837—43. This was my express limit. . . . I do not call it one of my best articles. The reason is this. I appointed to spend the evening with a celebrated steeple-chaser, T—— O——, to work up all his stories, and I did ; but one of his best blood yearlings had just fallen and injured herself severely in the foot, and it took the fine edge off Tom completely, and my article suffered."

We cannot say of this letter what the writer said of the last communication he received from the naturalist. It is not written with a firm hand ; anything but that. The steeplechasing article was poor Dixon's last in *THE GENTLEMAN'S*, and I note in his letter the unsteady hand of the confirmed invalid subject to paroxysms of coughing and shortness of breath. One or two newspapers miss his useful and facty pen, and many friends feel that one of the most important links between the chronicles of the present and the past is

broken. Henry Dixon's memory will ever be associated with the men of the old school, whose stories he has told, and whose virtues he has held up for the emulation of modern sportsmen. Like Jerdan, who shone in another walk of literary exercise, Dixon wrote his last essay for *THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE*. Both writers were enthusiastic in the cause of the adaptation of *SYLVANUS URBAN'S* periodical to the requirements of these latter days. It seemed like the revival of a personal friend to both of them, the popularising of Mr. Cave's famous serial.

"When shall we again see such a man as Mr. Osbaldeston, on such a horse as Assheton, and Vaulter at his side, and two such whips as Tom Sebright and Dick Burton?" exclaims "The Druid," in an article on John Gully. We are amongst those who are inclined to support the maxim that there are as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it. But our practical philosophy, like Dixon's, is shaken every now and then when men who seem to be specially set apart for a special purpose fall out of the ranks. There is certainly no writer to succeed Henry Dixon in his own peculiar walk; no other memory so richly stored with notable incidents as his was. All who are interested in the life of an English country gentleman cannot be too grateful for "The Druid's" reminiscences of a thousand things that are worth remembering.

OSIRIS.



"MONGRELS."

BY "IDSTONE."

NO animals have met with more scorn, contempt, and kicks, than "half-bred curs." The "Dog Show," that hobby of the day, the "tag" to most agricultural exhibitions, flower shows, and poultry gatherings, *repudiates* them. There never has been a prize, or a cup, or "a gold whistle," for "the best crossbred animal of all breeds." These waifs and strays of canine life are utterly without friends, save amongst the poorest classes, and occasionally the gentler sex.

To be followed by a nondescript animal, argues that his owner is no sportsman. Once the vague suspicion of impurity in any of the dog nobility—foxhound, pointer, setter, mastiff, bloodhound—and the unhappy quadruped is destined to ridicule or the rope.

The pedigrees of our foxhounds (especially of the Belvoir Pack) trace back perhaps to the time of Edward I., though men of that day did not, of course, hunt in the modern style (adopted by Lord Hertford in the Cotswold about 140 years ago), and from that time they have been bred to follow certain instincts, especially—to use rare old Beckford's simile—to "go like the horses of the sun, all abreast."

The purity of the foxhound has been vigilantly guarded, since its development from the old stock of the southern-hound, the bloodhound, or the talbot, and I fully and entirely agree with that first of all authorities, Stonehenge, that it is "more than probable that he has been originally crossed with the greyhound and bulldog." In the present day, when the foxhound has reached perfection, hounds of twenty-two inches, with the blood and symmetry of Osbaldeston's "sires," Vanquisher or Rasselas, would be more than equal to their fox. With this exception all sporting dogs, excepting Clumber spaniels, have had some crosses from a *distinct* race, and they have been the better for it.

The setter is an improved spaniel—improved as to coat, pace, symmetry, and action, by crossing with the greyhound, and, let me add, in endurance also, which was increased by the infusion of speed and muscle.

The pointer is the result of judicious crossing with both greyhound and foxhound. The cross of the latter hound was notably present in Colonel Thornton's "Dash," one of the most eminent dogs of the past century.

Various crosses have been tried with the greyhound—a breed tracing back further than any other species, and well known in England in the 10th and 11th centuries. They were possessed, however, by the Anglo-Saxons, and a sort of manuscriptal painting of a brace, belonging to Elfric, Duke of Mercia, still exists. These, descended from Plato's "Spartan dogs," were *keen-scented* and *good on trail*, and Argus, the dog of Ulysses, is described by Homer as possessing *both* powers.

"His eye how piercing, and his scent how true."

As they were used for hunting the fox, the wolf, the deer, and the goat, it was well that they should possess *both* powers, and they were bred by means of a mastiff cross to enormous stature (a height and muscular power now lost) for an especial purpose. When they were kept solely for coursing they were *refined down* by selection, until it was absolutely necessary to cross them with the bulldog, to give them stamina and courage. Lord Rivers probably, and certainly the late Lord Orford, adopted this expedient, one of his best greyhounds being "128th part bulldog." Mr. Hugh Hanley tried the same experiment, and proved that in the third and fourth cross very little trace remains of bulldog formation.

No long-standing breed, or "variety," to use the very proper designation adopted by Stonehenge, can be traced to its source with any certainty. All the established breeds have been manufactured from time to time, and reproduced, by refined skill and selection—that is, by the eye, the observation, the genius of successive breeders, who have manufactured greyhounds, bulldogs, foxhounds, and terriers—even the seven-inch-high turnspit for some especial work and purpose, and when their occupation has gone, the breed, as in the case of the last-named animal, and the grand Irish wolf hound, has died out too.

Purity of blood may mean a fifty years' descent claimed at the present time by certain breeders, or it may be intended to point to certain arbitrary forms, colours, and great qualities, which are not of a certainty handed down to successive generations. The demand creates the supply. Witness the present number of foxterriers. Some years ago a graceful, short-legged, sharp-muzzled foxterrier was hardly to be found, and the ears of these poor animals were always

cut until the folly of mutilation was forcibly insisted upon by modern authorities. It was also pointed out that the ear in its natural state should be small and thin, and that it should hang close to the head to exclude earth or sand. Selection has produced this charming race of exquisite form, and to obtain a first-class specimen is simply a matter of price. Probably the Italian greyhound has been used to refine the old standard, originally much crossed with bulldog. Certainly the white English terrier has been remodelled by this process.

It requires a very keen eye, acute judgment, and practice or experience, to arrive at a true conclusion as to the parentage of mongrels. The first cross is frequently a surprising one. I have for many years taken accurate notes of the curs about my neighbourhood, and in many cases their parentage would defy the keenest scrutiny. Take, for instance, a dog about four years old, which constantly carries a basket or bundle past my door. His father is a pure "Gordon," one of the brace of orange-coloured ones which a high-bred black and tan "Gordon" is sure to produce, owing, I have no doubt, to some former cross of the red Irish setter. His mother is a broken-haired, "barred," or brindle deerhound, with a strong dash of mastiff. The offspring of the two is orange-coloured, slightly broken-haired, and with the long blunt head, small ear, and "stern" of the dog incorrectly engraved by Bewick as the Irish wolfhound. He has superior intelligence, points like his father, "carries" like a retriever, but shows no taste for deer. This may be because he is in daily association with large herds of red and fallow, the calves and fawns occasionally grouping round him with curiosity, and feeding close to him as he lies unchained.

Decidedly, *intelligence* is developed and increased by the crossing of breeds. Take as examples retrievers, the most sagacious of all sporting dogs. These companionable animals are bred for beauty and accomplishments. Uninterrupted association with one master, although a most important aid to the development of their wonderful sense and discrimination, would be thrown away unless it were bestowed upon a gifted animal. Necessity led keepers to look for some stock that would produce it, and it was discovered in the Labrador or Newfoundland, minus to a certain degree 'cuteness or reflection, and determined perseverance in hunting. Various crosses were tried with some success, but the colley cross in the third or fourth generation answers admirably. Possibly constant fellowship with the Gaelic shepherd from generation to generation—the living, sleeping, feeding with a human being isolated on muirs and braes,

may have given a power of reasoning, thinking, or understanding short sentences to this mysterious companion, and wonderful tales have been told of his intelligence. It is said that it was no uncommon thing for the Highland drover to waive back his dumb servant from crowded Smithfield, and that the colley never failed to make the best of his way to his owner's Highland cabin, anticipating his owner who *followed* on the mail.

The poacher's dog—bred from the English sheepdog and greyhound—displays the craft of the farm dog and the speed of the racer. No dogs are more intelligent, subtle, and cautious than these lurchers. They forage for their own living, they seem to recognise and hide themselves from rural police and keepers, and they have to my knowledge done things in desperate circumstances positively marvellous. A black dog named "Sam," the property of a gipsy, seemed to pick up his knowledge, like Sam Weller, by being turned loose upon the streets. At a year old he could pick up a hare—he "ran cunning," of course—and he would kill and leave it a mile from home until nightfall, when he would bring it to the tent with as soft a mouth as the best retriever. At night he would drive to a gate net, and squeeze hares or rabbits just enough to kill them; but if watchers or keepers were lying *perdu*, no persuasion could make him range off. Having been caught once and nearly strangled by a wire (set by his own party), he ranged at night with his head *high*, and before he was fourteen months old he would, in "night driving," keep hares cleverly out of covert. He knew where the villagers' pigs were fattening, and he would wait at nightfall until they were served and the master had gone indoors. He then leapt over the fence, and helped himself. I have watched him perform this feat more than once. He would work for, follow, and approach no one but his master or the children, and he gave a gun or a velveteen jacket a wide berth.

Sometimes very singular results follow the mixture of "varieties." Pointers and setters will produce half of one breed and the rest of the other—pure for that generation only, but not reliable. The mixture of Labrador (imported) and a black and tan terrier resulted in one of the cleverest little retrievers I ever saw. In form he was like a half-bred spaniel. He was reared as a "novelty"—the term used for a *curiosity*—by an underkeeper or watcher. The man was a widower, and dog and man were constant companions. The idea of a witch's "familiar" may have arisen from such an association or mutual understanding as obtained between this dog and man, existing between an old woman and her black cat. In the case of this

watcher and his dog the term "familiar" would have been well applied. Labourers are very methodical in their habits, and nothing jumps more with a dog's humour than routine. It accords with the life of all creatures in a state of nature. No larger than an ordinary terrier, "Havelock"—a singular name by the way—could catch a rabbit before his prey was fairly at speed, and he invariably brought it back unhurt. Bred up amongst tame pheasants, he would keep them within bounds as though they were a flock of sheep; and scare away with yelp and bound jackdaws, rooks, and all winged vermin, except hawks, which defied him. *Ground* vermin had no chance; and in the night he would keep off the deer which upset the "coops." He was often "sharp set," but he could be left in charge of the boiled rabbits, "minced" for the birds' last meal, and never purloined a morsel; content to await his master's supper for the scraps. And when the old watcher shut his clasp-knife he knew the signal, curled himself up in the spot pointed out to him for his one-eyed sleep, and moved not except to defend his flock or obey some signal. Though so small he could bring a fallow deer to bay, and his honest, faithful pursuit and "trail" of an outlying one carried on for hours brought about that inflammation of the lungs which caused his death. Though it was evident (I quote his old master's words)—"Though I knew he couldn't get over it, I hadn't the heart to put him out of his misery, and I couldn't *à bear* to see him die. I made him up a bed in one of the feeding houses as comfortable as I could, and I tried to get him to drink a drop of warm new milk, but he turned his head away. I put out my hand and said, 'Good-bye, "Have"' (the short for "Havelock"), "and I declare he put his paw in it like a Christian. When I came next morning he was 'gone.'"

Another dog of precisely the same breed (my own property) was of the opposite form. He exactly resembled a wire-haired black terrier, and he possessed very much the same qualities and intelligence. He was a good "spaniel," "retriever," "rat-dog," "watch-dog," and "diver." His eye was actually eloquent, and like that of a human being. * It looked *through you*. As you watched him you couldn't help believing in the transmigration of souls. He had memory, discernment of character, wonderful scenting power, industry, self-control, courage, self-reliance, all the virtues and none of the vices of a "Christian." "Havelock" inherited the *form* to some extent, though in miniature, of both parents, with *retriever instincts*. My dog possessed the terrier form, with the faculties of both parents combined.

The English sheep-dog is the prolific parent of most village curs.

He is almost always shrewd and morose like an English shepherd. He transmits this shrewdness to his offspring, but in them this sullenness is frequently exchanged for snappishness. The drover's dog is nineteen times out of twenty partly sheepdog and bullterrier. The least cross in the bulldog takes away the tendency to go to the head and induces the habit of going to the heels. This is precisely what drovers want. They also prefer a dog to *bay* at a bull, and would not keep one that "pins" him. The sheepdog cross promotes this tendency. The shepherd's dog barks and mumbles, he does not bite or "fasten on." Any one who has watched the "herd's" dog, or the drover's, will see them adopt this system to turn or baffle bullocks. They also possess that marvellous power of learning their trade which is inherited by all mongrels, and many a dairyman's dog will fetch up and take back his master's drove alone, though their pasture may be a mile or so away.


"Trickdogs" are selected for their *gifts*, not for their appearance. With one exception every performing dog I have ever seen has been a French poodle, or a mixture of "varieties." One of the cleverest acting dogs ever seen was a mongrel carriage dog which took the part of clown in the London music-halls some few seasons ago. Punch's dogs were all curs; so are the dancing dogs which generally accompany the bear and monkey.

Ratcatchers, whose dogs display the most perfect training, are a combination of all breeds, the distinctive character of the race being ugliness, skill, and quickness of *apprehension* and *prehension*. Truffle-dogs, which are said to be Spanish poodles, are decided mongrels, descended from one pair originally brought from Spain.


Bargemen's dogs, the most vigilant and trustworthy of guardians, are any monstrosity brought up in the narrow limits of the cabin, and taught to keep off all intruders.

A combination of qualities may be obtained by breeding from two good specimens, and these combined gifts *may* be formed into a breed. The otterhound is an example of this—a grizzled, rough-haired, large-eared hound of a grand type, not unlike the French "griffon," possibly bred from that old race crossed with our glorious foxhound. It seems hard to call so grand an animal a mongrel, but let us say he is of mixed race, of enchanting form, of undeniable courage, of great endurance, and marvellous sagacity. These hounds are very properly recognised as a breed, but it seems doubtful whether they boast of ancient lineage, for not many years ago the otter was pursued by old (or draft) foxhounds, terriers and bulldogs, associated in a pack.

No other mixed races except what are known as bullterriers have established themselves as a breed; but both otterhounds and bullterriers are pre-eminently handsome. Even retrievers are not a distinct race, and no other sorts occur to me. Strange that the curled tail is one of the most pronounced marks of cross blood, and that it not unfrequently shows itself in the purest breeds. The moustache, or slightly rough muzzle, is another mark, as also, except, I believe, in greyhounds, is the half-pricked ear, or the protrusion of the under jaw. These are defects which offend the eye, but constant production of specimens from the same stock weakens the brain and produces nervousness or cowardice, and we must follow in such cases the example of our ancestors and have recourse to the three great sources of all that is great and good and grand in our canine race—the greyhound, the bloodhound, and the bulldog.



SYLVESTER'S LAWS OF VERSE.*

ROFESSOR SYLVESTER, a mathematician of European reputation, makes his *début* as an art critic with a book now before us, entitled "The Laws of Verse," and consisting of a short but comprehensive prefatory essay, indicating the existence of what we might term a grammar of rhythm, followed by some poetic translations and original stanzas, which are intended to illustrate the technical rules laid down by our author in his introduction. Bound up with this work is an annotated reprint of Professor Sylvester's "Inaugural Presidential Address to the Mathematical and Physical Section of the British Association at Exeter;" but with this latter portion of the book, deeply interesting though we have found it on perusal to be, we have no concern in this review.

We regret for Professor Sylvester's own sake that a contribution to literature so valuable as his "Laws of Verse" is not as systematic as it is suggestive. True, he excuses himself in his preface for this want of method, on the plea that his "Laws of Verse" have grown upon him as they passed through the press. But had he only known the many difficulties and many sources of misconception to which he was thus destined to subject his readers, he would, we are sure, have treated his "Laws of Verse" with a closer regard to his own great principle of continuity. But after a close study of our author's pithy preface, and a hard hunt for further information through his pleasant though too discursive notes, we confess to being amply repaid for our pains by what we regard as the revelation of a new field of critical research.

The proposition with which our author preludes his preface runs as follows :—

"The *technical or material* part of versification (the art of rhythmical composition), like that of any other of the fine arts, is capable of being reduced to rules, and referred to fixed principles."

* The Laws of Verse; or, Principles of Versification Exemplified in Metrical Translations. By J. J. Sylvester, LL.D., F.R.S., of the Institute of France, the Royal Academies of Science of Berlin, Göttingen, Naples, Milan, &c., Examiner in Mathematics to the University of London.

Or in other words, the *material*, as *opposed to the cogitative division* of poetry, is reducible to technical rules.

Now that this was only to have been expected is evident by reference to the sister arts of music, painting, and statuary. We have a science of musical composition, a science of perspective, and a sciency of anatomy. The discovery of these sciences did not originate the arts they underlie. Far from it. Their presence was appreciated and their limits gradually assigned them by qualified analysts; and to their recognition as constituting the technical elements in their respective arts, and to the consequent attention they have received, we must attribute the remarkable material correctness in these three branches of æsthetics which is so characteristic of the age.

Is the Art of Poetry to be regarded as standing utterly apart from her sisters? Is she the only lawless one of the group? or may we not rather infer that her very relationship to the rest involves a nature, like them, subject to technical law?

We are fully convinced that this is the case to a much greater extent than most men will be readily prepared to admit. Inspired as the voice of Poetry no doubt is by a fancy that we cannot fetter with formularies, an imagination which mocks all scientific control, the utterances of that voice, if they are to satisfy all our sympathies, must fulfil many more rhythmical requisites than the listener would at first be led to suspect.

We say "*more* requisites," because that mere versification is up to a certain point reducible to law, nobody will deny. But, with Professor Sylvester, we hold that the science of versification is many-sided, and that hitherto it has only been looked at from but one of its broader and but few of its narrower aspects. We would do well here to quote the passage in our author's preface which immediately follows this main proposition as printed above:—

"I wish the title of '*Laws of Verse, or Principles of Versification Exemplified*,' to be understood in the sense of an attempt to illustrate this proposition by examples. This is not a Treatise on Prosody, neither is it a discourse *de Arte Poeticâ*. Moreover, I do not profess to lay down a systematic body of doctrine on the Art of Versification, but merely to indicate, in the way of cursory comment chiefly contained in notes to the text, the existence of such a doctrine, and the possibility of moulding it into a certain definite organic form. In poetry we have sound, thought, and words (*i.e.*, thought clothed in sound); accordingly the subject falls naturally into three great divisions, the cogitative, the expressional, and the technical; to which we may give the respective names of pneumatic, linguistic, and rhythmic. It is only with rhythm that I profess to deal. This branches off again into three principal branches—metric, chromatic, and synectic. . . . *My chief business is with synectic.*"

This passage is of twofold importance to us. The first sentence which we reprint in italics points to the existence of hitherto unknown laws on the "Art [we should have said Science] of Versification." The second italicised extract gives names to the two most leading of these laws of rhythm, calling at the same time the chief attention of his readers to that one which he entitles "Synectic." "Metric," he justly observes, "is concerned with the discontinuous, Synectic with the continuous aspect of the art.

"This also, on a slight examination, will be found to run into three channels—anastomosis, symptosis, and between them the main flood of phonetic syzygy.

"*Anastomosis* regards the junction of words, the laying of them duly alongside one another, like drainage pipes set end to end, or the capillary termination of the veins and arteries, so as to provide for the easy transmission and flow of breath (unless a suspension is desired for some cause, or is unavoidable) from one into the other.

"*Symptosis*, as its name implies, deals with rhymes, assonances (including alliterations, so called), and clashes (this last comprising as well agreeable reiterations, or congruences, as unpleasant ones—*i.e.*, jangles or jars).

"How," he resumes, "can a theory dealing with discrete matter of this kind come under the head of synectic?"

"But the answer is easy; for if the elements with which it deals—its *matter*—is discontinuous, not so is the object to which it tends (its *form*); just, for instance, as in an iron shield or curtain or a trial target, the bolts and screws and rivets are separate, but serve to consolidate and bring into conjunction the plates, and to give cohesion and unity to the structure.

"The great topic of phonetic syzygy has something in common with each of these flanking principles. In matter it agrees with symptosis; in form (in respect of operating with distinct reference to continuity of impression) it borders upon anastomosis.

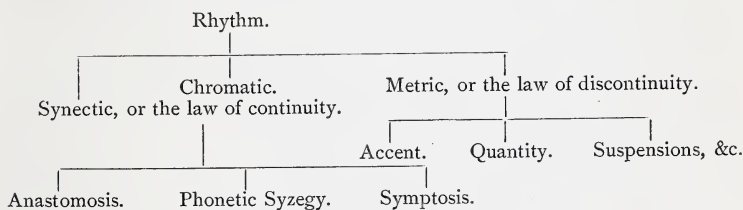
"We look to metric for correctness of form, to chromatic for beauty of colour; it is to synectic and to its main branch syzygy that we must attend in order to secure that coherence, compactness, and ring of true metal, without which no versification deserves the name of poetry."

Here we have in a few sentences what all thinking men must regard as the foundation of a new and most interesting study. And whilst stating this conviction, we desire the reader distinctly to remember that Professor Sylvester nowhere presumes to bring poetry under mathematical control, as some of the critics—sneering at the

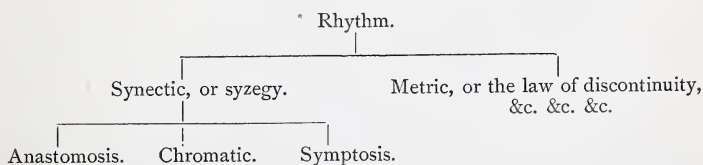
opinions of a great scientific scholar upon an art-subject—as falsely as flippantly assert. A reference to the first passage from his preface which we have quoted above, abundantly proves this. For acknowledging here, as elsewhere, the presence in poetry of powers—such as imagination and fancy—which are utterly incapable of scientific control, he merely comes forward as the pioneer to a hitherto unexplored region of literary investigation. The title of his work is unfortunate, its dogmatic tone being quite out of keeping with the diffidence of his treatise, which is intended simply to indicate the existence of a code of rhythm, such as is paralleled in two sister arts by the theory of music and the law of the composition of colours. No critic who knew his work could have failed to understand the position thus taken up by Professor Sylvester; and we can only regret in the cause of common justice that several would-be reviewers of his book have proved themselves either too obtuse or too impatient to recognise this, the very obvious standpoint of its author.

We readily accept the broad conclusions arrived at by Professor Sylvester in this introductory exposition of his theory; and only two objections in detail, both of them bearing on the arrangement of his subject, have occurred to us. We admit the separate existence of each one of his divisions of rhythm, with the exception of phonetic syzygy as opposed to synectic, though we confess that we must differ with his method of distributing them.

The rhythmical tree, so to speak, that Professor Sylvester presents to us, is the following :—



Now we should rather have expected the arrangement below :—



For, after all, if we refer to his definitions, we shall find our author's so-called phonetic syzygy to be in effect identical with synectic, and

his own arrangement of it under synectic, side by side with anastomosis and symptosis, a cross division, and, as such, unscientific. Again, that colorific succession of vowel sounds through and out of each word into its successor, to which Professor Sylvester gives the name chromatic, we own to regard in the light of the third branch of synectic, and as capable, from this point of view, of a fruitful analysis.

But however we may differ in detail, we in the main confess to a cordial acceptance of Professor Sylvester's views of the functions of synectic and its subdivisions, and to these subdivisions let us now more particularly direct our attention.

On the subject of anastomosis Professor Sylvester has said but little, yet the truth of that little has been strongly confirmed, since the publication of the "Laws of Verse," by two extremely able and suggestive papers by Dr. Hake, in the *Athenæum* of the 10th and of the 17th of September. The appearance of these papers is the more remarkable from the fact that although "The Laws of Verse" was reviewed in the *Athenæum* of the Saturday preceding the insertion of the first of these communications, in neither of them does Dr. Hake take any notice of the fact that Dr. Sylvester has anticipated him with the public in the statement of two out of three observations on rhythm, by means of which Dr. Hake has subjected the poem presumed by him to be an unpublished epitaph of Milton's, to a just and searching criticism.

But let Dr. Hake speak for himself:—

"Without pretending to exhaust the subject, I can state confidently that the perfection of verse, as regards form and melody, depends more or less on the following conditions:—

"1. The presence, in the greatest possible abundance, of auricular rhymes and cadences in the body of a verse, not according to spelling, but to sound, and so nicely hidden as to elude observation, at the same time that they give rise to a sense of melodious diction.

"2. The presence in greater or less number of open vowels, and of what may be named confluent consonants, and semi-confluent consonants, to the exclusion, as far as possible, of non-confluents. These are the predominant sources of sweetness in verse; but for the absolute perfection of metrical composition another source of beauty must be added, namely,—

"3. The presence of ocular, *i. e.*, orthographical terminal rhymes or cadences, to the exclusion of auricular rhymes, or cadences, which chime only to the ear.

"Before attempting to apply these rules it will be necessary to give a short explanation of them.

"1. As regards latent rhymes and cadences, the announcement of their universal prevalence in poetry may excite surprise, yet the genius of composition shows itself widely, perhaps chiefly, in their use. They are to be found in almost every line of poetry; for my own part, there is scarcely a line that I have examined in ancient or modern verse that is not crowded with them. Alliterations, both of vowels and

consonants, are noticeable in many poems ; but the latent rhyme and cadence, and what is still more important in ultimate analysis, the latent semi-rhyme and semi-cadence discoverable in the half-assonance of the diphthong, are only to be reached by analytical research. It is quite certain that no author has hitherto been conscious of drawing on these elements of melody during composition ; they obey a gifted ear, while the mind is unable to analyse the laws which govern its operations."

Up to his last sentence we are, with Professor Sylvester, agreed with Dr. Hake *in toto*. But what grounds has Dr. Hake for the gratuitous statement, that "it is quite certain that no author has hitherto been conscious of drawing on these elements of melody during composition?" We venture to state our most firm conviction that, of living poets, Mr. Tennyson and Mr. Swinbourne pre-eminently show design in their juxtaposition of vowel and of consonant sounds ; whilst of our classical writers, Milton, Pope, and Moore notably betray their study of the more subtle principles of word harmony.

Such traces of the phonetic file are quite enough to prove that in the synectical as well as in the metrical division of rhythm the gifted ear may be guided by a judgment experienced in tone effects.

In support of these remarks, as far as they concern Milton, we refer Dr. Hake to the conclusion of the second chapter of Mr. Guest's well-known work on English Rhythms.

"Little effort is wanted," as Johnson once observed, "to make our language harsh and rough. It cost Milton no trouble to double his consonants, and load his line with rugged syllables when he described the mighty conflict between his angels. . . . But when he chose, he could also glide upon his vowels and make his language as smooth as the Italian. . . . It is a remark of Cowper that a rough line seems to add a greater smoothness to the others ; and no one better knew the advantages of contrast than Milton. There can be little doubt that many of his harsher verses, some of which contain merely a bead-roll of names, were introduced for the sole purpose of heightening the melody of the lines which followed."

We have said that the truth of Professor Sylvester's principle of anastomosis has been confirmed by Dr. Hake, for when he considers the numbers of open vowels, of confluent, and semi-confluent, used to connect the words of a poem, Dr. Hake is in effect investigating that important synectic principle indicated by the author of "The Laws of Verse."

We should like to quote all Dr. Hake says upon the subject, but our space will only permit us very briefly to summarise his results.

Anastomosis is facilitated by open vowels, whether at the end or commencement of a word ; by confluent consonants, which we may define as two like or homologous consonants in juxtaposition, the one at the end of a word, the other at the beginning of its successor, which have a smoothing effect upon verse ; and by semi-confluents, or unlike consonants possessed of confluent properties.

Of this law of anastomosis Professor Sylvester makes this interesting remark in a foot-note on page 45 of his "Laws of Verse:"—"Anastomosis, although little talked about, is no secret, being necessarily familiar to writers of words for song music, and all judicious singing masters, a great part of whose business is to teach the art of keeping back the breath." We have no doubt that the marvellous smoothness in versification of Moore's Melodies in respect of anastomosis is a proof of the justice of the above observation ; for in singing the stress of the voice is laid upon vowel sounds, and it becomes therefore necessary for the song-writer to keep his consonants as much as possible in check, and since they are nowhere so apt to accumulate as in the transition of one word to another, special attention ought to be given by him to anastomosis.

We have already indicated our conception of "Chromatic."

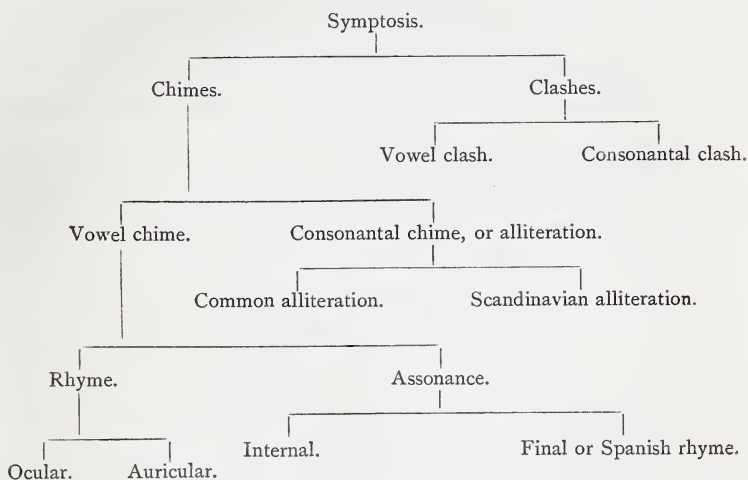
Its charm consists in a succession of happily modulated or varied vowel sounds, such modulation or variety depending much for effect upon the relation borne by the consonants that encase them to these sounds themselves and to one another. We believe that a careful study of chromatic would result in the discovery of fixed principles regulating the harmony of sequent tones. Of this department of synectic, as we believe it to be, Professor Sylvester thus eloquently writes :—"Of course I am not unaware that there is a third source of phonetic beauty in verse (the highest of all), which depends on gradations of tones, on the agreeable succession of allied sounds, in especial, though not exclusively, vowel sounds, has a continuity like that of the colours and tints in the solar spectrum," and produces "a pleasure like that we feel in a sunset, or a rainbow glow and fade-away in the sky."

Some of the most beautiful and popular lines in Gray and Byron, he adds, owe their chief charm to the prevalence of this element.

From chromatic we lastly turn to a brief consideration of symptosis. Professor Sylvester's subdivision of this branch of his subject into rhymes, assonances (under which he includes alliteration), and clashes, does not quite satisfy us. Admitting these as distinct kinds of symptosis, we would, under correction, submit the following scheme of symptosis to him, explaining as we do so that Scandinavian allitera-

tion means "alliteration neither necessarily initial nor final," as Mr. Angus expresses it—as in the example—

Depths eye hath not fathomed :—



Mr. Guest has written so exhaustively upon the chiming principles of rhyme and alliteration, that in the present paper we shall not attempt to discuss them, except so far as to observe that assonance seems most easily producible in blank verse, being apt to interfere with as well as to be deprived of its due effect by rhyme. On the subject of clashes very little seems to be known. They are often employed for onomatopœic purposes, as the passage quoted above from Mr. Guest would hint, but we believe they are usually to be met with at the ends and beginnings of words, so that in the very positions where by the laws of anastomosis and symptosis we should expect to meet assonant and confluent tones, they jar and startle the ear with dissonant and non-confluent ones; as, for example, in the following couplet from Mr. Swinbourne's ode on the "Proclamation of the French Republic"—

"Thine own life and *creation* of thy *fate*
Thou hast set thine hand to *unmake* and *discreate*."

Here a discordant but not the less effective vowel clash upon the *a* sound is noticeable. This clash is in each produced by an unpleasant though doubtless artistic anticipation of the rhyme sound. Mr. Browning's poems carry consonantal clash to a disagreeable excess. Indeed, we have observed that his verse is only too obviously wanting in anastomosis, as indeed it also shows ignorance or disregard of chromatic and chiming principles. From this discursive—and we

feel most imperfect—commentary upon Professor Sylvester's "Principle of Synectic or Phonetic Syzygy," we pass on to his metrical exemplifications of it.

These consist of a translation of the "Tyrrhena Regum Progenies," and part of the ode on Europa of Horace, several translations from the German, and some original poems headed "Anon.," but "dictated by a roving fancy" that we must presume to have been Professor Sylvester's own.

Apart from the syzegetic skill displayed in his translation of Horace's well-known "Invitation to Mæcenas," we cannot refrain from noticing *en passant* his interesting "Exhibition of the Dichotomous Plan of the Construction of the Ode," which will, we doubt not, be suggestive to the critics of a similar treatment of other classical poems; and from calling attention to his shrewd and original criticism in favour of the use of "ne" in line six of the ode rather than "ut," from a regard to the geographical positions of the three places mentioned in the second verse. His note upon this passage also anticipates Dr. Hake by a most valuable suggestion on the use of synectic.

If a doubtful word or passage in a classical poet who writes harmonious verse is wanting in rhythmical melody, we may reasonably presume it corrupt. More than this, if the corruption has been the result of illegibility, we believe, as we are convinced Professor Sylvester does, that a critic with a good ear and observant eye would be most likely to restore the true reading.

The translation of the above-mentioned ode is in our opinion, both for spirit and closeness to its original, the happiest reproduction in English of an ode of Horace to be met with since the time of Milton. This is high, but we believe well-merited praise. Our author has achieved what would have seemed the well-nigh impossible task of converting sixteen alcaic stanzas, pregnant with fire and freedom, into sixteen verses of alternately rhyming octosyllabics, in which not only the nervous grace, but even the happy word-painting and musical cadence of the master are faithfully reflected. But let our readers judge for themselves in our author's rendering of the four most well-known stanzas of this well-known ode—

"Lord of Himself and blest shall prove

He who can boast from day to day

'I've lived : *to-morrow let high Jove*

Black cloud or sunshine, as he may,

" ' *Pour o'er the Pole!* what's come and gone

To frustrate, doth defy his power;

Or aught to unshape or make undone,

Once ravished by the flying hour.'

- “ Fortune at work with savage glee
On mocking game, remorseless bent,
*Shifts her light favours, now to me,
To another now, beneficent.*
- “ I greet her stay, *but if anew*
She shakes swift wings, her gifts abjure,
And wrapped in my own virtue woo
Poverty, portionless but pure.”

Here, besides reproducing the fine effect of the pause in the middle of line forty-five of the ode, he has most exquisitely reflected the chromatic effect of the word-pictures—

“ Quod fugiens semel hora vexit.”

“ Transmutat incertos honores.”

“ Si celeres quatit pennas.”

and

“ Virtute me involvo.”

When we turn to his rendering of the story of Europa, we confess ourselves, on the whole, disappointed. His sentences are here too often uneasily turned in the effort to secure concentration of expression—witness the construction of the third verse of his translation; and to judge our author by his own laws we think there is a neglect throughout these verses of the principle of “anastomosis.” Of his translations from the German we most admire his rendering of the “Ideals,” and might we only be allowed to make a substitution of our own for another word which we feel sure must have accidentally slipped into the context, we should be inclined to quote three of its happiest stanzas. But we see our way to a compromise with the aid of inverted commas—

- “ As when, enamoured of his creature,
Pygmalion ‘clasped’ his statue bride,
Till through each pallid marble feature
Sensation poured its flowing tide—
- “ So I, in fond delirium, often
Woody Nature with a lover’s zest,
Till she, to warm, to breathe, to soften,
Relented on this poet-breast ;
- “ And all its fervid transports meeting,
She who was dumb an utterance found,
Gave back my lips’ ecstatic greeting,
And felt my heart’s impassioned sound.”

We have not space to quote from our author’s other translations from the German, much though we should have liked to have given

our readers some extracts from the "Cassandra" and "Castle by the Sea," and others. We cannot, however, regard any of them as approaching the "Ideals" in point of finish ; and we observe that they at times are disappointingly unidiomatic in expression, considering the admirable English that Professor Sylvester has shown himself master of, both in the pieces hitherto noticed and also in some vigorous original poems, with a spirited quotation from which we conclude this notice—

"REMONSTRANCE.

- " Oh ! why those narrow rules extol ?
These but restrain from ill,
True virtue lies in strength of soul
And energy of will ;
- " To all that's great and high aspires,
Prompts to the path of fame,
From heaven draws down Promethean fires,
And wraps the soul in flame ;
- " With brow erect, eye undismayed,
Confronts the midday sun,
Nor sleeps inglorious in the shade
Of praises cheaply won ;
- " Scans not too fearlessly the chance
Of good or evil fate,
But with a free and fearless glance
Knocks at Hope's golden gate."



A BALL IN SEASON.



THE sun has gone down to warm the antipodes : mother earth is drawing her pure white hood around her chilling shoulders, and we have snatched a tuft of its delicate fringe and squeezed it compactly round, that it may endure while we spend a half hour in trying whether the snowy sphere will not suggest to us ideas extending beyond those of cold, whiteness, and rotundity, which alone it could call up to the lively imagination of the immortal essayist on the human understanding.

Strange it may seem that with her high bodily warmth our mother globe should be compelled to weave for herself a close warm cap out of the thin diaphanous cover that surrounds her, just because an external fire is in part withdrawn. The world's heart is a furnace : heat the most fervent that can be imagined has its home at the terrestrial centre, and extends surfacewards so far that beneath the very skin, as it were, there is a water-boiling temperature. A mere scratch, to speak proportionately, reveals to us a tropical degree of warmth. Every hundred feet or less of depth raises the mercury of a sunken thermometer one degree higher upon the scale. And yet our world's skin is so cold that it cannot endure for a few short weeks the absence of the sun's genial rays without striving after a compensation ! The explanation lies in the bad conducting power of the earthy materials that compose the thin cold crust. That molecular motion which is called heat cannot readily be communicated to stony and earthy substances, and a very thin stratum of these suffices entirely to bar the progress of diffusing warmth. They who dwell by volcanoes know that the lava stream, which is a fiery river one day, to-morrow cools upon the surface sufficiently to be walked on in safety, while an inch or two below it retains its red-hot viscosity. How a brick wall will confine a fire is known to our advantage ; even the little inch of plaster on a ceiling may be a formidable barrier to the progress of a conflagration, as the prince of firemen has told us.

No, the earth with all her subcutaneous heat cannot keep herself warm through a winter without a close wrapper over her shoulders. Her bodily warmth is not enough for her in summer ; even then she needs the soft atmospheric dress to stave off the killing frost that a

single night's withdrawal of the sun would bring were that dress away. That illimitable space in which our world and its fellow-spheres are swimming has a temperature so low as to be almost inestimable. Attempts that have been made to gauge it have resulted in figures which differ so widely that neither can be called reliable : but all are inconceivably low ; for who can imagine a temperature of 250 degrees below the freezing point ? This intensely cold medium is for ever striving to draw off the earth's warmth, and it is but the vaporous cloak that checks the withdrawal and saves the world from being rendered too cold for man to dwell upon. "Remove," says Professor Tyndall, "for a single summer night, the aqueous vapour from the air which overspreads this country, and you would assuredly destroy every plant capable of being destroyed by a freezing temperature. The warmth of our fields and gardens would pour itself unrequited into space, and the sun would rise upon an island held fast in the iron grip of frost." A state of things akin to this exists upon our nearest neighbour-world, the moon, and in a highly exaggerated degree. For a day that is fourteen times as long as ours, the sun pours down his rays upon the lunar soil, which has no atmosphere or cloud to shelter it, and heats that soil to a temperature which recent measures justify us in estimating at twice that of boiling water ; and when the sun sets, a night as long ensues, during which the accumulated heat, having no kind of blanket to keep it in, flies off rapidly, and, perhaps before the night is half spent, the cold sinks down till it reaches or approximates that severe degree which has been estimated as the temperature of the interplanetary medium. And the moon having no surrounding shell of vapour, cannot form for itself a snowy cloak to mitigate the outflow of its warmth.

In the artificiality of city life, we are apt to overlook the beneficial influences of some of nature's provisions for a more natural state of existence. Snow is regarded by a town-reared mind rather as a nuisance than as a benefaction : it is not for the city's use, and the citizen feels more of its evils than of its virtues. We must go to the husbandman to hear the white meteor's praises sung. Here and in neighbouring lands he has made his admiration proverbial. "Snow year, good year," our farmers say. The Spaniard calls "A year of snow a year of plenty." "Under snow, bread," the Italian curtly remarks ; and also, "Snow for a week is a mother to the earth"—though conscious of the possibility of having too much of a good thing, he adds to this that "after a week it becomes a step-mother." And it is by no means difficult to give reasons for the good influences implied by these grateful proverbs. The warmth-

preserving power of snow is the most important of them. There is scarcely a greater apparent anomaly in nature than is here presented by the coldest of substances being a heat-sustaining medium. But the anomaly is phantasmic ; and it vanishes when we consider that the warmth-conducting power of a substance has nothing to do with its own proper temperature, but depends upon its structural composition. The woollen comforter has no warmth of its own, but its open fibrous material offers such a barrier to the waves of heat that are ever trying to escape from our bodies, that its contact conveys to us the idea that its substance is warm. Snow approaches in structural character to wool : it is soft and open ; and for this reason it acts like wool in confining warmth. The "ethereal billows" of heat pouring from the earth meet an obstacle at every separate particle of a snow blanket and are beaten back, the ground profiting by the averted loss. The surface of snow may be cooled by radiation, or by bleak winds, or the adjacent stratum of air may become bitterly cold, still the body of the snow prevents the frost from striking down towards the earth, which is virtually warmed by having the cold kept from it.

This protective intervention of snow is the secret of its beneficial influence on crops and vegetation. An old idea was that its virtue was due to the quantity of nitrous salts the frozen particles were supposed to contain ; but when a chemist of the last century analysed both snow and rain water, and found that their constituents were so nearly alike that there could be no difference in their chemical effects on vegetation, this notion fell out of recognition. Yet its warmth conservation is not the only good function of snow. It breaks up the ground, renders it porous, and allows the air to enter and exercise its powerful fertilising influence upon the earthy materials. And the moderate supply of water that it yields gently percolates the soil, without that washing away which rain in its downpour causes.

In view of its beneficial action upon the earth, it is not surprising that the believers in mystic cures and simples should imagine that snow possessed medical or healing properties. Of some of these we have survivals in the supposed efficacy of snow in removing chilblains and healing frost-bites, though we doubt whether any medical man could now be found to declare that snow variously administered will cure fevers, colics, tooth-aches, sore eyes, and pleurisies, act as a preservative from the plague, and otherwise tend to prolong life. Yet these were the creeds of a physician of two centuries ago, Dr. Bartholinus of Copenhagen, who wrote a treatise 230 pages long,

“De Nivis Usu Medico.” And he was no quack. In one chapter of his curious work he treats of the very rational use of snow as a benumbing agent to be used before surgical operations, adding that the method was taught him by Marcus Aurelius Severinus of Naples. Harvey, the English discoverer of the circulation of the blood, found relief from gout in the cold of snow, for he used to go to the roof of his house when an attack came on, and plunge his affected foot into the icy water that lodged there.

Madame Earth takes kindly to her snowy cloak only when she feels the want of it. Seldom does it descend uninvited; if it does, its good intentions are repelled, and it is melted away. Snow is present aloft in the air often when we little suspect it. Many a white cloud that breaks the blue monotony of the summer sky is made up of snow crystals or icy spiculæ. We know this from the direct experience of aëronauts, who have many a time left the warm earth and lower airs of summer days, and at a mile or two high plunged into the thick of a snow-storm or a cloud of tiny icicles. The continual deposit of snow on mountain tops, too, is a palpable proof of its constant formation at great elevations. And we have inductive proof of ice crystals abounding at sky height from the beautiful phenomena of halos and parhelia. These arcs and circles are formed by the refraction of the sun's or the moon's light through tiny prisms of ice lying in a stratum at a distance above the earth's surface, and with their axes turned in various directions. The light falls upon all alike, but it only passes to the spectator's eye *through* those that are at a definite angular distance from the luminary, just as distant objects viewed through a toy prism, to show the fringes of rainbow colours, can only be seen when the prism is twisted to a particular angle. What that angle is depends mainly upon the angles which the sides of the prism make with each other. The one may be determined from the other. When, therefore, the angular deviation which a beam of sunlight suffers in a crystal floating in the air is measured, it is possible to find what are the angles which the facets of that crystal form with each other. Now, in a halo this angle of deviation is the radius of the luminous ring, for obviously all the beams that are equally deviated from the line joining the sun or moon and the spectator's eye must lie in a circle; and when that radius is measured, and the angles of the crystal are computed from it, these angles are found to be *those which are known to belong to crystals of ice*. So that without going up in a balloon, it is ascertainable that snow and ice are formed and endure in the higher airs during the warmth of summer. This

optical proof was, indeed, offered long before that which *aéronauts* have given us.

If the cold crystals attempt to descend to the earth out of the proper season, they have to pass through a stratum of warm air, and they are melted into rain. They can reach the ground in their integrity only when the atmosphere they pass through is lower than the water freezing temperature; and they can lie where they fall only when the ground is correspondingly cold. Clearly the ground draws down its white hood only when it requires its warmth. This is an example of the fitness of natural things. If in these temperate climes the earth wanted snow in summer, that snow would come: it has fallen when needed within the torrid zone. The *present* fringe of the northern snow-cap does not descend much below thirty degrees of latitude. The line below which snow is not seen runs irregularly around the eastern hemisphere from near Gibraltar in lat. 36° to a little north of Canton, or lat. 24° ; and in the western hemisphere it crosses the North American continent from lat. 39° on the Pacific coast to lat. 35° on the shores of the Atlantic. This, we say, is the present border: in ages past it must have been different, and it may alter in ages to come. The traces of glacial action that are to be found in places where ice rivers have for centuries ceased to flow, are proofs of a distribution of heat and cold upon the globe very different from that which at present obtains. Not only in the neighbourhood of existing glaciers, but within the compass of our own islands—in Cumberland, in North Wales, in Ireland—have we evidence that the moisture which now falls as rain once fell as snow. Rock surfaces ground and polished, grooves and mouldings ploughed by the stones imbedded in the sinuous ice streams of thousands of years ago, come to sight in the most unlikely regions. Dr. Hooker even found that the cedars of sainted Lebanon grow upon ancient glacier moraines.

In their eagerness to refer effects to causes, philosophers have offered several explanations of the great climatic change here evidenced. One is that the earth's internal heat has altered in intensity; another, that the sun has at some time shed less of calorific rays than at present; another, that our globe—our whole system, in fact—in its course through space has at some time passed through regions more intensely cold than that which it now occupies. But all these are unsupported assumptions. There is more reason to believe that the changes have been produced by alterations of the distance of the earth from the sun, due to a change in the eccentricity of the terrestrial orbit; and as such a variation is

known to exist, and is calculable in amount, it really appears that here we have a *vera causa*. But the acceptance of this theory involves immense draughts upon elapsed time ; for it places the geologist's last glacial epoch backwards a hundred thousand years from the present day. This is, geologically, a small interval, though to those who retain their school-learnt chronology it will be incomprehensible. But if ever outrageous nonsense was promulgated as fact, it is in that date which is put forth in chronological tables as the year of the world's creation.

The glacier subject is too vast a one here to be dwelt upon. But in passing from it, let us not overlook the link that exists between our compact snowball and the grand phenomena of glacier formation. Snow was the original material of our ball, as it is of the Alpine ice streams. But in the ball, as in the stream, there has been an alteration of condition almost amounting to the formation of a new substance. The fleecy nature of the new-fallen flakes has been destroyed, and we have a hard mass of solid ice. Our ball, pressed only with the soft hand, we have not brought to the clear transparent state ; but we could easily produce this by an augmentation of pressure. Squeeze the snowball in hollow moulds, decreasing in size as the mass is reduced by compaction, and you will produce a crystal sphere of ice. The recognition of this transformation suggested to Professor Tyndall a theory of glaciers. Faraday had told him of a discovery, that if two pieces of ice were pressed together, they froze into close union at the point of contact. Snow was in the yard of the Royal Institution shortly afterwards, and Tyndall collected a quantity of it, and cramming it into a cylindrical steel mould, he inserted a metal plug and powerfully squeezed this down upon the yielding mass till it would yield no longer, and upon turning it out he had the pleasure of beholding a cylinder of translucent ice. He immediately went to Faraday and expressed the conviction that his little outlying experiment would constitute the basis of a theory of glacier formation and glacier motion. In the fracture and reunion of the ice of which these rivers of frost are composed, Tyndall perceives a valid explanation of that apparent *flowing* motion which appears so incompatible in a material almost as brittle as glass.

This self-soldering property of ice is known by the name of *regelation*. Highly curious advantages may be taken of it. By squeezing pounded ice into hollows of suitable form, the Albemarle Street professor has produced first the foot of a wine-glass, next the stem, and lastly the bowl ; and then, by neatly pressing the parts

together at the proper junctions, he has united the whole into a perfect drinking cup of the conventional form in clear glassy ice. Were it now summer time, many a mouth would water at the thought of a draught of claret from such an icy goblet; but alas for the evanescence of luxurious things! such a cooling cup would have a short existence; the warmth of air and hand and wine would soon put an end to the potions it could yield. So mouldable is ice under pressure, that it or snow could, if desired, be formed into statuettes, vases, flowers, or ornaments, which, while their beauty lasted, would rival in clearness and delicacy anything that glass-blower or cutter could produce in his material. Through this property of regelation the Alpine traveller is enabled to convert a tender snow-bridge crossing a chasm into a firm ice-plank that will bear his weight, merely by treading the snowy surface cautiously till he squeezes the granules into compactness and continuity. Ice that is cast in loose fragments into an ice-house would waste far more than it does were it not that it regelates into one solid mass, from which lumps, as they are afterwards wanted, have to be hewn with a pick-axe.

We may ascribe the agglomeration of snow crystals into large woolly flakes to the same cause. In some conditions of atmosphere the beautiful little six-petalled snow flowers shower down separately and singly; but in others we find them uniting to form a bouquet. No doubt, in the latter case the air is at such a temperature as to allow the crystals that naturally jostle one another in their descent to freeze together where they touch, and collect into a little heap by the time that they reach the ground. Large flakes are formed when the air is near the temperature of 32° , just at the freezing point; and as snowball makers know, it is then that snow can best be squeezed into a mass. In severer cold the snow grains will not bind, but behave more like powdered salt. And it is during calm, dry, frosty conditions of atmosphere that the delicately-traced snow crystals come down one by one in the finest perfection, and their crystalline beauty is seen to the greatest advantage. Upon the elegance and symmetry of these tiny blossoms of the sky we need not dwell. Winter after winter they modestly invite our admiration, gently tapping at our windows, and strewing our paths, and alighting on our dress, as if to court attention to the beauty that nature has lavished upon the smallest and most insignificant of her handiworks, and the order with which she conducts apparently the most unimportant processes of her vast laboratory. The sight of a tiny snow star, with its continuity of design, manifested in the preservation of the hexangular and hexagonal form of every ray and every branching

particle, sets us a-wondering deeply at that marvellous architecture of nature which we call crystallisation. We can conceive the invariability of shape of the ultimate atoms of any one substance : we can understand that the molecules of water are hexagonal ; and comprehending this, it is easy to infer that however these infinitesimally minute hexagonal building stones are piled into an edifice, the general design of that edifice will be of hexangular character. But who can imagine the principle upon which nature, while preserving the same *order* of architecture, yet varies the features with that kaleidoscopic diversity which we behold in these snow crystals ? Every perfect crystal is six-rayed, and upon every ray there are small branches which support smaller branches still. In scarcely two crystals do we see precisely the same arrangement of icy spiculæ ; yet in any one crystal the whole six petals, with all their subordinate intricacies, are to the minutest point and particle identical. Our wisest philosophy is baffled to explain such an infinite diversity of order.

No eye has yet perceived the building up of a snow crystal, or its formation from watery vapour. We may by chance have seen snow generated. During intense cold it is not uncommon for the influx of a draught of air at low temperature into a warm room to be announced by the appearance of a mist of snowy particles. You may have read of the beauties and gallants in a ballroom in St. Petersburg being snowed upon because a window was suddenly opened. It matters not whether it be in the clouds or in an apartment, wherever two volumes of air, one warm and damp, the other cold, come into collision, condensation of the aqueous vapour of the former will result ; and if the degree of cold be sufficient, the moisture will be precipitated in the frozen or snowy state. After this manner snow has been formed artificially ; but we never heard of an observer being able to watch the manner in which a snow-flower grows—what it begins with, and how the parts develop themselves. We may often, however, catch sight of a formative process somewhat analogous in the growth of frosty efflorescences upon our window panes ; and we may have sometimes beheld the step by step construction, crystal upon crystal, filament upon filament, leaf upon leaf, of an icy spray, and witnessed the undeviating character of the design through all its endless varieties of development. These fern-like crystallisations are often remarkably symmetrical ; but so many accidental elements interfere with their production that they never reach the perfection of regularity attained by a snow-flower formed in mid-air without impediment or disturbing influence. Yet


they present such graceful combinations that designers, coveting their exquisite patterns, have tried to press them in their natural integrity into the decorative service. And, by the way, the same may be said of the more geometrical snow crystal. We have before us some pieces of a rich dress fabric, shown in the Exhibition of 1862, of which these crystals, worked upon a moderately large scale in silver lace, constitute the ornamentation. And we possess a piece of fair finger-work in the shape of a greatly-enlarged crystal of elaborate form, reproduced in white beads upon a black ground. We call to mind, too, that upon an occasion when the Crystal Palace was to be illuminated with gas, a director of scientific tastes gave the designs for some arrangements of jets in imitation of the six-rayed snow stars; but the man to whom the manufacture was committed, either in ignorance or presumption, made the stars with only five rays, and the *utile dulci* idea was frustrated.

But if the building of a snow crystal, by Frost the architect, out of the vaporous particles of the higher air is not a sight we can hope to behold, we have yet open to us a most interesting observation in the actual converse of the operation, to wit, the pulling down of molecules block by block from a solid mass of ice in just the reverse order that nature followed in forming a six-rayed snow crystal. What cold erects, warmth demolishes. When a slab of clear speckless ice is put in the path of a beam of heat coming from the sun or a powerful lamp, so that the warmth shall exercise its power in the very centre of the icy slab, an instructive process of internal disintegration commences. The heat begins to pull down the structure molecule by molecule; but with the most precise order. At first tiny spots appear within the solid ice; then each spot begins to thaw its outline into a stellar form. Then rays appear, which are six in number, and from the sides of each ray the thawing starts in hexangular directions, and in perfectly symmetrical style, till at length every spot becomes a star with serrated rays, and the ice is filled with internal flaws, which are in form precisely similar to, and as geometrically perfect as snow crystals, the order and formation of which has been exactly inverted. The flowery spaces thus formed in the body of the ice are filled with water. In the centre of each one there is a little bubble—not an air bubble, but a drop of emptiness—a perfect vacuum, which makes its appearance because the water is not sufficient to fill the cavity that it occupied as ice. All substances expand in passing from the fluid to the solid state. Once it was thought that water alone had this property, but it has of late been shown that it is possessed by all fusible bodies. The beautiful ex-

periment above described is one exhibited by the high priest of thermotics and frigorifics whose name we have had several occasions to mention.

But our snowball has been under discussion so long that it will have returned to its primordial condition. A little pool of water marks its place. Is it worth while to analyse the liquid? We should find it differing but little from rain-water in constitution; but we might discover within it living germs brought from the sky to show us how far and wide the breath of life has been wafted. Snow thrown into water the purest obtainable has been known to teem the fluid with animalculæ which the frosty fleece must have gathered on its way from the clouds. And we know that red snow and green snow are to be found at times all the snow world over, from the polar plain to the temperate mountain top, sometimes lying inches deep; and when the colouring matter is examined, it is found to consist of low forms of life—so low, seemingly, as to have caused diversity of opinion as to whether the rosy and verdant cells are animal or vegetable, moving things or fungi. Never mind which, suffice it that cold is no more than heat an obstacle to the development of living germs—that the maintenance of life, which is the soul of nature, is provided for upon the snow-capped mountain as in the deep ocean's bed.

THE SHIP OF THE DESERT.

N this title the reader will readily recognise the dromedary. His time-honoured claim to it, recently contested, has been now re-established by an able advocate, and it will be yet a long time ere steam and iron will entirely supplant him as a vehicle in chief. More to the point has been the question raised as to the camel's individual qualities. (The term "camel" is here used generically, though of course excluding the lamas; there being little to be said of the Bactrian or two-humped camel not equally true of the dromedary.)

"Praise undeserved is satire in disguise," and in this sense no living animal has been more gratuitously satired than the camel. His merits are incontestable, and may be mainly summarised in the threefold qualities of sobriety, swiftness, and enduring strength. His services to man can scarcely be overrated by his most partial friends; they have been ever paramount and priceless. To him the Calmuc owes his ancient and poetic freedom. By his means, for many centuries alone, the Russian merchant trafficked with the wealth of China; and without his aid, in all probability, the plains of Northern Africa would have remained a virgin desert to the present day. Nor is he, when penned and slaughtered, of mean importance to his lord and master. The milk, the flesh, the wool and skin of camels are the attire and food of countless families. The spoils in detail have each their known utility, and we have it on the authority of Speke that the camel's hump is not surpassed in goodness by the much-vaunted trunk of the black elephant.

Surely these amply honouring distinctions might suffice to save the camel from his friends. So unhappily chosen have been the epithets bestowed on him, that the exaggeration has become grotesque. The Arab stares on hearing him described as patient, amiable, intelligent, gentle, and thinks at first that you must mean the horse; but on learning that you actually allude to the camel, he lifts his eyes to heaven, wondering at the strange delusions to which the Prophet abandons the departers from the true faith. To call the camel as obstinate as a mule, is to depreciate his obstinacy by a full third. His patience resembles that of a thwarted hog, and his gentleness is of that endearing kind which we usually attribute to the bear. As

regards his intelligence there still remains some difference of opinion. He is allowed by all to be superior to the calf, but few accord him rank beyond the bullock. Between the chieftain's dromedary and the mere sumpter camel there are certainly distinctions to be noted, but the prominent characteristics comprise the entire family, and the Arab who proclaims the horse his willing friend, reviles the camel as a reluctant slave, rendering impatient service, and deterred by fear alone from turning on his vigilant oppressor.

The camel's resentment is nevertheless intelligible. His powers are overtaxed, and his sobriety is abused. Man is his tyrant, and rules on the principle of the *væ victis*! The struggle is from birth to death, and it is not always with impunity, as we shall see hereafter, that the victory remains to man.

To be judged of correctly the camel must be observed at the moment of adjusting the packloads. In tones of wrath anticipated the driver calls to him to kneel, accompanying the cry with lashes pitiless and repeated. The camel would hesitate, but obeys abruptly under the influence of some sharp cut, foul indeed, but highly successful. A stifled roar follows, betokening anger and defiance; although, once on his knees, it is seldom he resists further than by passive demonstrations. On the approach of the packsaddle he contrives nevertheless to writhe in such a manner as to present his back sideways. This expected hindrance is redressed suddenly by a smart kick on the ankle bone, and the moment is seized for rapidly poisoning the panniers. Occasionally he attempts to rise, and in this case the driver falls heavily across his knees in a sitting posture, straining the joints downwards, and subduing him with sheer pain. Should he attempt to bite, as is oftenest the case, in an instant he finds his lips compressed and his nostrils gagged; meanwhile a neighbour hurriedly completes the loading, and the camel is released at the point of incipient suffocation.

With this explanation of hostilities as they actually exist, it remains to be seen whether man or camel was the first aggressor. And here it must be conceded to man that his instincts, though cruel, are highly selfish, and would naturally prompt him to economise a useful life, and as the Arab well knows that the camel's days are shortened by ill-treatment, it is fair to suppose he finds it impossible to treat him well. Such is, alas, the untoward truth. Monstrous in person, the camel surpasses in defects and vices the whole family of domestic quadrupeds. He is at once more fetid than the goat, more stubborn than the mule, more pusillanimous than the sheep. In fine, the camel resembles his master in too many essential

particulars to live and work with him on other than terms of irreconcilable rivalry.

Nor are his services unmingled profit. His delight is to slip his girthing, and scatter his load along the sands; and though the foot-prints usually enable the owner to recover his merchandise, the bales are often sand-scorched, and the loss of time incalculable. When mounted, the camel's pace and movements are mostly insupportable. To keep his seat the native rider himself is compelled to sit with vigilance. To all others the exercise is one of painful need or of pure English bravado. When the animal is at full speed or kept at an artificial trot, not always attainable, there is some alleviation, but otherwise the movement resembles that of a rocking-horse tilted from tip to tip, and balked incessantly with eccentric shocks. The effect on the beginner is to induce sea-sickness, with this difference, that instead of the long and helpless misery of a steamboat convalescence, your recovery is here secured at once by a surprising and most unsettling remedy. The camel has been watching his opportunity, and judging it come, from the languid resistance you begin to oppose to him, suddenly whisks his stomach bottom upwards, spills you violently, tramples you into the sand, bites your ribs, flies off the track to right or left, and leaves you bruised and blistered to be rejoined at leisure by the caravan.

From what precedes the reader may fairly ask how the presence is accounted for in Egypt and elsewhere of innumerable camels, ever pacing with noiseless regularity, and, to all appearances, docile and pacific. It must not be forgotten that in man these camels recognise their vanquisher, and have learnt by hard experience that they have in him a relentless and unsparing taskmaster. It is, moreover, chiefly at the morning and evening exercise of loading and unloading that the camel exhibits his vicious temper. Once beaten into harness, and spent with unheeded lamentations, he rises sore and sullen, to march till evening prayer in uninterrupted and disdainful silence.

The camel's real tyrant is, nevertheless, the professional camel-driver, rather than collective man. In spite of his many faults he has his friends and protectors, and it is always at his own peril that the driver overloads him. It has been urged, in proof of the camel's intelligence, that when overloaded he refuses to rise. This reminds one of the intelligent infant that let go the red-hot flat-iron of its own accord. The fact is the camel cannot rise when loaded to excess, and this is so well understood that the most unscrupulous driver regards it as the test of his maximum capacity. He rises often with a load too heavy to be carried far, but an abuse so flagrant is speedily

and fitly punished by the premature death of the unlucky ruminant. A law fixes the legal weight for an adult male at seven hundred pounds Arab (or 638 lbs. English), and it is related by Brehm in his popular description of the animal kingdom, that in the province of Siout, in Upper Egypt, a gigantic camel once entered the open doors of the divan, where Latief-Pacha, the acting governor, sat dispensing justice from his official chair.

"What wants this animal?" said the Bey; "he groans and staggers; he has surely a complaint to make against his master. Send for him instantly, and let us confront the parties."

The driver arrives, and, with guilty stupefaction, detects at once the point at issue. The load is weighed in his presence, and declared to amount to one thousand pounds.

"Do you not know," inquires the Bey, "that it is illegal to charge any camel's back with more than seven hundred pounds? The pressure of half this load represented by even fleeting blows would be to you an intolerable burden; think then what the whole must be expressed in enduring weight on the back of your unhappy servant. But, by the Prophet's beard and by the all-puissant Allah, who has created man and beast to be brethren together, I will teach you to feel a brother's pain! Seize him and give him the five hundred strokes."

The order was executed, and the judge immediately rejoined, "Now then, be off, and remember your fate will be worse should your camel have just cause for accusing you again."

"The Lord preserve you and bless your justice," replied the broken, if not repentant, criminal, as he writhed out of court, no doubt to curse his camel and deplore his own misfortunes.

But unamiable as the camel may be shown to be at all times, it is in the spring of the year that he appears to the greatest disadvantage. From January to March the adult male is, indeed, a ghastly beast; his coat rough, his flanks lean, his eyes starting from their sockets, and his whole expression wild and feverish. During this season he is reputed especially dangerous; a ring is accordingly passed through his nose, and his mouth effectually muzzled. These precautions have been dictated by experience, many instances having occurred of men and animals being mutilated and even killed by excited camels. Brehm speaks of one that seized his groom by the elbow, bit through the joint, and maimed the limb for life. Another so badly wounded a Malay pedlar that he died soon after in the native hospital at Cairo. A third killed on the spot a small white terrier belonging to an Austrian officer. The dog was a recent importation, incautious,

curious, and confiding. The camel seized him by the neck and tossed him some yards' distance into an empty tank, from which he was taken out immediately neck-broken and lifeless. The officer narrating the circumstances takes occasion to remark on the extreme cowardice of camels. "The *hedjihn*," he writes, "that massacred my dog was afterwards frightened out of his wits by a tame rabbit." The fact is, the camel takes fright at all unfamiliar objects which present themselves suddenly. In the case cited he had, no doubt, become accustomed to the presence of the dog, but the rabbit, which was a large drab and white angora, had just escaped from an adjoining granary, and quite unexpectedly skipped across the yard. A lion could scarcely have produced more terror. The camel flew madly round the yard, bellowing with terror, and evidently believing the rabbit was after him. In the desert camels exhibit the same faint-heartedness. The distant roar of the lion, says Bruce, suffices to disperse an entire caravan. In such case the baggage is hurled to the ground, the sand flies in blinding clouds, distress and scuffle annihilate self-command, and the day goes down upon the unrepaired confusion. The same author adds that the merest noise or the least startling apparition would have precisely the same effect if seen or heard by a sufficient number to produce a panic; and he mentions, amongst other things, the howl of the hyæna, the appearance of a strange dog, an ape, a lizard, and even an umbrella. A fright sufficing to paralyse the camels is barely enough to disturb the composure of the mules and asses, who may be their travelling companions.

To the nose-ring and muzzle it is sometimes necessary to add the foot-log. The camel uses his foot for kicking with considerable dexterity. He is, however, less dangerous behind than in front. With the hind leg he describes a semicircle after the fashion of the cow, and the kick to be serious must be aimed with nicety. In front he rather strikes than kicks, either felling like the hemione or ripping downwards like the kangaroo or ostrich. The salient nails are fearful weapons, and have sometimes been used on the unwary bystander with cruel and even fatal precision. In a combat between two rival males the conflict rages to the death; teeth and nails are employed indifferently, and it most often happens that the vanquisher withdraws disabled from his prostrate and exhausted foe.

Another inconvenience of the Eastern spring is the intensification of the camel's odour. The emanations of the male, at all times most offensive, are literally asphyxiating during the season of the rut. The Arab himself—perhaps the least sensitive of organised beings—

averts his nostrils with an impatient whiff, gravely informing the camel that his ancestor was a putrid hog.

No less repulsive is the once famous sanguineous bubble. Nothing can be more truly horrible than to see the animal protrude from its mouth, and as often suck in again, what appears to be a blood-streaked and dripping bubble, but is in reality a red and membranous bladder, veinous and inflated when blown out of the mouth, and shrinking to a mere film when withdrawn by inspiration. This extraordinary organ is proper to the adult male, and is without assignable utility as far as science has as yet been able to discover.

A third phenomenon is of a still more odious character, and has cost the camel the friendship and protection of most of his European apologists. We allude to his unaccountable habit of collecting his liquid secretions with the brush of his tail, and of showering them on those around him. To those who have witnessed the obscene propensities of the tame hippopotamus, so filthy an instinct on the part of the camel will appear by no means incredible. The fact has in any case its claim to be recorded, if only to contradict the uncandid optimist, who asserts that there is nothing in nature inherently unclean. There are indeed things created with designs inscrutable, but it is not for the philosopher to reject the truth.

With such antecedents before them, the admirers of the camel will be the more disposed to relinquish an old and venerated illusion. From our infancy, we have been accustomed to admire the marvellous adaptation of the camel to the medium of his existence as the resource and consolation of the inhabitable desert. We have admired the unlustrous and resisting coat, the crackless and elastic sole, the unexampled endurance, the saving swiftness, and exhaustless strength. And indeed no admiration could be more amply justified, no fitter homage could be rendered to the loving forethought of a wise and paternal Providence. But, unhappily, with these sublime truths has been mixed a dose of tantalising fiction. We have seen our parents moved to tears on reading that in the interior of the camel, in some protected corner of the viscera, was a mysterious and sacred vessel, containing about two pints of the most pure and limpid water. The dying Tartar had only to sacrifice his devoted camel to procure forthwith a copious and life-restoring draught. Thousands were so saved who must have died of thirst inevitably, and the unconscious camel thus found himself admitted upon trust into the astonished army of martyrs.

A more gratuitous invention was never palmed off upon a credulous and wonder-loving public. The very modicum of truth contained in

it is of itself destructive of the sense and purport of the fable. A peculiarity in the ruminating organs of the camel is that they contain two rows of cells, serving as a reservoir for water. These cells being much narrower at the top than at the bottom, compel substantial food to remain across the opening, whilst liquid descends to the interior. The coating of these same cells is non-absorbent, and it follows that the liquid they contain remains disposable for the ends of rumination, instead of passing at once into the stomach. Its use is to moisten the aliments sent back to the mouth for final mastication, and it usually finds employment in the first repast that follows. It may happen that the juicy nature of the food remasticated demands less liquid than the cells contain, in which case there remains a surplus either for the humectation of future food, or, at the will of the animal, for the quenching of unexpected thirst. The presence of this surplus in accidental cases has doubtless given rise to the fable, but it is not the less untruthful or wilfully extravagant. In the first place, the drought of the desert which has parched the rider, will have been equally felt by the poor camel, who will long since have absorbed the scanty resource within him. Servant and master will have both exhausted their supplies, and both be equally resourceless. Again, the reserve of liquid contained in the camel's stomach becomes utterly undrinkable by man within even a few hours of its being swallowed by the animal. The process of digestion converts it speedily into a slimy pap, nauseous to the taste and of an offensive smell. A camel's stomach freshly opened emits an effluvium insupportable to all but the native butcher. Imagination could scarcely have selected a receptacle for water less grateful to the thirsty traveller, nor cruelty have pointed to a spring more certain to be found dried up.

Nor is the camel always the survivor in the perils and calamities of the desert. He hears his death-knell in the approaching moan of the simoon. Already has he recognised the whirlwind's herald in the fervid and appalling calm. He becomes anxious and disquiet, and though worn and tired, flies onward with despairing feet. Meanwhile the wind has risen, the burning sands pursue the traveller, and soon the raving drift attains its paroxysm. The storm has now spent its fury, and the aching traveller towards morning would fain resume his journey. But the prostrate camel cannot rise; his joints are loose, his limbs are nerveless. With a painful effort he succeeds, nevertheless, and the charge is readjusted for the doubtful trial. A few more steps, and it becomes hopeless to proceed. The camel's pain augments with every movement, and his weakness gains on

him. Presently he falls, heeding neither lash nor exhortation, and soon his head, ceasing to beat the sand convulsively, rests on one side, to be raised perhaps again, but only once and in the final struggle. Nothing now betrays animation beyond the twitching of the limbs, and the traveller, with a pious exclamation addressed to Allah, abandons him to his certain fate. At sunrise the vultures are busy at his carcase, and before evening have reduced him well nigh to a skeleton. The jackal comes at sunset, and at nightfall the hyæna ; but little is left to satisfy these late-arriving guests.

Amongst the many peculiarities of the camel is his inability to swim. When compelled to cross the Nile in places where large boats are not procurable, the native process for ferrying the camel is a veritable cruelty. The tail is roughly twisted over the back and tied to the neck with a running noose, so as to be quickly loosened in the event of threatened strangulation. The animal is then conducted blindfold to the brink of the river, and pushed into the stream by main force. Should he attempt to bellow, the halter is tightened and his voice extinguished. Should he struggle to escape, he is soon quieted by the cord, which draws and cuts the tail with each movement of the neck. On losing footing, his distress and fright become apparent in his imploring eyes, his writhing ears, and steaming nostrils. An Arab in a small canoe supports his head, another propels him at the tail, and in this style the poor beast is soused and trundled on till, breathless and expiring, he lands on the opposing bank. On recovering his senses, he usually starts madly off, flourishing and kicking, nor can he be persuaded by any demonstration not painfully terrestrial that he is actually once more on *terra firma*.

It would be scarcely fair, after relating of the camel so much that is unamiable, to omit to notice a redeeming feature which is proper to the entire family. This feature is the exemplary maternal tenderness of the *naedje* or camel mother. The camel calf is a downy little creature, lively, comic, and comparatively charming. From the day of its birth it trots by the side of its mother, who constantly encourages it with a loving murmur. When two nursing camels meet, the young make friends on the spot, tumbling and frisking together like infant bears. The parents look on in admiration, keeping up a kind of loud purring, and calling anxiously to the little ones when they stray too far. Each sister parent respects the other's progeny, but there is no community of motherhood. The mother allows her master and acquaintances to fondle her offspring, but there would be risk in strangers following their example. In case of imminent danger, her timidity merges in her love, and she becomes a

desperate and imprudent assailant. A nursing camel has been known to put to flight a leopard; another is said to have fallen a victim to her devotedness, having been ripped by an Italian bull, whom she had suspected and provoked to combat.

It may not be generally known that the camels exhibited in Europe are all European animals. At San Rossora, near Pisa, is a vast and sandy plain, where imported camels have lived for several centuries. In this miniature desert they thrive and multiply as in their native solitudes; and it is from this acclimatised preserve that living specimens are supplied to the menageries and zoological institutions. There is also a preserve of camels in the south of Spain. Attempts are now being made to naturalise the camel in Mexico, and within the last ten years a considerable number have been employed in the traffic between the Mississippi and the Pacific Ocean. The government of Bolivia has recently introduced them to ply the passage of the Cordilleran heights; and there has been at Cuba, since the year 1841, a continuous and progressive importation both of the Bactrian and Arabian breeds.

But it is only in excessive climates that the camel can subsist without absolute and rapid caducity. From Pekin the Bactrian camel traverses China and journeys with impunity to the snows of Russia. In Siberia the inhabitant protects him with coverings manufactured from his own hair; and thus protected he maintains his strength and usefulness in unimpaired longevity. It appears, indeed, that in these Boreal climes, where "the earth burns froze and cold performs the effect of fire," a kind of artificial congruence is determined by the likeness of extremes. Nor is this strange similarity wanting in a resembling, if not identical, cause of mortality. The simoon is represented by the snow tornado, and the camel's death amongst the blinding sleets of Russia is as mournful and poetical as that of the dromedary in the burning sandstorms of Sahara.

The attempts that have been made to acclimatise the camel in the temperate parts of Europe have hitherto been failures. The individual has invariably become enfeebled, and the race incurably degenerate. It is unlikely, therefore, that the acclimatising movement of the present day will count amongst its conquests the domestic camel; but few will be found to regret the circumstance, if his antecedents have been faithfully recorded in the foregoing pages.

WITH A SHOW IN THE NORTH.

REMINISCENCES OF MARK LEMON.

No. VI.—THE LAST.

IT is many years ago since I struck up a brief epistolary acquaintance with Mark Lemon, though I met him for the first time in 1863. He came into the north of England to read "Hearts are Trumps," and was introduced to me by Tom D. Taylor, one of the most genial of west country journalists. I was living in the Bailey, at Durham, beneath the shadow of the Cathedral, and overlooking the river Wear. Mark Lemon accepted an invitation to stay with me here during his visit to Durham, Newcastle, and Sunderland. My house was a small old-fashioned place. It had an ancient garden, full of old-fashioned flowers and old-fashioned ivy. At the end of the walled-in walks there was a terrace with a summer-house, literally covered with luxurious creepers. From the terrace we overlooked the pleasant garden and lawns of Mr. Wooler and Colonel Chayter. The terraces sloped down, tier upon tier, to the very edge of the river. Coming from London to so quiet a spot, Mark Lemon was charmed with the picturesque repose of the place. In many letters afterwards he frequently referred to "that Paradise at the bottom of your garden." We smoked in the old summer-house and talked of London. There was with us on one of these days a ripe Shakespearian scholar, overflowing with literary enthusiasm, who had just completed a romantic play entitled "Passion and Parchment." It was full of poetic fancy, and in admirable blank verse. The gentleman to whom I allude is well known in the north. I mean my old friend, James Gregor Grant, author of "Rufus the Red King," and several volumes of poems. The son of an actor, Mr. Grant sat and listened to Mark Lemon's talk of plays and players with almost as much rapture as Prospero's daughter experienced in listening to the prince. The editor of *Punch* was like a messenger from afar coming into this old out-of-the-way city with news of the world. I see them now, these two old men, the river rolling by, and the rooks calling to each other. I see the beaming face of the north countryman who had not been to London

for years, looking up at the robust editor leaning upon the back of a chair and making smoke-rings with a meerschaum pipe. On this same day we walked to Finchale Abbey, and back again to the cathedral. Mark Lemon was almost boyish in his delight with all we saw and everything we did. In these days I was editing the *Durham County Advertiser* and writing stories. My office was in Saddler Street, and again my windows overlooked the Wear. One morning when I was very busy Mark Lemon sat down and applied himself to some sub-editorial duties with great zest, saying "I will be your sub-editor." He gave me ample proofs of his skill in this department; so that the Durham paper on this occasion had engaged upon it the most discreet and discriminating of London editors. Mark Lemon was every inch an editor, a director, an administrator, a negotiator, a diplomatist. He had the faculty of order and arrangement in editorial business, inspiring confidence among contributors and publishers. "I was made for *Punch*," he said to me one day, "and *Punch* for me; I should never have succeeded in any other way."

He came into the north to read, I said; to read an adaptation of that very play the origin of which I have described in a previous chapter. He read at Durham, Newcastle, and Sunderland. The audiences were large in each town, but the reading at Sunderland was the most successful in every respect. He seemed to be on closer and warmer terms with the Sunderland people. The interpolation of a line in the text put the audience into a very excellent humour. I had recently told in print the following tradition of Sunderland, which just at this time was being largely quoted by the press.

"A brusque but wealthy shipowner of Sunderland once entered the London office of Mr. Lindsay on business. 'Noo, is Lindsay in?' inquired the Northern diamond in the rough. 'Sir?' exclaimed the clerk to whom the inquiry was addressed. 'Weel, then, is *Mister* Lindsay in, see'st thou?' 'He will be in shortly,' said the clerk. 'Will you wait?' The Sunderland shipowner intimated that he would wait, and was ushered into an adjacent room, where a person was busily engaged in copying some statistics. Our Sunderland friend paced the room several times, and presently walking to the table where the other occupant of the room was seated, he took careful note of the writer's doings. The copier looked up inquiringly, when the Northerner said, 'Thou writes a bonny hand, thou dost.' 'I am glad you think so,' was the reply. 'Ah, thou dost; thou macks thy figures weel; thou'rt just the chap I want.' 'Indeed,' said the Londoner. 'Yes, indeed,' said Sunderland. 'I'm a man of few words. Noo, if thou'lt come ower to canny aud Soonderland, thou see'st, I'll gie thee a hoondred and twenty pund a year—and that's a plum thou doesn't meet with every day in thy life, I reckon. Noo, then?' The Londoner

thanked the admirer of his penmanship most gratefully, and intimated that he would like to consult Mr. Lindsay upon the subject. 'Ah, that's reet,' said our honest friend, 'that's reet; all fair and above board with —; that's reet;' and in walked Mr. Lindsay, who cordially greeted his Sunderland friend, after which the gentleman at the desk gravely rose and informed Mr. Lindsay of the handsome offer which had been made to him to enter the Sunderland shipowner's office. 'Very well,' said Mr. Lindsay; 'I should be sorry to stand in your way; 120*l.* is more than I can at present afford to pay you in the department in which you are at present placed. You will find my friend — a good and kind master; and, under the circumstances, I think the sooner you know each other the better. Allow me, therefore, Mr. —, to introduce you to the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, Her Majesty's Chancellor of the Exchequer.' . . . Mr. Gladstone had been engaged in making a note of some shipping returns for his budget. The Sunderland shipowner, you may be sure, was a little taken aback at first; but he soon recovered his self-possession, and enjoyed the joke quite as much as Mr. Gladstone did."

I had this from Mr. Grant, and published it first hand. It has had a long run since then, though it has not been so popular as the story of the collier pigeon fancier which I picked up some years ago in the neighbourhood of Ferry Hill, venturing to quote it in a magazine article on "Pitmen's Perils." Well, when Mark Lemon in his reading came to describe the dialect of his hero "Joe," instead of saying it was a very mixed kind of Yorkshire dialect, he said, in the best patois he could command, "It was nee like the talk of canny aud Soonderland." This brought down a round of applause, and the scene in the kitchen, where Joe is hidden behind the roasting screen and thinks he will soon require basting, went down with a roar of laughter.

I thought of the difference between this reading and another at which I was present at a fashionable house in Belgravia last year. It was a very aristocratic assembly. There was hardly any one present among the ladies below a duchess, except Miss Burdett Coutts. Several distinguished foreign artists were, however, mingled in the small group of distinguished gentlemen who came with the distinguished ladies. The walls were hung with paintings by the best modern painters, and there was tea and coffee which nobody touched. Mark Lemon had promised to read a scene from "Hearts are Trumps," and it appeared to me that, for once in his life at all events, he had not correctly gauged the taste of his audience. My friend was excessively nervous. He read the narrative of plebeian love-making anything but effectively. The ladies smiled with becoming propriety. The gentlemen applauded and said, "Brava," "Brava," "Excellent," in subdued and painful whispers. Indeed little was said or done during the evening above a whisper, except

when Jules Benedict played in magnificent style his own exquisite arrangement of "Where the Bee Sucks." Later in the evening, or at an assembly later in the season, Walter Maynard entertained the distinguished guests with an account of his experiences as an impresario, and succeeded in keeping up a continual simmer of amusement. The same stories told from a platform and illustrated with songs and music would prove a most attractive entertainment. When we (Mark Lemon and myself) sat over a quiet supper at the Hummums in Covent Garden, after the assembly had gone home in its carriages or to another party in the next square, we speculated upon what the society of Vanity Fair would think of a history of the strange and painful scenes that are being enacted outside the Fair and on its very borders. For example, not far from the mild, wealthy gathering at which we had assisted, Jimmy Shaw was having a benefit night at his famous crib, where you may behold, in a glass case, stuffed (in the manner as he lived), the renowned dog Pincher, which had killed more rats than any other dog ever known to "the fancy" of any country, dying heroically at last, from blood poisoning, after killing some hundreds of sewer rats in the presence of an enthusiastic congregation of sportsmen and "gents" of position.

It was Walter Maynard, I believe, who first projected the Falstaff entertainment, though the idea was the fruit of Mark Lemon's pecuniary losses in some other speculation. A friend was induced to join in the scheme, and on terms that were certainly moderate and just. He paid down five hundred pounds as the nucleus of Mark Lemon's share for fifty-two performances, with certain conditions as to share of profits. Out of the same purse afterwards came the money for general expenses, which included salaries, dresses, rent, advertising, and other incidental things, which speedily doubled the five hundred pounds. The entertainment was very profitable at The Gallery of Illustration, but at St. George's Hall it was a sad and melancholy failure. This resulted in bills of exchange being substituted for cash; inefficient book-keeping brought about an overdraw to Mark Lemon's account; the overdraw was paid in bills which could not be met, and the poor actor's death has left these and other matters to weigh down and complete his friend's discomfiture. From these financial complications (shadows of behind the scenes) the said friend is now rather vainly struggling to free himself. The public paid liberally to see Falstaff everywhere, except at St. George's Hall; but the expenses were very heavy, and the necessity for Mark Lemon being in London at least two days a week brought

difficulties in the way of the management which interfered with consecutive engagements for the country, and left a company idle during two and sometimes three nights out of six. Moreover in these days it is necessary, however excellent an entertainment may be, to "puff" and "push" it, and take every possible opportunity of bringing it before the public. The visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales and a distinguished suite to The Gallery of Illustration in the hands of a zealous advertising agent, would have made the fortune of the entertainment and put money in the purse of the friend who found the sinews of war at the outset. Mark Lemon gave a special performance for the Court. The Gallery was decorated for the occasion, refreshments provided, and a special band engaged. But at the last moment the manager, who was enjoying the sea breezes of Brighton, could not be present, and but for Mr. German Reed there would have been no one to receive His Royal Highness. Left to themselves, Mark Lemon and Bardolph had forgotten to have an attendant to take charge of the cloak room. In this dilemma the niece of one of the apparitors who was engaged in the property room was seized upon by Bardolph for the duty. The royal party had just entered. "Please to come this way," said Bardolph, taking the apparitor's niece by the arm. "There now, be very calm and quiet. Go into that room, and take off the Princess's shawl." With which startling command Bardolph quietly pushed the property girl into the room; and she proved to be quite equal to the occasion. At the close of the performance the Prince expressed a wish to see Mark Lemon, who came round to the front at once, and was of course very graciously and kindly received. The Prince of Wales shook hands with him very cordially, and, on behalf of himself and the Princess, thanked him for the pleasure he had afforded them. The Princess laughed heartily at the scene where Falstaff assumes the part of Hal's father. The Garrick Club of the future may probably count among its interesting paintings a picture of Mark Lemon in his dressing-gown receiving the congratulations of the King (then Prince of Wales) and Queen upon his performance of Falstaff. The property girl pushed into the apartments of the Princess and receiving her shawl, might make another interesting sketch. Painters of dramatic incidents have treated many less worthy subjects than these two incidents of the modern representation of Falstaff.

A writer who knew Mark Lemon, and whose hand I recognise in the article, made my first paper in *The Gentleman's Magazine* the text of some interesting reminiscences in *The London Figaro*. Respecting the origin of *Punch*, he says Mark Lemon told him that he was not

the only Lemon who flavoured the original bowl of *Punch*, for that there were two other Lemons associated with him—Leman Rede and Laman Blanchard. “Of course,” my friend went on to say, “a little violence must be done to the pronunciation of ‘Laman,’ in order to bring it into harmony with the rest of the pun. ‘Why was it called *Punch*?’ I asked him. ‘Because the title was short and sweet,’ he replied. ‘And *Punch* is an English institution; everyone loves *Punch*, and will be drawn aside to listen to it. All our ideas connected with *Punch* are happy ones.” I once stood nearly half an hour with Mark Lemon looking at a *Punch* in Southampton Street. We stood in a doorway, and enjoyed the show immensely. Going to our rooms afterwards, he said, “What do you think my cabman had arranged for my especial honour?” One day in the week it was Mark Lemon’s custom to visit the leading contributors to *Punch* in the way of business relating to copy and drawings. He employed each week the same cabman, who had bought a new Hansom for the editor’s weekly rounds. “The cabby has built or bought a new Hansom for me, and had arranged to have a figure of *Punch* painted upon the panels. He thought it best to speak to me before ordering the work to be done, he said. I told him he was quite right in his judgment as to the desirability of consulting me; that I was much pleased at his intended mark of attention in the matter of the painting, but that I would rather the cab were not embellished; that such an advertisement was not to my taste. The fellow to this day thinks I am a foolishly modest and unassuming man in consequence. I expect he would have liked to have done up the Hansom in the style of a circus car. He might have written upon it, ‘Here you may see the fat man!’”

This incident reminds me of a little episode of the Scotch tour. All impresarios of course wear fur coats. My friend of the Falstaff entertainments, for whom I did duty in Scotland, generously insisted upon adding to my “wraps” the impresario coat. It was a splendid seal-skin garment, somewhat too large for me. I wore occasionally a seal-skin travelling cap. One cold day, when Falstaff wished to take carriage exercise, I wore the skins in all their furry magnificence. Not alone doth manners make the man; the tailor has an important share in this human architecture. I was another man altogether in this new attire. During our ride I remembered that in one of my stories I had made a certain showman’s chief wish consist in the possession of a fur coat, in which he hoped to strut about cracking a whip for the remainder of his days on the outside of an exhibition of natural history. When we left the carriage to make a

call, the idea occurred to me. Dim remembrances of circus proprietors in painted vans came into my mind as I caught sight of my own short figure, very much disguised, in an Edinburgh shop-window.

"I don't like this coat, Mark," I said.

"Don't you? Not the impresario seal-skin?" said Falstaff, looking down upon me with evident amusement.

"No; I feel like a sort of agent in advance to a wild beast show or a circus," I said, gathering up some superfluous cloth, and wrapping the coat closer round my shoulders. "Do I look the character?"

Falstaff, with an air of mystery, glanced up the street and down the street, as if to be sure that nobody could overhear him, and then in a loud whisper, and with a hearty laugh, said, "Yes; by the lord, you do!"

This reminds me that when we arrived at Bradford we missed one of our rugs, and that in reply to a telegram to Newcastle concerning it we were gravely informed that nothing had been left behind there but a small can with "Harry" painted upon it. This was the present which Bardolph received at Glasgow. We had another loss at Bradford. Mark Lemon mislaid a twenty-pound note. Search was made everywhere for the missing treasure, but it could not be found. I had burnt some papers, and it was shrewdly suspected that I had swept the note into the fire. By-and-bye, I found a sheet of note-paper with "Truly yours, Mark Lemon," written upon it in Falstaff's best manner. "Is this the autograph for the young lady who wrote to you this morning?" I asked. "Yes," was Falstaff's reply. "Then you have put the twenty-pound note into the envelope instead of your autograph." "Impossible!" said Falstaff. I rushed to the bar, and was just in time to examine the letters; and sure enough, as I had guessed, I found the note, much to Mark Lemon's chagrin, for he prided himself on his care and regularity in matters of business. What would the young lady have thought of Mark Lemon's reply had she received the other more marketable autograph which was so near being posted to her?

To return to my friend's article upon my first paper. He says he reminded Mark Lemon that the etymology of the word "Punch" would be perfectly carried out if its contributors were limited to five; for that "Punch" really meant five. Then they diverged into a talk on the old mysteries and miracle-plays, with the representation of Pontius Pilate and the Jews, and how there was a popular idea that the familiar words, Punch and Judy, were but a corruption of *Pontius cum Judæis*, and that the modern street-show of Punch is the only

true relic of the mediæval miracle-play to be found in England. Then my friend reminded Mark Lemon of the Sanscrit word for "five," which is *Pancha*, and the Persian, which is *Punj*; and how we are well acquainted with the latter word from the well-known Punjab or Punjaub, which in fact means *Punj aube*, "the five rivers." "And, I went on to say, that we derived our pleasant beverage of Punch from India—or at any rate from the East—where it was so called because it was composed of five ingredients, of which the Lemon was one. I am aware that Dr. Doran ascribes the origin of the word to a club of Athenian wits; but I am unable to agree with him in this particular."

They talked about punch of all kinds and of particular pet drinks, but Mark Lemon did not tell him what was his favourite punch. I think his favourite mixture of this character was a noveau punch, for which a house in Fleet Street is celebrated. But they did discuss what should be the five ingredients that ought to go to a perfect punch.

"We then talked of an acrostic charade that I had shown him, on the words 'Lemon, Punch;' which charade had, in fact, started our conversation about *Punch*. It was as follows:—

THE LETTERS (5).

I brighten even the darkest scene—
I very nearly an ostrich had been—
I with a hood once pass'd all my days—
I am a fop in a play of all plays—
To its greatness the city of Bath I did raise.

THE WORDS.

I'm a Mark of judgment, of taste, and wit,
O'er a crowd of pages I rule the roast;
I mix with choice spirits, while choicer ones sit
Around, while I give them full many a toast.
Of my two words, my first is squeez'd into my second,
Although at its head it is commonly reckoned.

The answers to the five letters were—Lamp, Emu, Marian, Osric, Nash; the first and last letters in which words will spell the two words Lemon and Punch. Now, although double acrostic charades have been made so common, that they have been "done to death," yet at the time of which I am speaking they had not made any appearance in print. Who invented them, I do not know. In fact, in Latin, they are to be found in old monkish chronicles; but I am not aware who it was who first clothed them in their present modern dress. Before I spoke with Mark Lemon concerning them, I had seen them afford great amusement in private circles, and for six months or more had amused myself and others by writing them, receiving and interchanging manuscripts, and guessing or making

the riddles. I submitted the above and other specimens to Mark Lemon, who, with his usual sagacity, saw that the double acrostic charades might be made generally popular. The result of our talk was that he asked me to prepare a paper on the subject for the *Illustrated London News*—with which newspaper he had then much to do. I did so, and it was printed in the *Illustrated London News*, August 30, 1856."

This conversation closed with a joke of Jerrold's:—

"On that occasion I spoke to Mark Lemon of his tale, 'The Heiress of Bilberry,' which had been published in the *Illustrated London News*, and which had been republished by Bradbury and Evans, with various other miscellanies, under the title of 'Prose and Verse.' 'Do you know what Douglas Jerrold called it?' said Mark Lemon, in his good-humoured, jovial way. 'He said that, as I was a Cockney, he supposed I pronounced the title "Prose and Worse." That was good, was it not?' 'It was characteristic of the speaker,' I replied, evasively."

The writer evidently interpreted Douglas Jerrold's fun into an intentional satire upon Mark Lemon's work. He did not know Jerrold as well as Mark Lemon knew him, or he would have accepted it in the Lemon spirit; for no man was more sensitive or less inclined to hurt the feelings of a friend than Douglas Jerrold. The humour of the Cockney phrase suggested itself to the wit, and it bubbled up to his lips. By the way, I mention in my previous chapter the introductions written to many of the little text-books, known as "Cumberland's British Theatre," signed D——— G———. It has been suggested over and over again that these criticisms should be collected and added to the works of Douglas Jerrold. Quite as often has the question of their authorship been discussed with a view to settling who really wrote them. Blanchard Jerrold tells me that his father always repudiated the authorship of these articles, which were invariably headed "Remarks." Even the author of "The Story of a Feather" and "Cakes and Ale" need not have repudiated the work on the ground of its want of merit. The opening of the introduction to "Honesty the Best Policy" is eminently trenchant and pithy; for example:—

"'Honesty the best policy.'—Antediluvian adage! Honesty!—ragged virtue, kicked out of doors to beg or starve! He who now-a-days ventures a word in favour of honesty, shall be drummed out of society for a dolt and a dreamer! The march of progression, in finding out a royal road to riches, has removed this ancient stumbling-block. In the universal scramble for money, nobody can find time, or afford to be honest! Talk of physical malaria, to which cholera is said to be first cousin; look at moral malaria! Metropolitan rank sewers, quotha! What sewer so foetid, what standing-pool so foul as the corruption that regales the delicate nostrils of Capel Court? A stock-jobber and a railway-director is a moral pestilence that walketh not in darkness, but that poisoneth in noonday.

The noxious gas of ten thousand dead carcasses is not more destructive to the body, than the reeking rascality of your living ones is to the soul ! Yet this plague what shall stay ? Not religion, for the God of the present day is gold. Not shame, for the brass candlestick, like the schoolmaster, is abroad, and not expected home again ! A Board of Health (when all are alike infected !) for cholera of the conscience—Ha ! ha ! ha ! ”

This was written a good many years ago. Railway directors were in particularly bad odour when “Honesty the Best Policy” was produced. One of the most graceful impromptu compliments which Mark Lemon ever received was from a railway director. We were visiting the Worcester Porcelain Works, and had the good fortune to meet the chairman, Mr. A. C. Sherriff, M.P., a director of the Metropolitan Railway. Mr. Sherriff having asked me if I thought Mark Lemon would accept a memento of his visit, and, encouraged by my reply, begged him to accept a set of very handsome flower-vases which we had all admired. “Really,” said Mark Lemon, withdrawing from the kindly offer, “I have no claim in any way upon your kindness.” “Claim upon me,” said Mr. Sherriff, “you have a claim upon all mankind.” And so he had—all honour to his memory !

Mr. Benjamin Webster, of the Adelphi, was one of Mark Lemon’s oldest friends. When the founder of *Punch* was a young man, hoping to win his spurs in dramatic literature, Mr. Webster was the first to encourage and assist his aspirations. I believe Mark Lemon’s first play was produced upon the Adelphi stage. It is quite certain that some of his happiest hours were spent in the manager’s room. As a rule he stayed in London several nights during the week. If he varied the monotony of Bedford Street by an evening walk, his footsteps were generally directed to the Adelphi Theatre. He had a key to the manager’s private door, the only key, I fancy, besides the one carried by Mr. Webster himself. How often he exercised this special privilege of admission *behind* behind-the-scenes Mr. Webster will remember now with painful particularity, since the last time of all has come and gone. If Mark Lemon had left Bedford Street in an evening without any message as to his whereabouts I invariably knew where to find him, and, thus meeting now and then at his favourite haunt, we finished the evening, after the play, in the manager’s society. These were rare nights, when the men were talkative. They compared notes of past days, and gossipped of actors whose very existence had become almost traditionary ; for Webster in his youth was intimately acquainted with an old playgoer who, as a boy, had seen Garrick.

More than this, the manager knew an old man who knew a man who knew Cave, the founder of *The Gentleman's Magazine*. Mr. Webster knew Liston.

In one week in October last year Birmingham was peculiarly honoured. Charles Dickens, Mark Lemon, and Benjamin Webster appeared before large audiences of the Hardware Village. Charles Dickens inaugurated the session of the Midland Institute as the president of the year; Mark Lemon gave his "reading in costume" at the Assembly Rooms; and Benjamin Webster played *Robert Landry* at the Theatre Royal. It is a week which I shall long remember. I was favoured with a seat on the Town Hall platform, and never heard the great novelist speak more effectively. The hall was crowded with a host of Mr. Dickens's admirers. A noble instance himself of the triumph of industry and perseverance, Charles Dickens had to tell the meeting a no less remarkable story of the success of an institution which had long since taken to heart his motto of "Courage, persevere." Not a word which the president spoke was lost. He had evidently prepared his address with particular care. It was like a reading—*his* reading. You could almost have fancied that he was reciting an essay on progress. Every point told, every sentence was perfect. He dwelt with an air of wonder upon the great things which the institution had accomplished. The members of the institute listened with pardonable delight to the story of their own achievements. They must have experienced something of the pleasure of the poet who hears for the first time his own words set to the music of a master composer. It must have been sweet, indeed, to the early promoters of the association to hear the story of their triumphs set to the music of Charles Dickens's eloquent words. At the close of the evening he referred to his resumption of the labours of his earlier years, and promised his midland friends at an early day the first instalment of "Edwin Drood." I saw him the next day for the last time. He was looking at the pictures in the window of the *Illustrated Midland News*. In the evening from the wing of the Birmingham Theatre I saw Webster wipe the tears from his eyes after that most touching scene between father and child which lifts the "Willow Copse" out of the common category of ordinary melodramas. The next night there was what we used to call during our northern tour an actors' supper at the Great Western Hotel, with Mark Lemon and Webster among the guests. Time has but marked twelve months since then, and the professional brother writes to me thus of the two famous amateurs: "I miss poor dear Mark greatly. His loss and that

of Charles Dickens grieved me sadly. I can scarcely realise that they are dead."

Speaking of Birmingham, it is interesting to know that when Mr. Webster as a boy had resolved upon adopting the stage as a profession, he went to Birmingham to seek an engagement. It was here that he purchased his first piece of theatrical property—a sword which he intended to use as *Rolla*. As a youth, it was his ambition to play this part. It is a curious fact that throughout his long and varied career he has never played the part for which he purchased the Birmingham weapon. I thought it a singular coincidence that an incident in Mr. Webster's career should have been identical with the first adventure of "Christopher Kenrick." The hero of the fiction ran away from home, and was pushed by adverse circumstances into the position of second fiddle in an orchestra. "I ran away," said Webster, "bought a sword to play *Rolla*, and became second fiddle in the orchestra."

There was with us during this evening at Birmingham, and on other occasions, the impresario proper of "Falstaff." I have mentioned him previously under his *nom de plume* of "Walter Maynard." The son of the late Mr. Beale, of Cramer, Beale, & Co., Walter Maynard is better known to a large circle of friends as Willert Beale. Lord Carlisle paid him the compliment of saying that he reminded him of Tom Moore, Mr. Beale having written many charming songs, which he sings to his own graceful pianoforte accompaniments. Willert Beale's is a remarkable career. Educated for the profession of music, he studied for the bar, and was "called." He was a director of the Langham Hotel; he projected the Steam Plough Company (Limited); assisted in the establishment of St. James's Hall and the Farmers' Club; engaged Thackeray to read "The Georges;" played an important part in the management of the Italian Opera; conducted the provincial tours of Grisi and Mario; wrote a book, somewhat incomplete in construction and arrangement, but full of well-told and interesting anecdotes; and has at the present moment friendly associations with the leading artists in Europe. He had arranged with Mark Lemon for the joint publication of six original songs. The following was to begin the series:—

"A WAYWARD WOMAN."

"My coat is worn threadbare and thin,
My shoes are very old,
The wind and snow alike creep in,
And bite me with their cold.

- “ I’ve not a penny in my purse,
Nor friend to give, not I;
And yet my fortunes might be worse :
Here are the reasons why.
- “ I might have been p’rhaps fool enough
To give my heart away,
And met with coldness and rebuff,
As men do every day.
- “ A wayward woman is a curse,
You’ll find so if you try;
My state, you see, might have been worse,
And here’s good reason why.
- “ I might have found a faithless friend,
To change my sweetheart’s mind :
Falsehood like this, you may depend,
Is worse than wintry wind.
- “ Though to good cheer I’m not averse,
Yet I can pass it by,
And feel my state might have been worse—
You’ve heard the reasons why.”

This is Mark Lemon’s last complete song. I have before me a rough sketch of what was intended to be the second of the series, and it is in truth Mark Lemon’s very last writing in this branch of composition. It is written in pencil on a sheet of blue-wove foolscap paper. There is no title to the design. The words are as follows :—

- “ We are two heroes come from strife :
Where have we been fighting ?
On the battle-field of life,
Doing wrong, wrong righting.
- “ Forth we went a gallant band—
Youth, Love, Gold, and Pleasure ;
Who, we said, can us withstand ?
Who dare lances measure ?
- “ Round about the world we went ;
Ne’er were such free lances
Victors, in each tournament
Winning beauty’s glances.
- “ Gold at last his prowess lost,
And when he departed
Pleasure’s lance was rarely crossed,
Pleasure grew faint-hearted.”

These lines must be accepted for what they are. They simply indicate an idea for a ballad. The last verse cannot be transcribed. The song, however, was intended to close with the retirement of the heroes from the strife, contented with their laurels, and determined "no more to rove" in search of adventures.

Mark Lemon's latest songs all turned upon that "consumption of the purse" which, as Falstaff, he always referred to with a quiet unction, as if in defiance of the "incurable disease." His last letter and his last joke were tinged with thoughts about books of accounts and balances, although memories of old friends crowded in at the last and flickered through the darkening mind. The day before he died two friends called to see him. One of them was our friend Shallow, who has an appointment in the Customs. Mark Lemon was in his little study at Crawley. The room was entered by double doors. Shallow's companion stumbled at the second door, and got into the room awkwardly. "Ah," said the invalid, "he does not understand double-entry like you fellows in the Customs."

I leave many of my recollections of Mark Lemon unrecorded. Some of them relate to persons who are living, and are better laid aside for the present. There are others which I regard as the property of whosoever shall edit any notes or papers that he may have left behind him. I have only selected for narration such circumstances as I conceived might fairly be regarded as within the legitimate scope of the personal reminiscences of a friend. The history of *Punch* will, no doubt, be told even if Mark Lemon did not leave materials for it. If I were competent for the work, which I am not, my connection with Whitefriars being of recent date, and quite outside the magic circle of the well-known Wednesday gatherings, the story of *Punch* is not within the pale of these papers. It may be thought that I have dealt too much with *Punch* already. Should this be the case let me repudiate at once the smallest modicum of fame that may have come to me through my published knowledge of *Punch* affairs. I have never contributed to my late friend's famous periodical. My regard for Mark Lemon did not lead me to trespass on our friendship by offers of "copy." I filled two or three pages of *Punch's Pocket Book* a few years ago, and that was my first and last contribution to *Punch*. I mention this circumstance lest I should be credited by the public with a position to which I am not entitled; or looked upon by those who move behind the scenes in Fleet Street and the Row as desirous of making capital out of my associations with the Editor of *Punch*. I say this in spite of the proverb relative to him who excuses, justified by the adverse

criticism which personal reminiscences so often excite, and supported by my desire to hold in relation to these papers the simple position of narrator.

In these busy days dead men are soon forgotten. Their places are filled with painful rapidity. The ranks close up and the march goes on. Memorials by the way, are more honourable to us than to those who have rested from their labours. They offer guidance to the army that comes pressing on behind. These reminiscences of one who has fallen

“ In the battle-field of life ”

represent but a temporary indication of the disaster. I leave to others the nobler task of building up the more lasting monument that belongs to the calmer hours of peace.

JOSEPH HATTON.



MALVINA.

BY H. SUTHERLAND EDWARDS.

CHAPTER XXX.

SOPHIE'S PORTRAIT.



NE of the first things—in fact, the very first thing—Alfred did on arriving at Hillsborough, was to show his father, Dr. Leighton, Sophie's portrait, in the white dress and green sash, and ask him whether the young lady represented in that picture looked as if she was likely to die of consumption?

Dr. Leighton replied that she didn't look as if she were likely to die at all. We were all mortal, however, and there was no saying what illness might not attack her. Still, if the patient was at all like the original, he should say most decidedly that that young lady had no tendency to consumption or any other organic disease. Who was the charming young lady?

She was a Miss Arnold, whom Alfred had met at St. Ouen; cousin of Captain Arnold, a friend of his in India. Alfred was also of opinion that she was nice-looking, and was very glad to hear that there was no probability of her being seriously ill.

"I did not say that there was no chance of her being seriously ill," exclaimed Dr. Leighton; "I did not say anything so absurd. I merely told you, in answer to your question, that there was nothing in her features or general expression that indicated a tendency to consumption, and that the portrait seemed to me the portrait of a healthy girl."

"But if she were to catch cold?" asked Alfred.

"Oh, if she were to catch a serious cold it might be followed by fever, inflammation of the lungs—there is no saying what. It is, of course, not advisable for anyone to catch cold. But, instead of putting these principal questions, tell me something about your own health. What an imprudent young man you are! What had you been quarrelling about; and if the Frenchman insulted you, why could you not punch his head and have done with it?"

Alfred told his father as much as he thought fit about the circum-

stances which had led to the duel, and expressed (with perfect sincerity) the regret he felt at having been mixed up in such an affair at all. His father told him that he must take great care of himself, inasmuch as he was still far from well, and enjoined him, in particular, to abstain from excitement of all kinds.

The next morning the Doctor observed that Alfred had passed a bad night, and told him that he had heard him walking about a great deal in his room. That he assured him was a mistake. He must go to bed early, sleep a good eight hours, and be careful not to let anything weigh upon his mind. If anything did weigh upon his mind he must throw it off. He absolutely must, or he might fall seriously ill, and a relapse was, above all, a thing to be dreaded.

Alfred, to tranquillise his father, went to bed the next night quite early. He placed Sophie's portrait by the side of his bed, and wondered every time he looked at it what disastrous influences could possibly have reduced her to the state described by the secretary to the Dragon Life Insurance Office. But he did not walk about, and his father readily believed the next morning that he had passed a pretty good night.

The second day after his arrival Alfred paid a visit to his uncle, Colonel Leighton, and to his father's cousin, Sir Edward Leighton, both of whom lived at some distance from Hillsborough.

Colonel Leighton, among other things, asked him whether he remembered "that night at the theatre," and gave him some news respecting Malvina, "his old flame," as the Colonel called her.

Alfred did not like being reminded that he had ever cared for any girl little or much before meeting with Sophie. But his uncle thought it would interest him to hear how Malvina had somewhere made the acquaintance of a Russian Prince and persuaded him to marry her. Both her parents were dead, and she had also lost her husband, Prince Karabassoff, after being married to him some two or three years. The Prince had not been seen at Hillsborough, but the Princess had been there displaying her grandeur, "or rather," said the Colonel, correcting himself, "her elegance; for really everything about her—carriages, horses, servants' liveries, and especially her own dress—was in very good style."

Sir Edward had also been much struck by the personal demeanour of the Princess. "She was rather amusing—all the same," he said. "She would not call herself 'Princess' while she was at Hillsborough, for fear, I suppose, of overpowering us all. She called herself Madame de Karabassoff, and was announced under that name in the *Hillsborough Gazette*. Her arrival was quite an event. It was

made the subject of a graphic article in the *Gazette*. The writer mentioned, I remember, that in passing along the High Street she looked out at the house in which she had spent "so many happy years as a young girl, and that Mr. Gibbs, the present proprietor of the establishment, was standing at the door, and took his hat off."

"That was exceedingly touching. Did you see her yourself?" asked Alfred.

"Oh, yes; I called on her with your uncle."

"Ah, the Colonel never told me that!"

"Didn't he? Well, he paid her a great deal of attention. However, I couldn't get your aunt to call, so the Princess didn't come to see us, and I didn't like to go near her again without my wife."

"Was Malvina—was the Princess, I mean—annoyed?"

"Madame de Karabassoff was exceedingly annoyed. I gave her Lady Leighton's card—I insisted on doing that—but she had evidently expected a visit in person. The next morning she sent her card round to your aunt by a servant. By-the-bye, she asked kindly after you. I didn't know you were coming back from India so soon, or I would have told her."

"She would know that quite soon enough, if I wanted to see her, from these confounded newspapers," answered Alfred.

"Yes, that story of the duel, with your name in full, has been published throughout the country. What was it all about? or rather who was the lady? But, of course, that is a secret."

"I wanted to ask you one thing—what does my aunt say about it?"

"Your aunt? Well, she has said so much about it that I don't think she can say any more just at present. I should put many shillings into her missionary box, and often, if I were you."

"It was a stupid thing of me, no doubt," said Alfred; "but there was really no avoiding it."

"It would have been a braver thing to have refused," observed Sir Edward.

"I have heard that argument before, and I can't say I ever saw much in it," answered Alfred. "It would have been at least proof of callousness, and it would have been looked upon simply as a sign of cowardice. Remember that I was abroad, and that every Englishman abroad is, more or less, the representative of the whole nation."

"I don't think much of my argument either, and I am proud to acknowledge that I didn't invent it," said Sir Edward. "I met with it in the *Hillsborough Gazette*, the organ of Stubbs, the linendraper,

Stubbs warmed you, as he himself would say. You had it hot and hot."

"I should think so. An ancient rival! Fancy Stubbs sitting in judgment on me and pitching into me in that style, and all for the love of Malvina Gribble, Princess what-do-you-call-her?"

"Karabassoff; Madame la Princesse de Karabassoff!"

"No wonder Lady Leighton felt aggrieved at Malvina's taking such a name as that! But I am so sorry to have missed my aunt. I need not ask you to give her a good account of me."

"I can't give her a good account of your health, I am sorry to say. You will have to take great care of yourself. However, you have a long leave, and you could get it extended."

Alfred walked home through the High Street, and went into the "White Hart" to see what news Mr. Robson, the proprietor of that comfortable hotel, had to give him. Robson, like the rest, would speak to him about nothing but the Princess Karabassoff, her wealth, her beauty, her diamonds, her carriage-horses, and the liberal manner in which she had taken the whole of his first floor for herself and her maid. She had brought with her a coachman, who had moustaches a mile long, and a footman who, "if you will excuse my saying so, was one of the rummest fellows you ever saw in your life." The Colonel had come to see her, and Sir Edward, and all of them; but she didn't go anywhere herself, and only remained three days.

"I often thought of you, sir," added Robson. "It recalled old times. But you look bad, sir! It's a nasty way them foreigners have of picking a quarrel with you, and then shooting you. I have no doubt but what you didn't get fair play. I wouldn't have given him a chance, sir, if I'd been you. I'd have broken his head with a stick; that's what I'd have done, sir."

"Ah, it could not be helped, Robson. I shall get better soon. But I do feel rather weak, and I really think I must get you to drive me home."

"Certainly, sir; I will have the horse out directly."

"That's Gibbs and Co.'s," said Robson, as they passed the house where the Gribble family had formerly resided. "You shall see what airs he gives himself; but he doesn't come them over me."

Alfred was thinking of the fate of the well-meaning Gribbles, with their pretty, but badly-brought-up, daughter—a family which, in his desponding moments, he accused himself of having broken up. But, after all, was it his fault that Malvina had chosen to throw her arms round his neck at the theatre? And what could that have to do

with the death of her parents? Still the memory of his year's residence in the Gribble family was not a happy memory by any means. It brought with it feelings very much akin to remorse. Perhaps if he had been in robust health he would have taken a more robust view of the matter. But he was in a weak and troubled condition, both of mind and body.

CHAPTER XXXI.

STARTLING NEWS.

At home Alfred found a letter waiting for him from Captain Fludyer, from which he learned that Grimsby, the trainer, had met Mr. Arnold three or four weeks before in Paris on the Boulevard des Italiens, "where," as Captain Fludyer justly remarked, "you met everyone between the hours of five and six." Mr. Arnold, Miss Arnold, and an Englishman, whom, from the description, Captain Fludyer took to be Dr. Rowden, had been staying at the Hôtel des Princes. But they had now gone somewhere for the benefit of Miss Arnold's health. It appeared that Miss Arnold was very ill, indeed; but Grimsby had not seen her, and did not know where her father was going to take her.

Alfred's first impulse was to hurry to Paris. There was, at least, a good chance of his being able to find out, by inquiry at the hotel, for what place Mr. Arnold's luggage had been labelled. But, on the other hand, they had a month's start, and if they wished to avoid being followed, which seemed to be the case—at least as regarded Alfred—they would have the luggage directed to Dijon, to Lyons, or to Marseilles, and would then have made a second journey to Switzerland, Italy, or wherever their ultimate destination might be.

There was another obstacle in the way of his immediate departure. He had been turned out of France, and there might be some difficulty in getting his 'passport *visé*' for re-entry. To lose no time, he telegraphed to Captain Fludyer, desiring him to start at once for Paris, in order to make inquiries as to where Mr. Arnold had gone on leaving the Hôtel des Princes. "Twenty pounds sent by post," the message concluded; and Alfred posted Captain Fludyer that same afternoon.

Captain Fludyer, on receiving the telegram, went straight to Messrs. Duponts' bank, where he was not unfavourably known, showed the dispatch, and on the strength of it borrowed a hundred and fifty francs, with which sum he started the same night for Paris,

leaving directions that all letters, registered or unregistered, were to be sent after him, without delay, to the Hôtel des Princes.

The next morning Captain Fludyer telegraphed to Alfred at Hillsborough the following words :—"Arnold, daughter, Rowden gone through Strasburgh—Switzerland. Daughter very weak. Telegraph instructions."

"Daughter very weak!" exclaimed Alfred on reading these words. "Good God, she is dying! If he had said 'ill,' 'very ill,' it would have been more hopeful. But 'very weak!' She must be sinking."

He telegraphed to Captain Fludyer to wait for him at Paris; took a hasty farewell of his father, who implored him to stay, and foretold the worst consequences if he insisted on travelling in his actual condition of health; succeeded in getting his passport *visé* on reporting that he was travelling in order to visit a relative who was dangerously ill, and that he had no intention of passing through St. Ouen or of remaining in France at all; started by the night mail for Paris, and early the morning afterwards found himself at the Hôtel des Princes, where the most obsequious attention was shown to him on its becoming known that he was a friend of Captain Fludyer's.

"Monsieur le Capitaine was in his room, No. 22, on the first floor. It was rather early to disturb him. Above all, Monsieur le Capitaine had supped the night before after leaving the theatre, and had not come home until very late. *Mais, enfin!* if monsieur said it was absolutely necessary the waiter should call him."

Alfred said it *was* absolutely necessary, and Captain Fludyer was called.

In the meantime, while Captain Fludyer was getting up, Alfred put repeated questions to the *concierge* on the subject of Miss Arnold.

"*Mai foi! elle est bien malade,*" was all he could get the man to say; and it was, of course, ridiculous to suppose that the porter of an hotel where a young lady happened to have passed a few days three or four weeks before could give him any important information as to the state of that young lady's health.

He asked for the servant who had waited upon Miss Arnold, and was thereupon introduced to the man who had done the room. This genius was willing to say anything if properly paid for the trouble; and a fee of five francs made him affirm that Miss Arnold was quite well when he thought he was wanted to say she was quite well, and afterwards that she was dangerously ill when he fancied that a declaration in a contrary sense was expected from him. He had just stated that, in his opinion, "*la mademoiselle*" could scarcely

have lived to get to Switzerland, when, it suddenly appearing to him that he had gone too far, he briskly retracted, and said that he had seen many young ladies in a much worse state of health than the one in question, who, after taking a little warm milk with sugar dissolved in it regularly twice a day, the first thing on getting up in the morning and the last thing on going to bed at night, had in three weeks' time become strong and so stout that it was a pleasure to behold them. "*Il ne faut jamais désespérer!*" was his concluding remark, after which he went out to spend a portion of his five francs in white wine.

"Well, Fludyer, what is to be done?" said Alfred a few minutes afterwards to the captain of that name. "You have no further clue?"

"None whatever. I was very sorry to have to send you the telegram which you received; but, by all accounts, Miss Arnold when she left here was in a very alarming condition."

"We must follow them to Switzerland at once," cried Alfred, in a state of great agitation. "But where shall we look for them? They went, no doubt, from Strasburgh to Bâle, but after that we lose them."

Fludyer, who in his character of captain had notions of strategy, was in favour of invading the country from two different points. He proposed that he himself should take route by way of Dijon, enter Switzerland at Geneva, and if the objects of their search were not there, which, unless they were making a regular tour, was scarcely probable, proceed to Lausanne, from Lausanne to Berne, from Berne to Interlaken, and from Interlaken to Lucerne, inquiring for them in every direction all along the line. At Lucerne, Alfred coming from Bâle by way of Zurich, would meet him; and at Lucerne they would be in the very centre of Switzerland, ready to move at a moment's notice upon any point from which news might reach them. But it was most unlikely, he thought, that they would come together at Lucerne without having previously got on Mr. Arnold's traces.

Alfred approved the plan of campaign; but, for his own part, he was determined to follow Sophie to Strasburgh, the nearest place at which there seemed to be any possibility of getting direct tidings of her. He accordingly started for Strasburgh that very evening, leaving Fludyer to take the Dijon route. It was arranged that Fludyer should telegraph to him at Zurich, where, if he did not meet with Mr. Arnold before, he expected to be in three days.

At Strasburgh, Alfred succeeded, after one or two failures, in discovering the hotel, close to the cathedral, where Mr. Arnold had, in French parlance, "descended." One of the chambermaids, a

German, or rather Alsatian girl, with fair hair and blue eyes, who looked something like a rough sketch of Sophie, told him that the English young lady was "*pien malade*," and seeing that Alfred was affected, said, "*Fous afez pon cœur, Monsir.*"

Alfred showed her Sophie's portrait, and asked her whether it was like the young lady; to which she replied, emphatically, "Non, non, non!" This young lady in the picture had "colours" on her cheek and had "*ponne mine*" generally; but the poor young lady who passed through Strasburgh was pale, and her cheeks were hollow, and she had such a cough that it gave one pain to hear her.

The fair-haired maiden, with the best intentions in the world, could not remember where the English young lady, who was so weak and had such a terrible cough, was going; but she thought it was Baden, or perhaps Switzerland. If Switzerland, then she would have travelled first of all to Bâle.

This valuable information was not supplemented by any information more valuable on the part of the hotel-keeper, who not only was unable to say what route the travellers had taken, but complained bitterly of being interrupted at all on so unpromising a subject. A thousand travellers of all nations passed through Strasburgh every day, he protested. How could he possibly take it upon himself to say what direction the English persons had taken a month ago?

Alfred went on to Bâle. Here he could find no traces at all of Mr. Arnold. The name was not in the books at any of the hotels, and the people at the railway station had seen twenty or perhaps a hundred ladies more or less ill, who had passed through the place during the past month.

He returned to Strasburgh, and took the train to Baden. The season was nearly at its height, and the place swarmed with distinguished and disreputable people from every part of the habitable and uninhabitable globe.

Baden is an enchanting place; neither town nor country nor village (above all, not a village), but a place. Call it town, then there is no other town enclosed by such a country; call it a country, and there is no other such country enclosing such a town. Except that Tourguénieff writes his charming novels there, it is not a place for work; and it is notoriously a great place for play.

Nevertheless, the unsophisticated traveller arriving there for the first time would never suspect the existence of the true *genius loci*. It is a place for lovers of picturesque scenery, lovers of beautiful music, lovers of rambles among woods and mountains, and lovers of brilliant society, relieved here and there by an element of grotesqueness;

but as a question of natural fitness, it should not be a place for gamblers, who find any dark, dingy hole good enough for their absurd practices, and are quite careless as to what surrounds them.

A flower with a worm at the heart, a blooming apple rotten at the core, Cleopatra's grapes with the asp hidden among them—such are the images by which Baden, Homburg, and so many of the German gambling places may fairly be represented. Little paradises with a hell in the middle.

The verdure of the gardens, the balmy atmosphere, the soft evening breeze, the gentle murmuring of the leaves, made Alfred think for a moment, as he walked along the shady paths and listened to the music of the military band, how delightful it would be if Sophie were there—Sophie in all her health and beauty, as when she first appeared to him.

He saw several English girls, two German girls, three Polish girls, and one French girl, who reminded him more or less of Sophie; but of Sophie herself not a trace.

In the *salons* where he fancied Mr. Arnold would be, if in the place at all, he saw a lady who, he was told, was a Russian princess, smoking a cigarette and backing the red. She reminded him of Malvina; partly because she had the same cast of features, partly, no doubt, on account of the cigarette.

He soon left the *salons*, and visited all the hotels in and about the place—zero turning up on every occasion!

Then he went back once more to Strasburgh, and from Strasburgh travelled straight through to Zurich.

At Zurich one or two original innkeepers, a few comic waiters, several surly porters, but no news of Mr. Arnold.

What was he to do? He was growing more and more alarmed. He was getting feverish.

He went to the telegraph office. There was a message for him—doubtless from Fludyer.

"Terrible news," it began. "Prepare for worst. Miss Arnold no more. Arnold and Rowden left for England. Will find letter *Poste Restante*."

CHAPTER XXXII.

"SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF."

ON reading Fludyer's telegram, despatched from Lucerne, Alfred felt wounded as though another bullet had struck him, and this time to the heart.

"Shall I fetch you a carriage?" said one of the men at the telegraph office. "Sit down while I go outside for one."

He offered him a chair, but Alfred was determined not to succumb. He followed the man to the carriage, and told the driver to go as fast as possible to the post office, where he found Captain Fludyer's letter awaiting him.

Its contents amounted to this: Fludyer could hear nothing of Mr. Arnold until he got to Lucerne, where he found that Mr. Arnold, Miss Arnold, and Dr. Rowden had been staying at one of the hotels on the borders of the lake. Then came the terrible part of the news. Miss Arnold had arrived there almost in a dying condition. After a few days, however, she improved. She drove out every day, and even walked a little in the cool of the evening when the sun had gone down. Mr. Arnold and the doctor had spoken of taking her on to Italy for the autumn. But towards the end of June she had a relapse; and three weeks after her first arrival at Lucerne she expired. She was buried in the Lucerne cemetery, and the assigned cause of death was "acute phthisis." Two days after the funeral, Mr. Arnold and Dr. Rowden left Lucerne for England, and might easily have arrived in London before the date of that letter. Miss Arnold had been attended, not only by Dr. Rowden, but also by a Swiss physician, Dr. Rieger, who had signed the certificate of death. The letter ended with expressions of sympathy, and a request for instructions.

Alfred read the letter almost at a glance on receiving it at the post office. He then hurried back to the hotel, intending to start forthwith for Lucerne. As he was going in, the porter told him that a lady—a very beautiful lady—had been asking how long he was going to stay.

"Impossible!" Alfred replied.

"I do not mind telling you, sir," said the porter, "seeing you to be a gentleman, that she gave me five francs not to say that she had asked for you. She has an English face, but is dressed like a French lady."

"Some wretched woman who speculates on male vanity," thought Alfred. "What a mistake she has made for once!"

Alfred ordered his bill forthwith, and told his coachman to wait at the door in order to drive him to the railway station. There was some little delay in making out the account, inasmuch as the traveller had taken nothing, and had not even seen his room. This difficulty, however, was surmounted, and Alfred got off by the next train, and arrived at Lucerne late the same night.

The next morning, as soon as it was light, he was in Fludyer's room, questioning him eagerly about all he knew, and much besides, in reference to Sophie's illness and death. But Fludyer could tell him nothing more than he had already communicated by letter.

He had a long conversation with the hotel keeper, for he was now in the very house where the death had taken place. He went to the cemetery, and felt as if his heart would break when he read over the newly-made grave the inscription—"Sacred to the memory of Sophia, daughter of Richard Redgrave Arnold, who departed this life June 30th, 1859."

"I had better hand you this letter," said Captain Fludyer, when he saw Alfred again. "They gave it me at the hotel. I mentioned Arnold's name, and said that I was a friend of his."

"Good heavens! what have you done? You do not mean to say that you broke the seal?"

"Yes, I did, and read the contents. We were at war with Arnold—we were pursuing him—I did not know what had happened then, and I considered that I had a right to take advantage of everything."

"You had better go with it to the post office, and have it re-enclosed to the writer."

"The writer gives no address. It is a very strange letter. The writer cannot spell, and seems a very queer person altogether. It relates to poor Miss Arnold."

Alfred snatched the letter from his hand, and read it eagerly. The following is a correct copy:—

"July 3rd, 1859.

"Dear kind Sir,—Your inclosure to hand and many thanks. I was greved to here such bad acct^s of the pore child. But the Dr. had said she could not get over it. Stil you no the feelings of an Ant, and I that has bin to her like a seckond mother, pore thing. If she does rickover it will be a grate mercy, and heaven noes that all that coud be done was done which is sum conselation and no expens spared. My best luv to her since to rite woud be in vane and God bles her. From her effectunate Ant,

"MARY DOLLAMORE."

"What is all this gibberish about?" cried Alfred. "Whose aunt is this ignorant, vulgar woman? She cannot have been related to Miss Arnold?"

"*Dear kind Sir,*" Captain Fludyer pointed out; "that does not

look like addressing a relation. It is a letter from an old nurse, I fancy."

"But she says distinctly the *feelings of an aunt*."

"Well, after all, it may have been some distant connection, you know. There are such mysteries in families," said Captain Fludyer, who seemed to be reflecting that he also had relatives with whom it was not precisely an honour to be linked.

Alfred, not knowing what to do with the letter, put it provisionally into his pocket.

Then he called on Dr. Rieger, who he found had only seen Miss Arnold three times, twice when she was clearly in a hopeless condition, at consultations with Dr. Rowden, and once immediately after her death. The greatest possible attention had been paid to her, but nothing could have saved her. He did not believe that the travelling had greatly fatigued her. He was unacquainted with the French lines, but the carriages on the Swiss railways were very commodious. The change of climate had certainly done her good, and the air of Lucerne seemed for a time to have given her new life. He considered Dr. Rowden an able man, and had received from him a copy of his great work, "*Rowden on the Stomach*."

In the afternoon Dr. Rieger called on Alfred at the hotel, and recommended him to go back without delay to his friends in England. Captain Fludyer joined in urging him to leave Lucerne without delay, and it was resolved that they should start the next morning for London by way of Berne, Lausanne, and Geneva.

"I do not know whether it is worth mentioning," said Captain Fludyer to Alfred, as he wished him good night, "but there was a lady inquiring for you this evening at the hotel."

"Again!" thought Alfred. "What a curious custom!" and he told Fludyer that some lady had tried to make his acquaintance in the same way at Lucerne.

"The porter didn't say she wanted to make your acquaintance," answered Fludyer. "He thought she *was* an acquaintance, who wished to know how long you were going to stay. She did not leave her name—— But you are not listening. How tired you look! I wish you would get into bed; I must call you at six in the morning, remember."

When Captain Fludyer went into Alfred's room the next morning he found him up and dressed; his eyes red, his cheeks flushed, his hands hot and dry. He could not take breakfast, and, after a tedious journey, during which he swallowed nothing the whole time but water, and wine-and-water (Captain Fludyer thought anything was

better than water alone), arrived at Lausanne, where they proposed to pass the night, in a burning fever.

Captain Fludyer drove down to the hotel at Ouchy, on the borders of the Lake of Geneva, and managed to smuggle Alfred into a room on the second floor, without attracting much attention. There was a ball going on in one of the large rooms on the ground floor, and the waiters and chambermaids were chiefly occupied in watching the dancing.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

A RUSSIAN PRINCESS.

WHEN Alfred was safe in bed Fludyer sent for a doctor, looked out on the lake, on which the moon was shining, and said to himself that if Leighton was going to have a long and dangerous illness he had perhaps better have it at Ouchy than anywhere else in the world.

The Doctor, who had been dancing downstairs, was soon in Alfred's room. It was to be hoped, he said, after such a long journey, that the patient would be able to sleep. But he was in a very excited state, and it was impossible to say what might happen. He prescribed nothing but seltzer water ("*without* wine, Captain Fludyer!") and promised to look in again at midnight.

The Doctor returned to the ball-room, and danced with a Russian princess, a very beautiful gay woman, who had arrived the same evening from Lucerne. He soon discovered that the Russian princess was an Englishwoman by birth, and told her that he had been attending a fellow-countryman of hers upstairs, "*un beau jeune homme avec des cheveux blonds*," which *cheveux blonds* he was afraid he should have to cut off that very night.

"You must keep me a lock," said the Princess, who was full of fun. "*Je suis brune, et j'adore les cheveux blonds.*"

The Doctor said he would not encourage such ideas, and engaged the Princess for the next waltz. He thought he had met one of the most charming princesses he had ever seen in his life; and he had been brought into contact with a good many of them, both professionally and as a man of society, at Ouchy and close by at Vevey, also at Homburgh, and at Baden.

"Did Madame la Princesse like Baden? He need scarcely ask."

"No, the question was quite unnecessary. She did *not* like Baden—she adored Baden. It was to her a sort of Eden, with no restric-

tion in regard to the apples. She often went to Baden, and was there a few days ago."

What Doctor Bertall particularly admired in the Princess, apart from her personal beauty, was, great distinction of manners, combined with an utter absence of aristocratic *marque*.. Nothing could be more gracious than her way of asking him to come to her apartments and take tea as soon as he had seen his patient. It was now just twelve, and she reminded him that it was already time for him to make his visit.

"I take a great interest in the young man," she said, "and you must come and tell me all about him."

The Doctor said to himself that it was in *him* that the Princess really took an interest; but he was quite willing that the patient upstairs should serve as a pretext.

At a quarter past twelve he went to the Princess's apartments on the first floor, where a German girl, her maid, was preparing tea.

"That must remind you of your adopted country," observed Doctor Bertall, pointing to the Russian tea-urn, which has been adopted in all the large hotels of Switzerland.

"I know very little about Russia," answered the Princess, "and from what I do know I fancy it must be a horrible country. But how is your patient?"

"He is in a very bad way."

"But is it dangerous?"

"Well, he is a young man, and naturally strong. But he was wounded in a duel not many weeks ago, and one illness coming so soon after another will try him severely."

"And did you cut his hair?"

"There is a piece of it."

"I thought I knew him. He came from Lucerne to-day, and his name is Leighton," said Malvina. "Poor young man! So he has fought a duel and been hit. But he was well enough a few days ago. I saw him myself at Baden. We came along together nearly the whole way; stopped at the same hotels, and so on."

"Yes, but he has had some great trouble quite lately, and it was so easy for him to have a relapse. He was in bed nearly six weeks after his wound, and it is not a fortnight ago that he left his room. Since then he has been travelling night and day, going without sleep, and doing all sorts of imprudent things."

"The tea, Minna! How slow you are, to-night! and bring the *papirosses*! Will you smoke, Doctor?"

"*Comment donc!*" replied the Doctor, which meant either that

without doubt he would, or that he certainly could not think of such a thing.

"You need not stand on any ceremony," said Malvina, "for I am going to smoke myself. I always do." She lighted one of Bostandjoglo's cigarettes, and passed the packet to the Doctor.

"Now tell me all about your patient. Is he very ill indeed?"

"Yes, he is in a high state of fever. He was quite delirious when I left him."

"Poor young man! And what did he talk about?"

"How curious ladies are."

"How provoking men are, not to gratify their curiosity at once!"

"Well," said the Doctor, "what is it makes us all mad?"

"Nothing makes me so mad as to hear men talk nonsense. Did he mention her name?"

"Sophie."

"Sophie?" repeated the Princess. "*Je ne connais pas cela*. That is all you know about her?"

"The poor young lady is dead," said the Doctor; "and he is quite inconsolable. He has her portrait by the side of his bed, and speaks to it from time to time as if it were a living person, and then breaks into a fit of despair again. It is painful to see him. You see what grief the loss of a woman can cause."

"At least the young lady did not die on purpose," observed Malvina.

"I do not quite understand."

"I mean that for wilful, deliberate heart-breaking I would certainly back men against women."

"You mean that men cause more suffering to women than women do to men?"

"Of course I do. You complain of the heartlessness of women, but wait till you get one of us in your power. Much mercy she will receive!"

"My patient is not one of those hard-hearted monsters. His friend says that he has a heart like a child."

"Such men are often the worst. They do a great deal of harm by not knowing their own minds. They want some woman of character to take them in hand and teach them. I have often thought that it would be a noble mission for the women of twenty years to avenge the girls of seventeen."

"They are quite capable of it. I tremble to think of the number of victims you will make if, on attaining the age of vengeance, you really carry out your idea."

"Oh, I have attained it. I was thinking of myself, that is to say, of my own age, when I spoke. Do you know I should like to see your patient?"

"It would be imprudent."

"Why?"

"Woman!—eternal *Why?* Do you really want to see him, Princess? He is quite unconscious."

"In that case what can it possibly matter?"

"Will not his friend think it odd?"

"Send his friend to bed. You are a doctor; you can send people to bed, can you not?"

"Then who will sit up with him?"

"Minna or myself, or both of us. Or you can send a nurse from the hospital, and we will wait with him until she comes."

Doctor Bertall went upstairs to Alfred's room, and told Captain Fludyer that it was no use his fatiguing himself at the very beginning of his friend's illness; that he had sent to the hospital for a nurse, and that he would himself remain with Alfred until she came. As for Captain Fludyer, he was to go instantly to bed. "You can do no good," said the Doctor, "and, as a medical man, I order you rest."

Captain Fludyer, thus advised, went to his bedroom, and slept soundly until the next morning.

Malvina's apartments were on the floor beneath. Doctor Bertall went down, tapped at the door, and asked her to come with him. She went without Minna; glided noiselessly upstairs and along the corridor of the second floor, and stopped at the door of Alfred's room. The doctor had gone in before her. She paused for one moment and followed him.

He had changed a good deal since the Hillsborough days; indeed, without his hair, he seemed no longer the same man that she had seen for half a minute at Baden. She went up to him, put her hand gently on his forehead, and shed a few tears.

"He is very ill, poor young man," she said. "It is sad to see him in this state."

"I was afraid of this," said the Doctor in a tone of remonstrance. But there was no occasion for his alarm; Malvina's emotion was quite momentary, and was caused much more by recollections of the past than by the present aspect of the invalid.

Then Malvina looked at the portrait of Sophie; and that, if nothing else, would at once have restored her to calmness.

"*Elle n'est pas mal,*" she said to the Doctor. "*Elle est même très-gentille,*" she added in a half patronising tone. "What a simple toilet! But she was very young. She looks quite a girl even in this portrait, and photographs always make you look older. Let us see how she did her hair. Pushed back, but without the little ends at the side. Nothing can be plainer than the costume. It is quite virginal. But at that age!"

"The portrait inspires you with reflections," said Dr. Bertall. "The circumstances are indeed very painful."

"I was at that moment thinking only of the dress," replied Malvina. "I was wondering why she wore green and white, when blue and white would have suited her so much better. However they look much the same in the evening. * * * * And what do you do for your patient, Doctor; and how long do you think he will be ill?"

"I will tell you the day after to-morrow," said Dr. Bertall. "You stay at Ouchy some time, I trust?"

"Here or at Geneva I shall pass several weeks, perhaps months, if the fine weather lasts."

"Is not the lake enchanting? You can remain until the end of September or the beginning of October without the least chance of bad weather. People take flight from Switzerland too soon."

A tap was heard at the door.

"Who can that be?" asked Malvina.

"That is, no doubt, the nurse," said the Doctor. "Let me see you to your apartments; I must come back and give her some directions. But I think he will pass a good night—he is fast asleep now."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

ALFRED CALLS UPON THE PRINCESS AND FINDS MALVINA.

THE Princess Karabassoff paid Alfred no more mysterious visits, and she made Dr. Bertall promise not to mention to any one that she had ever entered his room. For several days in succession the Doctor called twice a day on his patient, and at least once a day saw Malvina, and told her how Alfred was getting on.

At last, after about a week, Malvina said one evening to the Doctor that she was getting tired of hearing so much about his patient upstairs. "The young man was ill," she continued; "he is now much better, and he will soon be quite well. It is a very

fortunate thing for him. You have cured him, but you can't bring the young lady in the green and white dress to life again, and he will have to get on the best way he can without her. I dare say it won't be difficult. What has become of his not very distinguished-looking friend the Captain, with the dyed moustaches and the red nose? I daresay the nose is dyed also."

"Oh! he has been sent back to England, to reassure Mr. Leighton's friends. He could do no good here. I think that it would be the best thing for Mr. Leighton to do also, as soon as he gets a little stronger. Did the Captain make your acquaintance?"

"No. He sat next me one day at the *table d'hôte*—the only time I ever dined there—and made *some* remarks about the food which did not strike me as very injurious. He is not at all the sort of man I care for."

This, interpreted by vanity, signified to the Doctor that *he* was the sort of man the Princess did care for. He had formed rather a good opinion of Captain Fludyer, who had showed himself devoted to his friend; but one man does not mind hearing another man undervalued if the appraiser be a pretty woman.

Early next morning, when Minna came into Malvina's room to give her a cup of tea, the Princess told her maid to go to the Lausanne market and buy the best bouquet she could find. This she was afterwards to give to the chambermaid who waited upon Alfred, and tell her to put the flowers in his room, without saying who sent them.

"Sooner or later," Malvina said to herself, "the girl is sure to tell him, especially if she is cautioned not to."

The next morning at seven o'clock Minna was again sent to buy flowers; and Marie, the chambermaid, placed them in a vase and put them by the side of Alfred's bed.

Alfred was much touched by this attention, which was repeated day after day. Marie blushed a little when he thanked her; but he attributed that to her native modesty.

Sophie's portrait had now disappeared. Alfred, on recovering his full consciousness, found it lying on a little table close to his bed. He at once concealed it behind his pillow, and, as soon as he was able to get up, put it away in his trunk. It represented a secret which he wished to keep for himself alone.

Marie was a very decent-looking girl—tall, slim, with large brown eyes, and long brown hair, which hung down her back in two plaited tails tied at the end with maroon-coloured ribbon. It amused her in the first instance that Alfred should thank her so warmly every

morning for gifts which proceeded from another woman ; but she soon became greatly interested in him, and, having once accepted his expressions of gratitude, scarcely liked telling him afterwards that the flowers were given to her by Minna, who no doubt received them from her mistress, the Russian Princess on the first floor.

It is quite possible that the gifts of flowers and the frequent presence of such a pretty, harmonious-looking girl as Marie may have done Alfred good. A man just entering upon a state of convalescence is very susceptible to influences of all kinds, agreeable and disagreeable. The sight of Marie's large, brown eyes, and the sound of her fresh, clear voice, had a pleasant, half soothing, half cheering influence upon him. He paid her the same sort of attention that he might have paid to a young fawn ; and Marie, being not a young fawn, but a young girl, was more than grateful, and acknowledged to herself one night, after saying her prayers, that it was perhaps all the better for her that the English gentleman did not love her as she loved him. One day, the first day that Alfred was well enough to leave his room, he told Marie that he wanted to give her a present, but that he really did not know what she would like, and ended by offering her twenty francs, and asking her to buy something for herself.

Marie would not take Alfred's money, and when absolutely forced to do so, said she would make a hole in the gold piece, and wear it in remembrance of him. Alfred said in that case he must give her another, as she had been spending money day after day in buying him flowers, for he was sure they did not come from the garden of the hotel.

Then Marie told him that she would have bought him flowers, or would have walked miles to pick them, if she had been able to do so, and that, as it was, she had often mixed some which she had gathered herself in the garden with the others that came from the market. But it was a Russian Princess on the first floor, she said, who had sent him the bouquet every morning. A very rich lady with a very long name. "I shall no longer care to arrange them for you now," she added. "She may send Minna, or she may bring them to you herself——"

"Yes, continue to arrange them, Marie," said Alfred, "you are a good girl, and have been very kind to me. But what is this Russian lady's name ?"

"You could not pronounce it," answered Marie, "it's too long and too difficult. Minna, her maid, can pronounce it, but she is not in the house."

"And the Princess, where is she?"

"Oh, she is at No. 12. But you must not go to see her. You will be thanking her for the bouquets, and I ought never to have told you."

Alfred was in no way disposed to pay visits. But he thought such an attention as a daily present of flowers must be acknowledged. The lady evidently knew how desperately ill he had been, and now that he was able to go out, he considered that he ought not to let one day pass without thanking her, and notifying to her in person that he was convalescent.

He reassured Marie, telling her that she should get into no trouble on his account, and, as he went downstairs, stopped at No. 12.

The door was opened by a footman in the costume of a diplomatist, who informed Alfred, in measured tones, that Madame la Princesse did not receive until five o'clock, and that it was now only a quarter-past four. Alfred was about to leave his card, upon which the diplomatist doing the duty of a footman said that if Monsieur desired it, he would take in the card, but repeated that, as a general rule, Madame la Princesse was not visible before five.

Alfred was too sad and serious to derive any amusement from this absurd comedy. He allowed the domestic plenipotentiary to show him into the drawing-room. His excellency then retired, and in a quarter of a minute came back, with a face relaxed into something resembling a smile, to announce that Madame la Princesse would receive Monsieur, if Monsieur would have the kindness to wait a few moments.

"I wonder what her name is," thought Alfred. In a card-dish on the table he saw, among other cards, that of Dr. Bertall, his medical attendant, who, for the last four or five days, had not thought it necessary to pay him a visit. An album, stamped with a coronet, and the initials M. K., contained photographic views. On the piano there was music of all kinds, but nothing to show to whom it belonged. On a side-table there was a square album, intended for photographic portraits. He was hesitating whether to look inside or not, when the door opened, and a lady, apparently about twenty-one or twenty-two years of age, dressed in white, with a green sash, and wearing her hair pushed back, as Sophie used to wear hers, came into the room, walked slowly towards him, and, holding out her hand, said to him, in a subdued voice, and with a melancholy smile—

"You forget me, Alfred!"

The unlooked-for apparition, so striking from what it suggested, had really the effect of alarming Alfred. His first thought was of the

lost Sophie. Then he saw that it was Malvina who stood before him.

"Oh, Malvina, what a shock you gave me !" was all he said.

"Is this the way you meet me after seven years' absence?" cried Malvina, pathetically. She put her handkerchief to her eyes, threw herself on to the sofa, and wept in silence.

"How she is changed !" thought Alfred. "She does not look seven years older. But she has become much fairer, and her hair, which was dark brown formerly, is light brown now. The dress is mere accident. But there is something in her face, and even in her general bearing—I suppose I am haunted by one recollection, and see resemblances where resemblances do not exist—which reminds me very much of my poor, darling Sophie."

Malvina was still weeping in silence on the sofa, and Alfred felt it was getting incumbent upon him to go to her, and endeavour to tranquillise her.

"Who," he said to himself, "would have thought, after an interval of seven years, that she would have been so much affected at seeing me again ! Poor girl, I must have treated her very badly !"

The worst of it was that he had absolutely nothing to say for himself. However, he could not bear to see her weeping in this inconsolable manner. So he sat down by her side, called her by her name, and entreated her to be calm.

"Be calm, Alfred? Yes, I will be calm ! I will not give way in this weak manner any more," she answered. "It is very wicked to do so. It must have been for the best, or it would not have happened, and I will not repine. Nor will I reproach you ; but, oh ! Alfred, how I suffered after you went away !"

"I hope and pray that you may yet be very happy, Malvina. If I have caused you pain all I can do now is to throw myself on your mercy, and implore your forgiveness."

"I was a heedless, giddy girl at that time, Alfred, and I brought it on myself. I feel that I did. I do not blame you. I only say that I suffered. But I am very selfish. Tell me about your health. You have been dangerously ill."

"Yes, indeed, and do you know why I came here this afternoon? It was to thank the good Princess who thought of me so constantly, and sent me such beautiful flowers every morning."

"Who told you?" asked Malvina, with the gentlest possible look of indignation.

"You must not blame any one. I had not of course the faintest idea who it was at first. But I found out by a sort of accident that

the flowers had been sent by a Russian lady—a Russian Princess—who lived at No. 12, and without even knowing the name, I called directly I could leave my room to thank her. Fancy my surprise and pleasure at finding that it was you.”

“I can fancy your surprise, Alfred,” said Malvina, sentimentally.

“Do you not believe that I am very glad to see you again?”

“Yes, Alfred, I do believe it. And now tell me what you wish to do. Will you take my horses, and go out for a drive, and come back to me afterwards? I am so agitated at seeing you; I shall be calmer then.”

“Thank you. I have not arrived at that yet.”

“Oh, how imprudent I was to suggest it! You feel very weak? Lie down on the sofa, and let me order a *bouillon* for you. You may repose in peace here. No one is likely to come in. In fact, I know no one but Dr. Bertall, who attends you, and you can imagine why I have cultivated his acquaintance. I live very quietly, Alfred. One soon finds out the vanity of a mere life of pleasure.”

“I think I will go into the garden, and sit down somewhere near the lake.”

“Yes, that will be the best. It is getting cooler now; in the heat of the day it would have been dangerous for you. Oh, how delightfully calm it is by the side of that lake, and the water is so pure; it reflects the blue of the sky in a heavenly manner!”

“Poor girl,” said Alfred to himself, “she is quite what the French call ‘*exaltée*!’ How much she must have suffered! And how much she has improved!”

“You will come too, will you not?” he asked.

“I?” she answered. “I did not think of going, but I will if you desire it.”

(To be continued.)

STUDIES FOR THE TIMES.

BY A COUNTY MEMBER.

No. I.—RUSSIA'S GAGE OF BATTLE.

IT is neither here nor there to say that we all knew what would come of the so-called policy of peace, inaugurated by Quaker platitudes at Christian tea-meetings. The worst predictions of the most pig-headed Englishman that ever grew hot and cold at the martial sound of "Hearts of Oak" on a brass band have come to pass. Old fogies who have been swearing over their older port any time this forty years, that changing swords for ledgers would bring England to the dogs, to-day will thump their mahogany and refer to their past assertions. The principles of the Bright and Gladstone school are highly moral. Nay more, they are angelic. They are based in the holiest and best aspirations of a virtuous people. If we had angels to deal with, angels for subjects, angels for neighbours, angels for allies, angels for foes, an angelic policy of liberty and love and mutual trust would be in perfect order. But there is more of the devil than the angel abroad. Even in Protestant England it is acknowledged that we are born in sin and shapen in iniquity. What, then, shall be said for the rest of the world?

If all these years we had been simply legislating for our immaculate selves—shut in from the rude world by the glassy sea, as my friend Lytton would say—then freetrade tea-meetings, Brummagem petitions, and St. Stephen's occupied by a government of vestrymen, might have represented a harmless recreation and a virtuous exercise of moral sentiment. But for a nation which possesses nearly five hundred million square miles of territory in all parts of the world to be governed upon the principles of Mr. Bright's carpet warehouse, toned down by the sophistries of Lowe, and sweetened by the economics of The Noble Savage, is a position sufficiently humiliating to be understood by all the other peoples of the earth.

The world has paid dearly for the political successes of the Manchester school, whose pretty moral notions have sapped for the time being the Anglo-Saxon strength of some of our most promising

statesmen. The policy represented by the present Government has kept the whole world in an unhealthy ferment. Even Theodore, the dusky monarch of Abyssinia, saw and practised upon our parsimony, until we were compelled to show Eastern nations that we were not altogether eaten up by greed and luxury. The present war which is decimating the manhood of France and Germany is the result of England's modern ideas of non-intervention. To go back to the Crimean war itself, Russia continued her aggressions because she did not believe we would fight. The Czar's ambassadors advised him that England, casting aside her old traditions, had entered upon a new epoch, which had for its motto, "Peace at any price." Lord Russell's encouragement of Denmark's resistance to the demands of Prussia and Austria led to the merciless slaughter of that plucky little State. The tragedy thus commenced had its principal scene at Sadowa; and Paris besieged is the sequel to Sadowa. England out of the way, the ambition of the more powerful nations of Europe breaks out with demoniac force and heat. It is the mission of England to stand between these contending passions, and the present condition of Europe is the penalty of our withdrawal from that grand rôle among nations which a mysterious Providence has assigned to us. It has become too much the fashion to decry ourselves, to regard the old British boast of superiority as an arrogant assumption; and in doing so we have repudiated the responsibilities of greatness. Surely this is only the pride that apes humility. The *Times* has told us that we have no business to interfere with the arrangements of other countries; and that we are not a military nation. Solemn ignoramuses who re-talk the *Times* at their clubs have gravely shaken their heads and said, "No, we are not a military nation; let us mind our own affairs, and not interfere with other people's." Indeed! Not a military nation? Will you be good enough to read your history, my friend; and not make yourself ridiculous because the *Times* chooses to cover the cowardice of the Government and its hatred of France by a phrase. As for the notion that we ought to isolate ourselves from the rest of the world, this is all very well for gentlemen who regard England as a close borough, to be governed by rule of thumb; but, ye sugar and carpet philosophers, pray look at Mr. Wyld's map of the world, and point out the spot that is untrodden by the English; show me the sea where the English flag is unknown. This little island called England is only an integral portion of the mightiest land, if not the happiest. In India and the colonies we have a hundred and seventy millions of people. How many of these have settled down in distant climes relying upon the

protection of the mother country? The English language is permeating all lands. It promises to be the language of commerce throughout the world. Our people are everywhere upon the earth. They are to be found on all lines of travel, and outside the recognised limits of safety. Everywhere they leave the seeds of new life. The world is full of their axioms and their Bibles. The British bugle awakens the echoes of forest and mountain in lands that Bruce and Ayrton never heard of. No right to interfere! What nation has a greater? Non-intervention has well-nigh sounded the death-knell of England's honour and the safety of her sons in many a land beyond the seas.

But the great awakening has come at last. Russia, taking advantage of the fall of our former ally, and relying upon the crippled condition of England under the Quaker dictatorship, has thrown down the gage of battle. The Premier of England, whose noblest attributes have been so long dimmed by mere party associations, must have felt the Russian circular like a blow. They say Lord Granville's colour came and went at sight of the insolent words of Gortschakoff. The English pride, which had been so long pent up, came out at last in defiant words, and even Lowe forgot to be sophistical. I would not have insured the existence of the Ministry for a day if they had not replied to the Russian bear as the lion should; and I feel my feet better, and my gloves come on with a tighter grip, now that the *Times* has come back again out of the paths of usury and selfishness into the broader light of national responsibilities and English honour. Let us all be of one accord in this crisis, which thoughtful men have seen impending for years. Bygones shall be bygones. We will forget, if we can, the dockyards emptied of the skilled workmen; the iron plates of ships that should now be on the seas, sold for old metal; the trained soldiers disbanded; and all the other ills of a weak Government with too large a majority. For peace under a mutual disarmament of nations give me a Liberal Government. In war there is nothing so becomes the land as a fierce Tory Ministry. All that England will ask just now is that, Tory or Liberal, Conservative or Radical, the Government shall be English, heart and soul, in its maintenance of the national honour; in its scorn for broken faith and mean excuses; English in its championship of right; English in its assumption of oceanic supremacy; English in its determination to keep and maintain that legacy of greatness—bequeathed from bleeding sire to son—which is the right and title of our children's children.

In a war with Russia our chief action would be upon the sea.

Let us, therefore, glance at the character, condition, and capacity of our iron-clad fleet. We have upwards of fifty iron-clads. Only three of them are under 1,000 tons. The majority represent a tonnage of from 3,000 to 6,000. They are equal, if not superior, in construction and capacity to the iron-clads of Russia and America. We profited largely by the experience of the naval incidents of the American war, and in spite of much home criticism and party grumbling, our navy is in a far higher state of efficiency than Her Majesty's Opposition would have us believe. But our ships are undermanned. Our nineteen or twenty thousand sailors must be immediately augmented. The Royal Naval Reserve will supply the requirements of the moment. We have the mercantile marine to fall back upon. Orders for gunboats should be sent out to private contractors, to be executed rapidly, under the pressure of heavy penalties. Messrs. Penn and Son, Humphreys and Co., Napier and Son, Mandalay and Co., Ravenshill and Co., James Watt, Laird, and Dudgeon, and the other eminent builders, should each have a gunboat on the stocks, and it would only be a question of weeks before some of them were ready, while months would give us a crowd of vessels that would be prepared to follow up the operations of our present squadron. The Government will find but one sentiment influencing the English people—a hearty determination to do all that is necessary in supporting Lord Granville's firm and dignified reply to the insolent declaration of Prince Gortschakoff. All England will ask is, that if war breaks out there shall be no failure in our organisation. Russia will find Turkey not unprepared for the emergency. The Sultan has expended the large sums which he has borrowed upon his army and navy. Many of his best troops are officered by Englishmen. The Anglo-Saxon is to be found upon many of the Turkish ships of war. English guns and English rifles have long since found their way to Constantinople. "The Sick Man" is much less of an invalid than he was. It will be a curious anomaly of civilisation if the Turk should come out of the struggle an earnest and successful social reformer. Europe can no longer claim to lead the van of progress. France rushing into war with "a light heart" and a cry of joy; Prussia burning villages and shooting peasants by way of reprisals for acts of madness on the part of individual Frenchmen; and Russia, in the midst of the dire calamity which has befallen Europe, playing the part of a bandit; these can hardly be the acts of nations that call the Turk barbarian, and claim to be the leaders of progress. There is nothing

in modern history more contemptible than Russia's flippant rupture of a solemn covenant. England has but one course open to her. Pressed into action, she will know how to make her opinions respected, even if she had to do the great work single-handed. She will have at least two very earnest allies in Turkey and Austria, and I hope I may add in Italy. It is thought that Prussia will be against us. Indeed, a secret treaty between Prussia and Russia is spoken of as a matter of certainty. Be it so. Bismarck will have made a fatal mistake if he has gone to this length. His ambition will have overleaped itself. We may have a hard and bitter struggle, but there can be no doubt about the result. Even if we had lost our ancient prowess, the courage and self-denial and staying powers of our forefathers, we have still one thing which has often proved the talisman of victory in long and tedious wars. The last sovereign, I venture to say, will be found in the British purse, and the last sovereign is a very important thing in all kinds of difficulties and dangers.

A consolatory thought may be picked out of the direst prospects of calamity. Such an one is that which crosses my mind concerning the comparative losses of life in naval and land battles. Much fewer fatalities occur in naval warfare than in warfare on land. In the bloody action of the Nile the carnage was not an eighth of the loss at Waterloo. There is wisdom and safety as well as humanity in England's maintenance of her supremacy on the seas. "Whosoever," said Sir Walter Raleigh, "commands the sea, commands the trade ; whosoever commands the trade of the world, commands the nations of the world, and consequently the world itself." It is an old-fashioned, old-world thought ; and we encounter it in its best form, so far as England is concerned, done into verse by Campbell—

" Britannia needs no bulwark,
No towers along the steep ;
Her march is o'er the mountain wave,
Her home is on the deep."

One cannot in a magazine discuss the very latest changes and complications of an important question that is influenced from day to day by restless telegraphic communications. There are palpable signs while I write that Russia, not anticipating so prompt an acceptance of her challenge by England, may withdraw from her arrogant position. Herr Von Bismarck will be equally surprised and confounded. If the Prussian Minister has influenced the Russian in this unhappy business, the attitude of England may well make him pause. An English army thrown into France might turn the

German withdrawal from before Paris into a second retreat from Moscow. In heaven's name, let us hope the Russian will take back his rudely-flung gauntlet, and spare Europe further bloodshed ; but also, in heaven's name, our own cause being just, let us buckle on our armour and fight our way through the dark and dangerous crisis into which the selfishness of a sugar-coated philosophy has plunged us.

There will be an Autumn Session, of course. It will be worth the expenses even of a county election to hear Gladstone and Disraeli discuss the situation. The great question of the day resolves itself into this : "Is England prepared for war?" I do not propose at present to anticipate the reply further than I have done. The Government has been grossly, almost culpably, criminal in its disregard of the constant signs of impending perils. To what extent this culpability has been atoned for during the last few weeks, and how long it will take us to put our forces in efficient battle array, will soon be seen. Meanwhile be it all our duty, in Parliament and out of Parliament, the duty of every man in every condition of life, to help each in his own way to justify that declaration of the world's greatest poet—

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them. Nought shall make us rue,
If England to herself do rest but true."



TABLE TALK.

WHAT impulse is it that drives nearly all our most distinguished statesmen now to the desk? Ambition to rank among men of letters? That restless rivalry which is eating at the heart's core of the foremost men in every profession and pursuit? Or the *cacoëthes scribendi* which, like the small-pox, every man and woman of the slightest intellectual originality must have now once in their lives in one form or another? I ask the question here, as I suppose most of us have asked ourselves or our companions over a cigar after dinner many times; but it is a question easier asked than answered. Yet the facts which suggest it are too striking to be overlooked. All our statesmen now are *litterati*—like the Chinese. It is impossible to keep a pen out of their hands; and the Premier, after talking seventy-seven columns of the *Times* in the course of the Session, spends the flower of his autumn recess in throwing off a political squib for our contemporary, the *Edinburgh Review*. When in Opposition for a year or two, the right hon. gentleman wrote his “*Juventus Mundi*.” And you may find the names of most of his principal colleagues and political friends in Mudie's list. Here, for instance, is Lord Russell with his “*Life of Moore*,” his work on the Constitution, and more pamphlets than even his biographer will care to spell through. Here, too, is the Duke of Argyll with his “*Reign of Law* ;” the Lord Chancellor with his suggestive work on the “*Continuity of Scripture* ;” Mr. Austin Bruce with his “*Life of Sir Charles Napier* ;” Sir Roundell Palmer with his “*Selection of Hymns and Psalms* ;” and, shall I add, Bright with his speeches? Perhaps Mr. Bright himself would disclaim the title of a literary man; but every speech of his smells of the lamp, and as a matter of fact every one of them, I believe, has been written out and revised and conned over as carefully as one of the Poet Laureate's idylls before it was delivered. The Chancellor of the Exchequer is a literary man of the purest water; and though, as far as I know, he has never published anything beyond his speeches, he was for many years one of the most distinguished newspaper writers in London—and, as a newspaper writer, was blackballed at Brookes's. To close the list, I may add that Sir John Coleridge is, like the Premier, an old *Edinburgh Reviewer*. On the other hand, Mr. Disraeli has always plumed himself on being emphatically a gentleman of the press, a man with no escutcheon but literature; and you may trace all the characteristics of the man of letters in Mr. Disraeli's speeches as distinctly as they are traceable in the preface to his novels, which has furnished us all of late with so many topics of table talk. And with two or three exceptions, most of Mr. Disraeli's political friends are

men of the pen,—Lord Lytton, to wit ; the Marquis of Salisbury, a writer in the *Saturday* as well as the *Quarterly Review*; Mr. Walpole, Sir Stafford Northcote, and Sir John Karslake. Of the rank and file of the Parliamentary ranks, I say nothing. You may pick out literary men there by the dozen in both Houses ; and, as a rule, I believe it may be said that in proportion as men are distinguished in either House they are distinguished in literature.

BUT it has not always been so. These literary politicians are quite a new class ; and they may be said, I believe, to date their reign from the Reform Bill. Till then literary men in an Administration were the exception, not the rule, as they are now. You may count all the literary politicians who came to the front from the first Administration of Pitt to that of Lord Grey on your fingers ; and they for the most part were *Quarterly* and *Edinburgh Reviewers*,—Wilson Croker, Macaulay, Jeffrey, Macintosh, Brougham. One man of letters, and one only, rose to the Premiership—Canning—and his reputation as a man of letters was his ruin as a politician. The favourite Minister of George III., Lord Castlereagh, was a man so deficient in literary accomplishments, that he could hardly open his mouth in Parliament without mixing up his metaphors in a style that would make the hair of the young lions of the *Daily Telegraph* stand on end in astonishment and horror ; and George IV. did all he could to keep Canning out of office by sneering at him at his table as a clever literary politician, but no gentleman.

APROPOS—of George IV., I mean—here is an anecdote of his Royal Highness which I heard the other day from one who had it at first hand in the days of the Regency. It has never yet, I believe, been in print. At a small dinner party at Carlton House, Colonel Hamlyn, one of the boon companions of the Prince, told a story which, like most of the stories of the Regency, was more distinguished by its point than its propriety. When Colonel Hamlyn had finished it, the First Gentleman in Europe filled his glass and threw its contents into his guest's face, saying, "Hamlyn, you are a blackguard." What was the Colonel to do? To challenge the Regent was treason ; and yet to return the insult in kind was to take a course which must have compelled the Prince, as a gentleman, to challenge the Colonel, or to ask some one to take up the quarrel for him. And yet to sit still was impossible. Colonel Hamlyn solved the difficulty by filling his glass and throwing the wine into the face of his next companion. "His Royal Highness's toast—pass it on!" This was wit in action. It sealed Colonel Hamlyn's friendship with George IV. "Hamlyn," he said, with a slap on the shoulder, "you're a capital fellow. Here's a toast to you."

A NEW principle of criticism—the analytical. Abstract the scholar from Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Lowe—abstract the man of letters from

Mr. Disraeli, and what remains? It is not a conundrum, I beg to say. It is a question in criticism which Sir John Coleridge recently propounded to the Philosophical Institution of Edinburgh for their consideration in the long winter evenings that are upon us. To men of one idea—to men who are poets, or novelists, or lawyers, or politicians, and nothing more—of course this is a fatal test. But the representative man of the period is a man of many-sided culture, a man like Sheridan—orator, dramatist, minstrel, who runs

“Through each mode of the lyre and is master of all,
Whose mind is an essence, compounded with wit,
From the finest and best of all other men’s powers;”

and this question of Sir John Coleridge’s will form a crucial test for them. But even with these choice spirits it must not be carried too far. Abstract the lawyer and the orator from Sir John Coleridge, for instance, and you may still find an ingenious and accomplished man. But we are not all Sir John Coleridges; and, strictly brought to this test, many of us might perhaps turn out to be little more than silvered mediocrities.

TIMES change, and manners too. A year or two ago it used to be said that Paris was the place where all good Americans went when they died. New York is now the place where, in Paris, it is said, all the *demi-monde* go when they die. Of course it is a slander in both cases.

THE shade of Jacob Perkins, the wonderful engineer of our boyhood, walks the earth in the person of Mr. Bessemer, who is again proposing to substitute steam for gunpowder as a means of destruction. In a letter to the *Times* the man of steel has proposed to make a steam mitrailleuse, which will pour bullets in a deadly stream, and make short work of annihilating any mass of life that comes within its range. The idea may be new to many a young mind; but there are those living who can recollect seeing, at the old Adelaide Gallery in the Strand, a gun-barrel, with a high-pressure steam breech, which rattled bullets against a target at the bottom of the gallery some hundred or so in a minute. It was a wonder of the age, considering that the steam was used at a pressure of 1,500 pounds to the square inch, whereas at the time five pounds was considered to be the limit of safe working. The Ordnance Select Committee looked carefully into the system, and reported favourably upon the capabilities of steam at the high pressure aforesaid to do the explosive work of the best gunpowder in discharging one-ounce bullets; but they did not recommend Perkins’ gun; perhaps because it was so cumbersome, and had parts that could be deranged by a very slight accident. Baffled in England, Perkins took his artillery to France: he had a gun made to discharge three-inch bullets, and sent it to Versailles on show; but he was himself kept at home by illness while experiments were being made with it, and, as may be expected, the trials were consequently unsuccessful.

cessful. No doubt Mr. Bessemer knows the weak points of the Perkins machine, and has avoided them all in the weapon which he is constructing. But one does not like to hear of steam, that has done so much for peace, sullyng its purity by contact with war and destruction. And for the sake of keeping steam's hands clean, we could almost wish that the verdict of those who decide the fate of the Bessemer gun will be akin to that which the Duke of Wellington conveyed in a terse utterance, during an inspection of Perkins's machine. Turning to an eminent engineer who had been concerned in making the gun, he remarked: "I say, P——, if we had been using steam all our lives, what a wonderful improvement we should have thought gunpowder."

PHOTOGRAPHY—the art which itself is nature—has achieved a triumph. A hopeful dream of the solar limners has been realised, and at last a light-engraved cut has been put upon the bed of a common printing press, inked with a common roller, and worked off like a page of type; and yet has yielded a picture with all the sharpness and solid softness that we have become so familiar with in an ordinary photograph. The magical behaviour of chemicalised gelatine under the influence of light, which lies at the bottom of half a dozen pretty processes of pigment photography, has at length, by a happy discovery of Mr. Ernest Edwards, enabled a printing surface to be made ready to go under the machine platen with no more trouble than has hitherto been required to print a common paper impression from a photographic negative. Simplification can scarcely go farther. A prepared gelatine film is exposed under any common negative, it is washed for half an hour in water, and it is ready at once to be worked off with the simple appliances of a village printing office. No jot of the photograph's delicacy and vigour is sacrificed; and the beauty that is preserved is everlasting, for the picture is in printer's ink instead of a volatile chemical oxide. The process is thoroughly and commercially practical: I was not a little surprised on calling upon the inventor a few days since to find some two dozen people, with eight or ten presses, working at it. A monthly journal, entitled *Art*, the scope of which may be judged, has four or six plates produced by it in each number. "Heliotype" is the name by which this latest born of sun-painting methods has been christened. It is scarcely six months old.

THERE are few technical journals for which I have higher respect than the *Builder*. Fulfilling its professional requirements, it is nevertheless always packed with good reading, though from its character one might expect it to be as dull as a book of logarithms. But I should take it as a personal favour if the good editor would not lower my opinion of British mental healthiness by allowing me for a moment to think that any man who can read and write for a sensible 1870 periodical believes that ordinary and necessary phenomena of nature are portents of evil to

this world and its people. At the end of a description of the gorgeous aurora that so innocently displayed itself at the end of October, an "esteemed correspondent" of the journal remarks that he can easily imagine that persons who believe in the material destruction of the earth may well accept this grand demonstration as one of the signs! Then he quotes the prophetic text about "wars and rumours of wars," "signs in the heavens," and so forth, adding that we have the wars in plenty, and in the aurora are the signs. This is pitiable. Will not Mr. *Builder*—to make the paper personal—tell his esteemed correspondent that auroræ as bright as that of October have shown themselves as far into the past as we have histories to tell us of them? But Mr. *Builder* is always at this scarecrowing. An earthquake is in his teaching a harbinger of awful convulsions: a spot on the sun a mute message of annihilation. Actually upon the occasion of a recent total eclipse he wanted to make believe that the simply-explained red light around the moon—which has been seen in every well-observed eclipse, and could have been seen, had observers existed, in every eclipse since the solar system was completed—was to be taken as a fulfilment of the prophecy about the moon turning into blood. More absurd still, he once drew ominous inferences for this world from a suspicion by some astronomer that the cloud-belts of remote Jupiter had slightly changed their colour. And all this is dealt with in solemn earnestness. Zadkiel in his most rabid imaginations never reached such absurdities: and Dr. Cumming generally has respect enough for sane men to make the grounds of his predictions mysterious. The promulgation of faith in portents is at all times censurable; but persistently to point to harmless and well-understood phenomena of nature as omens of the world's destruction, is to betray an ignorance and a corresponding presumption that deserve severer castigation than I care to inflict.

WHILE I was writing the last note, Dr. Cumming was pouring from his lips part of the Seventh Vial concoction of theology and puerility which he had previously mixed up for a printed volume. The language of his Islington lecture was very much like to that with which the *Builder* occasionally delectates its readers. Indeed one is forced to conclude that his is the prophetic soul which inspires the journal on the subject of world-destruction. I have not the least desire to dispute the legitimacy of his interpretation of prophecy with regard to matters of opinion or debate; but I do protest against his dangerous misuse of facts about which there can be no question. For a phenomenon of nature to have any significance in the direction in which he seeks for it, it is absolutely necessary that that phenomenon be abnormal. Can he say that earthquakes are now of abnormal extent, in the face of geological demonstration that the very foundations of the earth were laid by earthquakes and volcanic convulsions? Can he maintain that the current prevalence of sun-spots is extraordinary, while astronomers know that it is but a recurrence of the maximum phase of spottiness which comes about every

eleven years or so as regularly as winter and summer? Can he reasonably assert that the shooting stars that we have seen in the Novembers of recent years are out of the common, while we have the confirmed evidence of history, and the testimony of such men as Humboldt and Le Verrier, to prove that star-showers far more imposing than we have seen of late have occurred over and over again in the past ten centuries? As to the active volcano in the moon to which the Doctor points as a sign, a little inquiry among respectable astronomers would have taught him that not one among their number believes that any eruption took place. The talk about it was all smoke, puffed by a few observers deceived by their glasses or their eyes and the mere needle's-eye dimensions of the object. If Dr. Cumming is so careless and misleading a guide on ground that is solid and well explored, what can be the value of his guidance on the treacherous sea of inference and conjectural interpretation?

"A CITY AUTHORITY," writing to me on the 15th and 20th of November, says that the appearance of a Russian loan in the market (before Gortschakoff's circular, by the way) quite frightened the Stock Exchange. It could only have been in the hands of two houses—either Barings' or Rothschilds'. No trace of such an important operation could be discovered in either of those channels; and therefore, although *reports* were current from day to day respecting its immediate emission, no credit was placed in the statement. Instead of a loan comes the suggested revision of the treaty, and the latter is now much more likely to be carried out than the former. The French loan, sharply arranged and quickly subscribed, proved a most unquestioned success. The applications were almost from every quarter, and the premium rapidly moved up from 1 to 1½, and then from the last point to 4 premium. A reaction followed the announcement of the retaking of Orleans, and since the revival of the Russian topic it has fluctuated between par and a slight discount. Rumours of a dispute between the original *concessionaires* of the loan and those who manipulated in London are rife; but as the contract was properly made, there is no reason to suppose that it will not be regularly recognised. Panic, nothing but panic reigns supreme in the foreign department. It is bad enough to see Consols declining, but to find Turkish, Egyptian, Italian, and Spanish fluctuating from 2 to 3 per cent. in the course of a day creates fears for what may be consequences. The operators in foreign securities are like a flock of sheep; they know no rhyme or reason; as the "bell wether" leads them, so they run and huddle together. Russian affects Turkish; Turkish exercises an adverse influence upon Egyptian; and Italian and Spanish follow in their turn. The drop has been something considerable in each of these descriptions, and though there has been a recovery, it may not be destined to last. Dutch, Brazilian, Argentine, and the very heavy classes have not been so seriously disturbed, but still they are quoted lower, and are likely to be so for the present. Fluctuation must nevertheless be anticipated in every

direction so long as the Russian question remains unadjusted ; and black as the clouds in the horizon appear at present, it is thought they will before long be dispersed. Settled as the Spanish candidature has been in favour of the Duke d'Aosta, some short period will have to elapse before any proper test of his capacity and administration can be arrived at. The first movement on the part of Russia will at once successfully paralyse her financial position. Since Lord Granville's dispatch I hear no more of the reported £15,000,000 loan, and if it were announced it would be immediately scouted. Any new issue of Russian railway shares, even with the Government guarantee, would not be looked at, and hence it would not be politic for Prince Gortschakoff to rush into hostilities if pecuniary assistance is desired gradually to develop the resources of the empire. Should it be otherwise, the arrangement question of the Euxine would have to be dearly paid for.

I HAVE little sympathy for those who are trying to make the new post-cards the media for secret correspondence by the use of sympathetic inks and cryptographic writing. Let all who want to be private and confidential in their communications pay their whole pennies for enveloped letters. For the sake, however, of those whose correspondence is extensive, and whose pennies are not plentiful, we suggest that there is no occasion to bother about inaccessible salts of cobalt or copper for sympathetic inks. A pen dipped in lemon juice will produce writing that is invisible till it is warmed ; then it makes its appearance as if it had been written with pale brown ink. Still readier, but dirtier, is the method taught by the exponent of the Art of Love to maidens who wish no eyes but a particular pair to see their amorous messages. This consisted in writing with new milk, and developing the latent words by dusting soot over the paper ; the milk when visibly dry retaining humidity enough to cause fine dusty matter to adhere to it.

TALKING of lovers' intercommunications, modern courtship finds expedients that surpass Ovid's powers of invention. Two such come to mind. One was described to me by a party to it, a droll French *barbier* full of anecdote, who used to operate upon my *chevelure*, and nearly made me bald with his stories ; for while I listened he talked, and while he talked he cut. He had kept a shop in a native country town, and thither used frequently to go a young demoiselle closely watched by her duenna. Her hair was curled in papers, which were letters *to* her lover. The hairdresser took these out and laid them aside, replacing them when necessary with others, which were letters *from* the forbidden youth. This curl-paper love-making went on for months : the end of it does not concern us. The second expedient was witnessed in Seville. At dark, a young don stole beneath a lofty window, unscrewed the handle of his walking-stick, drew out length after length of its tubular interior, and fitted the parts like a fishing-rod ; he put a mouthpiece at each end, and

raised one end to the envied lattice. A head appeared; and as long as the spectator's patience lasted he saw lips and ears above and below alternately applied to the soul-communing pipe. Johnson's fishing-rod—"a worm at one end and a fool at the other!" Which was which?

"IN A FOG." An undesirable situation for any one, literally or metaphorically, but decidedly worst in the former signification for a ship nearing shore. Happily, that care which has provided our sea-coast so well with lights and beacons is now being exercised to extend a perfected system of fog signalling, and ere long we shall find the foghorn and the lighthouse wedded in their cautionary work. It will be a beauty-and-beast sort of union, however; for the Brobdignagian trumpet that is henceforth to proclaim danger through the mist discourses in no sweet tones; and I pity the people who have to dwell within earshot of its bellowings. On some rocky shores there are natural horns formed by cavernous openings, into which the waves dash and expel the air with a dreadful noise; so dreadful that, as the story goes, a new hand, on taking charge of a lightship near to a coast thus charmed, had his hair turned grey by the fright that the first night's roarings brought on. One would not like to hear of this affliction being repeated by an instrument of mortal make; so for the sake of those to whom the foghorn's blast has to become familiar—and they may be many—and in order that its sound may not be liable to confusion at a distance with the noise of the roaring sea—of which there is suspicion of danger—I humbly suggest whether the great pipe could not be made to speak melodiously? Where horns have been established in full vigour—as at Dungeness and the Isle of Wight—they are blown by engine power; and it should not be difficult to apply a little piece of apparatus to the already moving machine which would open note-valves in the tube, and thus vary the depressing monotony of the sound. They might even be made to play a tune: very few notes would suffice, for did not Rousseau with only three set to a pretty air the song—

" Que le jour me dure
 Passe loin de toi !
 Toute la nature
 N'est plus rien que moi ! "

A ditty, by the way, that with slight alteration would make a fitting serenade from a sailor to a foghorn. There is no reason why a cautionary voice should be a hideous shriek; though to judge from the piercing cries of certain sea-birds on the Welsh coast which warn off ships in foggy weather, and which are therefore protected by the Government, it would seem that nature thinks it ought to be.

THE
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE

JANUARY, 1871.

NEW ARRIVALS.

BY AN ABSENTEE OF SEVENTEEN YEARS.

BEING A FRAGMENT OF AUTOBIOGRAPHY.



WHEN a man has been absent in India, China, Australia, or any other of the most remote places, and during a period of seventeen years—or, as there is a peculiar charm in round numbers, shall we say twenty years—he is pretty sure, on his return, to be astonished and confused by many things, and often to be the innocent cause of some amusement, if not astonishment, to others.

In consequence of various difficulties and some disasters in getting round “the Horn,” we had a protracted passage from Australia to Rio de Janeiro, and after that we were, as usual, becalmed in the tropics. The heat at some periods of the day was dreadful; not, as is commonly imagined ashore, merely in consequence of the intensity of the sun, but because of the absence of the breeze. However, most of us were well seasoned, and endured the suffocating time with a tolerably good grace. Of course we had all the ameliorating influences of awnings spread over the decks; in addition to which some, who thought they would try to read, sported the white calico covering for their umbrellas, and others wore the common white calico cap-cover for cloth caps, with a little white fall behind. By these means, and the help of bottled ale, a tolerably indifferent claret, a reasonable champagne, and excellent lime-juice light punch, we lived not so miserably through the day. Occasionally a faint breeze blessed us during the night, and at last we got clear of the tropics.

The rest of the passage home was very good ; so fine indeed, that it might be compared to "yachting," and in due course we "sighted the Lizard." It was about four o'clock, P.M., and the first "sight" we had of our well-loved native shore was a thick fog-bank. What varied emotions must have filled the breasts of many who stood upon the deck at this moment, especially of those passengers who had been absent for a number of years ! Some were to meet fathers, mothers, friends, in declining years ; some to find "death in the house," or a reference to the moss-overgrown tombstone ; some to meet loving sons and daughters ; some to meet fond and faithful wives, and others to hear of unfaithful wives who had vanished, or worse ; some to find friends they left rich, now in poverty, or poor friends who had become wealthy, and "very much changed ;" some to find they had been most cruelly maligned in their absence, while others discover they have been applauded, and nobody sent them word of it ; some, as they gazed on that misty shore, being pretty well aware of what they would find ; others deceiving themselves thoroughly as to their reception by the "changed ones," and the greater number full of apprehensions, or at least doubts, not knowing what to expect, what to fear, nor perhaps even what to hope. So here at last is the "Lizard ;" and, at any rate, a most unmistakable British fog-bank. Yes, there was absolutely nothing else visible. But the captain and all our other nauticals said it was the "Lizard," and that was sufficient. "Look at that !" exclaimed an old sailor (who had been absent nearly twenty years in hot climates, with sunny seas and brilliant skies), pointing to the thick fog-bank ; "there now, I call that a pictur' !" This, in his nostalgic enthusiasm, the old fellow repeated, appealing to those around with a sort of challenging air.

But after we had passed the tropics, nothing else affecting the subject of this paper occurred till we arrived at Gravesend. It was about seven o'clock, A.M., on Sunday morning, at the beginning of last autumn—in fact, early in September—and with every promise of a very fine day. Of course several of us insisted upon being put ashore ; the important reason assigned for which was to bring back shrimps for breakfast. Gravesend, we said, used to be "famous" for its shrimps. A boat was soon lowered for us ; the sun began to shine brightly (for England), and we presently reached Gravesend. Our party was five in number. I had been absent seventeen years, and the rest from fifteen to twenty years. We hardly knew where we stood, and felt some doubts as to personal identity.

It was now eight o'clock, but being Sunday morning, not a door was open, and the whole town, as we strayed like sea-calves staring about

from street to street, presented an utterly dumb and dull appearance. Still we were all in that state of feeling which made everything cheerful, on the strength of which three of my companions proceeded to "knock up" a grog-shop, coffee-shop, or public house of some kind, and another went to look for the telegraph office, while I remained looking in at a little shop-window, two of the shutters being down, and some illustrated newspapers displayed on a sloping board. The weather having been very fine ever since we left the tropics, I had not thought of removing the white cover from my cap, especially as the little fall protected my ears from the wind when reading on deck. Presently a man sauntered up, and standing beside me, murmured, in a low voice of grave earnestness, "I say, governor—are you afraid of the sun scorching your neck?" I did not look at him; and after a few seconds of deafness, slowly walked away.

Being rejoined by my companions, who were in a happy mood, and could laugh at anything, they all laughed loudly at the above stupid attempt at wit. "Why, what an ass the fellow must be!" said they; "he must have seen the same thing a thousand times at Gravesend, not to speak of the *Illustrated London News*." No doubt he had; but that was not the question. Shortly after this, having purchased several little bags of smoking shrimps, "fresh from the sea, and just boiled," one of the party who had been absent fifteen years (the editor of the *Ceylon* —, on leave of absence for his liver), accompanied me to the "Gardens," close to one of the piers. Here we admired and sniffed at a variety of the most common, good-for-nothing flowers and shrubs, all very uncommon to us; and more particularly the green grass—concerning which we became both sentimental and poetical, winding up with a touch of physiologico-psychology. We were standing on green mounds, or sloping lawns, some twenty feet apart. "Now tell me—and I do not appeal to fancy—but tell me, do you, or do you not, feel the earth heave gently beneath your feet?" After a pause, he said that he certainly did. We stood silent a little while; the sensation was beyond doubt, whatever the other part of the fact may have been. It should be observed that we had been at sea during three entire months without once touching land, as we did not go ashore at Rio.

Having returned on board our good ship to breakfast, and found that our shrimps, for which dear old Gravesend was so "famous," were stale things freshly boiled for new comers, our next point of great interest was to get our luggage cleared through the Customs. As we had been instructed long since that Great Britain now enjoyed the blessing and the profits of free trade, we were somewhat per-

plexed at seeing three of Her Majesty's custom-house officers pull alongside the ship, and step upon the poop deck with an air not easy to describe. It was menacing, yet shy; forbidding, yet forbidden; staring round, yet avoiding your eye; with a hard-grained politeness that was very prepossessing, but in an opposite sense to that in which the term is usually employed. No doubt the position has become anomalous. Free-trade searching all your boxes and private drawers!

The deck was soon covered with passengers' boxes, &c. (we were now in the Docks), and the search commenced. Sometimes they were only looking for tobacco, most other things being "free;" sometimes they were only looking for silver plate; then again it was tobacco; also, wines, &c. Certainly the list of articles on the printed tariff which the captain had shown us marked "free," was numerically of the most liberal kind; still there was this vexatious search, every single box, bale, drawer, packet, or parcel being liable to be opened, and in many cases boxes and drawers were searched from top to bottom. There was a superior officer, who stood by the capstan on the poop deck, as if taking notes in a note-book, while two "familiar" of the Office did the rummaging. Approaching the worshipful one with the gold-embroidered crown, I at once informed him that, after examining the tariff, it appeared that my luggage comprised only two dutiable articles—to wit, a jar of Chinese preserves (*cum-quotes*) and a case of colonial wine. There they were; as for my other boxes, &c., here were the keys. The boxes were opened and examined; politely, it must be admitted, but still thoroughly in some cases, especially my chest of drawers, on account of a possible concealment of silver plate, or tobacco, "for instance," and also a chest of books, the search here being made for American pirates, for which all duties were strictly enforced. "And a very proper duty," said I to the chief officer. "Yes, indeed," said he. "These pirated editions are, no doubt, injurious to the literature of both countries." Perceiving him to be a sensible man, I at once proposed to pay the duty on my case of wine and Chinese jar, and take them away with the rest of my luggage. The Chinese preserves, he said, might pass free, as private provision, but the wine must go through the regular channel. This sounded very like time and trouble, though the mere duty was only one shilling per gallon. I therefore requested he would be so good as shorten the process, by allowing me to pay double, so that I might take it away with the rest of my things. He shook his head; he could not take money; the wine must go first to the bonded warehouse, &c. The declaration

that he could not take money seemed made with something like a reproving air, as one should say, "You ought not to speak so loud."

This conversation had been listened to by both the familiars, and a few minutes afterwards, when I was standing alone in the covered gangway above the ladder down to the saloon, one of them approached me with a mysterious, knowing, friendly-furtive air, and touching his hat, said he and his mate (the other familiar) would like to drink my health; and he pointed, winking his eye, to my case of wine. "Oh, certainly; directly it is got ashore." The opportunity of aid in this quarter was not to be neglected. "No need for that," said he, taking a cautious look to see where the chief officer was; "there's a house over the way" (pointing to a public house ashore), "and my mate and I will see to your case. It will be all right." There was no mistaking this. At once I slipped something into his hand. Somehow, the moment it was there it seemed to vanish like a conjurer's trick; he had never had it, and he walked quickly towards the superior officer at the capstan. But he passed on, and went round the mizen mast. He never appeared coming round the other side of the mast, and he never came back, and when I went aft, he was nowhere to be seen. Returning, rather perplexed, to the place I had left, I saw his "mate" coming towards me with a knowing smile, glancing at the wine case, and gently rubbing his palms together. I could stand no more of this, and again requested the chief officer to allow me to pay double the duties, and any contingent dues or expenses, so that all my luggage might get clear at once. No; this could not be done. As an act of concession, however, I might send the case by a special messenger, accompanied by an officer, to the bonded warehouse, and there pay the duties, wharfage dues, &c., and so get it passed.

It would weary the reader, besides being too vexatious for the writer to dwell upon, to describe the hours of delay, the expenses, the trouble of all this; and the result being that the time for closing the Dock gates being at hand, the rest of my luggage was hastily got into a spring cart, and I had to drive off without my wine. All this difficulty, too, about colonial wine, which has always been considered in England as a sort of red ink, and pale yellow vinegar, with a peculiarly odd *bouquet*. So it generally is, because nearly the whole of the really fine wines of Adelaide and New South Wales, and also the best of the Victorian, are speedily bought up by those who know their value in the colonies, and the worst, as well as the second-rate, are forwarded to the London market. Londoners can be little prepared to hear this, the best of the whole world's produce being in

all other instances sent to them. And if the very oldest and best of the Australian wines were really sent to London, nobody would give from 5s. to 8s., and sometimes 10s. per bottle for them, prices which have often been paid in Victoria. This is one sufficient reason why it will be long before there is an export trade for wines in Australia. Now, my case contained some choice samples, for presents, of these fine wines; but the Custom House officers could not know this, and the usual red ink and vinegar would, of course, have been treated with all the same formalities and provocations. Let me just add, that on passing through the Dock gates, there is an officer stationed, who has a final power of overhauling every article that passes, even to the unloading, unlocking, &c. When my cart arrived there, and my permit to pass was handed to him, he looked up at me with a knowing smile, and said he should have no objection to drink my health! While his face looked up and smiled, he at the same time laid one arm right across the upper portion of my luggage, suggestive of his power. Had he heard of my wine? The action made my blood boil, after so many previous provocations. He no doubt saw a dogged look in my face, or something worse, and, after an inward struggle, he withdrew his arm, and away we drove.

Amidst all the tumults of a crowded deck, as well as my own strategic efforts in collecting and carrying off my luggage, so small a matter as changing my cap, or taking off the white calico covering, had never occurred to my mind. As I had some things of real value, and much sacred rubbish of problematical value, I would not allow them out of my sight, and rode accordingly in the spring cart, seated beside my driver in the front. He was dressed in the plainest way, so was I; and yet we had not gone above a hundred yards, and in the most quiet and ordinary manner, when expressions of surprise, interrogation, and ridicule began to be manifested by most of those we passed. At first this absurd rudeness was exhibited by gestures only; but gradually, as we advanced into more populous and worse-behaved localities, it was accompanied by stupid remarks and exclamations. Not a group in the streets that did not pause in their conversation to turn and wonder at what they saw, or fancied: people who were entering shops stopped short, and stared till we had gone by; people purchasing things in shops issued forth to stare out of doors! As we passed through Poplar, Smithfield, the Minories, or whatever were their names, the excitement seemed to rise to its height; and a number of little Jewesses, from the age of nine to thirteen, who were dancing in one of the streets—and apparently as a sort of *corps de ballet* for the *pas-seul* of a very

pretty Jewess of fifteen, attired in pale blue, with silver ornaments in her black hair—all ceased their delights, and headed by the latter young maiden, rushed in a throng to the edge of the pavement to clap their palms, and point and laugh!

“Is all this meant for my cap?” said I, turning to my grave-looking driver, who was bearing himself like a British brick and a Spartan. “They ought to know better,” said he, driving on a little faster; “they must have seen Indian and other hot-country passengers coming from the Docks before this.” As we approached better quarters the rudeness soon diminished, but not the steady looks and sudden glances. And now began a wonder on my part; for some of the head-dresses worn by young ladies—respectable, too, the driver assured me—were of the most outrageous description—almost frantic sometimes—but nobody stared at *them*. I have no patience to describe any more of the absurd wonderments displayed at so innocent a thing as a bit of white calico, and will therefore just say that we passed through the City, and up the New Road, and turned off towards Hampstead. We met an omnibus coming down the hill; when the driver, who seemed habitually a grave, stolid man, suddenly bent forward and sideways as we passed, and said to me, without moving a muscle, “Are you the Pope of Rome?” This was intended for wit, I suppose. Of course I ought to have taken out my knife, and cut away the paltry cause of all this dull foolery; but an obstinate sort of refusal to credit such nonsense as a reality—in fact a *won'tfulness*—prevented me. So I reached my destination, “the observed of all observers,” till the very last box and package had been carried indoors—and *exit* white calico!

Next day, having occasion to go to town, I exchanged my much-insulted friend of the tropics for the regular stiff hat of the period. From this moment all the staring and what-not ceased. The paths of life in populous places were smoothed; and now comes *my* turn.

Proceeding down the street, I met two fashionable young gentlemen, who each wore a little round-crowned, wooden-looking hat, precisely of the kind that the oyster-men of the lowest class often used to wear when I was last in England. Soon afterwards a grave and somewhat grey-haired gentleman in a carriage passed by, wearing just the same class of oyster-man's hat of other days. But nobody stared at these hats. Turning down B—— Street, I met an elderly gentleman with two beards! They were about ten or twelve inches long, at each side of his face, and of the colour of Scotch snuff. He wore a dark rappee coat and waistcoat, Prince's mixture trousers, and a China silk overcoat of Lundyfoot colour. On the top of his

head there was stuck, precariously, a little low-crowned gossamer nankeen hat ; the crown so very low that it suggested gum-arabic, or other artificial means of making it remain on his head. Evidently the wearer was a gentleman, and of position in society, but nobody looked at him ! Turning into P—— M——, I saw a young gentleman with a young lady, the latter appearing to carry something on her head. And this proved to be literally true. It was a *beau-pot* (I forget how to spell this obsolete word, but perhaps it will be found in the Icelandic dictionary), filled with all the brightest flowers of the season, in miniature. The young gentleman at her side wore a tiny black hat of the shape of a boy's paper boat, inverted, and at one side there were three little feathers of the Spanish cock. The passers-by never once turned to notice this surprising pair ! Various laughable heads of gentlemen now appeared, wearing little low-crowned stiff hats above immense, black, bushy or flowing beards ; and several had two beards, brown, sandy or red, hanging from their ears to a foot in length over their shoulders, like epaulettes.

It would be wrong not to say a word or two more about the head-dresses of ladies. Let the writer premise that he has seen the head-dresses of many celebrated squaws of the Hurons, the Chippeways, the Mohawks, the Tuscaroras, and other North American tribes, and very wild and picturesque they were ; also the head-dresses of Mexican girls, and Maori girls—all very wild, but often quite beautiful ; likewise the long locks and their adornments of many of the South Sea Islanders ; and great varieties of the *gins* and *lubras* of the Australian aborigines. Being thus qualified to form an opinion, the writer begs to say, with the greatest possible respect, that the flowing, cascading, or plaited locks, all really growing from the heads of the daughters of nature, are in the majority of cases far more becoming, as well as far more beautiful, than the wonderful exhibitions of atrocious art now so commonly witnessed in civilised life. Occasionally the latter are very graceful, and by a skilful compromise between the wild Indian style and the ancient Greek, a lovely and rich effect is produced by a *suitable* face ; but in general it must be said that the effect is far more ornithological than classical. Now you behold the elegant bravery of the pheasant (certainly not of the *hen*), the flaunting pride of the peacock, not to speak of the arrogant topknot of the cockatoo ; then there pass by, with stately air, the cassowary, and the red or yellow-crested helmet of the dodo. Indeed the yellow, red, flaxen, or immense black-crested helmets of several well-known classes of our feathered fellow-creatures, are continually seen, while for some it will be necessary to refer to a museum

—the stuffed-bird department. Yet nobody takes any notice of them! Nevertheless, the varieties are surprising. Here you may observe dark-brown hair plaited round the back of the head, with a horse-tail of light-brown hair, supposed to belong to the upper plaits, streaming or scattering itself down the lee side of the symmetrical or otherwise-formed shoulders and waist of the top-heavy craft. There you may behold a lady on horseback, smilingly enduring a gentleman's stiff black hat, fastened somehow upon her forehead, and sloping over her eyebrows, with a large brown, yellow, or tawny lump of something like a morbid swelling—in fact a tumour—sticking out behind. The absentee of seventeen years will look in vain for a bonnet. There is no such thing in London. Do the doctors recommend all this bareness for an English winter? (*Ahem!*) Often you may see young girls with their hair all flowing or flying down behind, and sometimes with beautiful effect; on other occasions you may see it fastened back by a band round the foreheads of fashionable children, in a way that gives the effect of a face on a cocoa-nut, when the rough, hair-like covering is only partially removed. Strolling down P—— M——, a young gentleman and lady passed the writer, whom he really can never forget as long as he lives. The gentleman sported a whitish, dough-coloured hat, the shape of a meat-pudding basin, with a narrow rim, and a red and green band round it, as if to keep the contents close within. He wore a small blacking-brush under his nose and over his mouth. The lady's hair was arranged in an auburn plait round the head, above which was a fuzzy friz of yellow hair, terminating in a wild, hay-like flaxen nest of great size—a nest for a full-grown solan goose—and on the top of all was a soldier-doll's black cocked hat, set a-slope, so that one end seemed to try and touch the bridge of her fair nose! Both parties, no doubt—and yet who knows?—of the first fashion, and dressed in this style! But, except the writer, not a soul really seemed to notice them! Now, let nobody say these descriptions are at all over-coloured or over-drawn; for the individuals are extant—the unobserved wonders of the time. There they are at the present hour; everybody can see them, if people will but open their eyes to all that is passing round, instead of concentrating their vision upon a mere calico cap-cover.

Will the reader allow me to make a trifling extract from my Notebook?

“*Tuesday*, 8 15 a.m.—Out early for a turn, before breakfast. Saw a young lady of fashion, with three immense French rolls of crust-coloured hair upon the back of her head, come out of the door of a private house. She looked about for her

carriage, as it seemed. Suddenly she went down upon her knees! As I passed she was cleaning the door-steps. 'Servantgalism' come to this!

"*Wednesday*, 1 20 p.m.—On the look-out for an omnibus to Richmond. Numerous omnibuses passed, but it was impossible to distinguish their destination, as they were covered all over with placards and large letters, relating to daily and weekly newspapers, mustard, sewing machines, cocoa, coals, Old Tom, Tussaud, Moses, ozokerit, starch, pills, balsams, and bottled porter.

"*Thursday*, 4 45 p.m.—Overtook a very antiquated little gentlewoman, toddling along, very much hunched out behind, with excessively high-heeled shoes, and a little pointed hat, like an old witch in a fairy-tale. On passing the little *beldame*, she turned out to be quite a young lady! Was informed that this grotesque deformity was intended to represent the beauty of the antique or Grecian grace!"

Meantime, my case of colonial wine still remains in the Docks. Again and again have I written for it, and been down there, wasting my time, besides paying an agent to see to it, and all in vain; and finally threatening "to write to the *Times*." Even this threat has not produced the proper effect.

Having a bill of exchange from one of the great banks of Melbourne upon the Bank of A—— in London, the holder presented himself, as it had now become due. It was at once stamped as "accepted," and payable at the bank of Messrs. A., B., C., & Co. Entering the latter bank, and finding at length among the regiment of clerks the proper clerk in this case, the order was handed to him. "Gold or notes, Mr. Newcome?" "Thank you, no. I don't want the money." "Will you like to have it in bills at one, two, or three months' date?" "No, I thank you; I do not want the money." He paused, and looked hard at me. "I wish to have a cheque-book, and open an account." His countenance fell. "Ah, you had better speak with the gentleman at the further end of the first counter." Arrived at this extremity, a cross counter appeared, with glass-fronted desks at each end, and an opening in front. Putting down my order on the open space, a gentleman emerged from behind one of the glass-fronted desks, took up the order, examined it, and said, with a most pleasant expression, "How will you have it, Mr. Newcome?" "Sir," said I, "I do not want the money—I do not wish to have it. What I wish is to open an account with your bank, and to have your cheque-book." His countenance changed. He put back the pen behind his right ear, and said, "Have you any note with you?" "No," I said; "none. I didn't know that Australian notes would be received in London; but I have some Australian sovereigns. What have I to pay?" "Mr. Newcome," said he, "you misunderstand me. I mean a note of introduction." This was astonishing. "Introduction? Why,

there's the money—my accepted bill!" "True; and you can have the money." "But I say that I do not *want* to have it. I want your *bank* to have it—take care of it for me—and give me a cheque-book." He eyed me gravely. "Ah, that we can't do; but wait a minute." He left me standing with my anomalous order in my hand—good to obtain money, but not good to be received!—and moved towards a large side room, the front of which was entirely armour-plated with glass. Inside these were five desks, with five green-shaded lamps (broad day outside), and at each desk sat a grave, almost severe-looking personage in spectacles. After some conference, I was admitted to the presence of the five inquisitors. One of them rose with austere courtesy, and approached me. "Mr. Newcome, it appears that you have not conformed to our regulations, as to bringing a note of introduction." "No, sir; but I have brought the money." "We really cannot receive it." "Not receive it, and yet be ready to pay it? Are you aware, sir" (here I dropped my voice instinctively, not liking to compromise the munificent clerk), "are you aware that directly I presented this order, I was offered my money—gold or notes? And the second gentleman, a superior officer, at once asked me how I would have it? Those were his words. But when I replied that I did not want any money, from that moment my troubles began!" This seemed too much for the gravity of the five inquisitors, and they all laid down their arms and smiled. One of them, indeed, played with his pen in almost a jocose state of mind. "We have no doubt," pursued my interrogator, with a smile, "that everything will be right, and perhaps you would oblige us with a reference. You see, this is a strict regulation. There *might* be reasons why we should not receive." He paused, with a courteous air. "I comprehend, sir. The last gold-ship from Australia may have been robbed." At this they all very nearly laughed out. "Yes, of course I can give you plenty of references, and within a stone's throw. There's Messrs. S—— and E——, the eminent publishers." The inquisitor shook his head. "They have both been dead these ten years." "True, true; I heard of it, but had forgotten. But there's Messrs. C—— and Co., the ship-brokers of L—— Street." "One of them has been dead these five years, and the other has retired into the north of Scotland." "Indeed? Well, there's Mr. E—— W——, the publisher, who has known me these twenty years." "Ah, poor E—— W——, he on'y died the other day." "E—— W—— dead, too! and only the other day! Still, that's as bad in this question as any longer period." These sudden and to me very sad announcements, and of anything but an

encouraging tenor, were beginning to confuse me, when I suddenly recollected an old schoolfellow, connected with one of the principal publishing firms at the West End, and at once scribbled a few lines to him, requesting him to send a line to the bank of Messrs. A., B., C., & Co., just to attest the fact that I was "I," and how long he had known me, and so forth ; adding, that my difficulty was in consequence of being unable to get money accepted in London, and that I had always imagined the difficulty was the other way. Handing this note to be forwarded, I returned to the half-glassed counter where I had deposited my order, and requested a receipt. This was politely declined. "A few lines of acknowledgment then?" "We never do this." "Not even a memorandum?" "We never give one." In utter astonishment, I left the wonderful place called a London bank.

Pausing abruptly at the first lamp-post, I went through a mental struggle as to whether I should not instantly go back and request the return of my order ; and should certainly have done this, but for the conviction that it would instantly have been handed to me, and then how wise I should have looked. Besides, one has great confidence in a first-class London bank. Next morning, a friend, learned in banks, informed me that a proper introduction was invariably required by all the large banking establishments, and that purse-proud G—— C——, recently from Australia, had flown into a passion on a similar occasion. "Introduction!" exclaimed he to the manager of the great W—— Bank, "why, I have an order upon you for 20,000*l.*, and you tell me you will not receive me as a customer, and give me your cheque-book !" "We certainly will not, sir ; and you can take your 20,000*l.* somewhere else !" Not so polite as the five inquisitors who sat upon *me*.

But to revert to those abrupt announcements of death (people quite taking it for granted that you must have known it, so that there was no need to "break the matter" to you), there were several others I had to endure soon afterwards. It may seem strange in certain cases of deep interest, when the news falls like a blow upon the heart—and perhaps may be literally a blow by the sudden shock it gives to the whole circulation—and more than strange, that we should generally bear it as well as we do. One reason for this strength must be, that by a merciful provision in our mental structure there is almost invariably, perhaps quite invariably, a degree of disbelief attending a first hearing of such dreadful news. We could believe at once in any bad accident and injury, but it is the terrible finality of death that we cannot immediately realise, and therefore we

always exclaim, "Dead? You don't say so?" and repeat the name of the beloved one with all its endearing memories, as though so many good associations could never have passed away so abruptly—*i.e.*, abruptly to our feelings on first being told.

Again I sent stormy messages to the agent employed to get my case of colonial wine out of Her Majesty's Customs, and then wrote to a merchant friend in Manchester, telling him my troubles, and that I intended to make them public. What a mistake it was to "tip" the under-officers before they had got my case safe out of the docks! A rich gentleman from Melbourne, who had once been a Minister of the Government, understood business much better, as a friend informed me. He had a great quantity of boxes, and cases, and general luggage. Taking, therefore, his card in his left hand, he placed a sovereign under his thumb upon the card, so that the coin could well be seen shining,—and, walking up to the officer in charge, he said, "My name is ——." He soon afterwards took all his luggage away, not a single package having been searched. And then he put back the sovereign into his own pocket! Clever and smart of him, no doubt, and morally worse than the other; but those who are practised in swindles upon a large scale, can easily accommodate these small matters to their consciences. He expects to be knighted.

There is no duty upon "curiosities," and having brought a number of choice things of that class as presents, I sent a note to an old friend—Colonel Fielding, of the Fusiliers—informing him of my arrival; expressing the pleasure I anticipated in again seeing him; congratulating him upon his eldest son's recent promotion in the Indian army; complimenting him upon his proposed new method of boring rifles; and, amidst other friendly gossip, requesting his acceptance of some wallaby skins in their winter fur (my own hunting while resident on the Blue Mountains of Victoria); a fine specimen of the platipus (*ornithorhynchus paradoxus*), caught while napping on the banks of the Coliban river; and some potted sea-elephant's tongue and trunk from the coast of Terra del Fuego. As we had always been intimate friends during many years, let the reader judge of my astonishment at receiving the following:—

"SIR,—The cause of that outrageous attack upon me and my new rifle-boring system, in the South American Stickatnought bi-weekly, is sufficiently well known. Apart from this, your desertion of your proud-spirited nephew is an act I most entirely disapprove. With regard to your proposed presents, pray sell them for the benefit of your nephew, with my compliments. Touching the Black Forest

and the Bullarook, do not in future consider me at all in the light of other days.—I am, Sir, yours, &c.

“DAVID FIELDING.”

“To Francis Newcome, Esq.”

Good heavens! What was the meaning of all this? I knew nothing in the world of any attack in the South American Stickatnought; and as to a nephew, I had long since ceased to have any such relation, in the sense implied. True, I once had a nephew, but the young gentleman of the proud spirit had entirely, of his own act and will, cast off all relations with me, at least sixteen years ago; partly because of certain incompatibilities of temperament, as he said; partly because, during a period of those colonial vicissitudes to which everybody was subject, I had simply been unable to continue his allowance; and partly from something admissibly derived from morbid imagination. Moreover, directly my return was announced, the young gentleman at once declared our estrangement as final. Again, what on earth was the drift of the touching allusion to the Black Forest and the Bullarook; and how did it touch me, except that I certainly had hunted the wallaby and native bear in those remote and savage regions? But what had all or any of this to do with the light of other days, and our old and, as I had naturally thought, sincere friendship? There must be something more beneath this. I wrote in vain to be illuminated by the light of present days, and finally left the Colonel to have “all the quarrel to himself.”

Meeting L——B—— at the sudden turning of a street, our recognition was immediate, although, having left him a slim young man, he was now rather portly. He said he was not in very good health, and also that his spirits were often depressed. I rallied him upon this, and said, among other sage and friendly things, that celibacy was very likely to be the cause, and that he should find a charming wife as soon as possible. “Why, I have long been married,” said he, “and have seven children.” How time passes! He looked at me with astonishment; but how could I have guessed all this? It was soon my fate to be astonished at fine young women, whom I had left as children, and now with children at their side, almost the counterparts of what they were themselves when last we met—a puzzle to the mind and the affections. They are the same, yet not the same; and in some instances the mother is by no means the same, and the child, whom we never saw before, the very one we expected to see.

At last my case of colonial wine was liberated by the Custom

House myrmidons ; and it appeared, when all the incidental and extraneous expenses were taken into the account, that the simple duty of 1s. per gallon had caused me to pay at the rate of something like 5s. 6d. per gallon, besides the delay of a fortnight. Having been invited to pay a visit at Manchester, I wrote to my friend there to postpone the pleasure till I had made public, by means of the press, this abominable treatment in a country so boastful of its Free Trade, and where one hardly dare breathe a remonstrance (but wait a little !) as to some temporary “protections” for struggling colonial industries. Previously also to my trip to Manchester there were several re-unions with old friends to take place ; and certain *contre-temps* attending my first dinner-party may be characteristic of what often happens to “new arrivals” who have been long absent.

Dr. Allspice knew me in a moment. We had not met for twenty years ; but after the first effect has passed off, it is surprising how little change people sometimes find in each other. This was very much the case on first visiting my old friend Dr. L—— S—— ; but here the wonderment was six heavenly daughters, all dropped from the clouds since I last saw him ! Similar presents had also descended upon Dr. Allspice, as suddenly appeared when we were driven home to luncheon, and he presented me to all his own “new arrivals,” including pictures, books, engravings, busts, and statuettes, apparently in every room from hall to upper story. Well, I was to dine with him, and an early day was fixed. He would invite certain persons to meet me who had become eminent during my long absence, and the day was looked forward to by me with many very pleasant anticipations.

The house was at St. John’s Wood ; a wonderfully different place from the wood I formerly knew. I am absolutely ashamed to describe the troubles that befel me on that dark, rainy night. At last I found the house ! Rushing up stairs to the room I was to sleep in, candles were lit at the toilet table, and then I saw the full extent of my discomfiture. The extreme perspiration into which I had been thrown by hasty changes of vehicles and hurried walking, had not only made me unpresentable, but the stain of the black silk lining of an infernal new hat had given a mortified hue to my forehead, made lines down my face, and trickles and splotches over my shirt-front. I rang the bell. A servant appeared. “Some hot water, Sir?” “No—yes ! Pray ask Dr. Allspice if he can come to me for a moment.” My friend presently appeared. “What has happened, Mr. Newcome? Shall I get you some brandy-and-water?” “No, thank you ; it is not brandy that I require, but a shirt. Look at

me!" My tale was quickly told—all put to rights—and a very delightful evening ensued; the unmerited reward of my unsophisticated proceedings.

It is easy to laugh at novices and new arrivals. Place an able seaman in the ranks of a regiment on parade, and what would he do? Or place a grenadier on the fore-top-gallant yard in a stiff gale of wind, and what would *he* do, if he did not fall into the sea? And how can one, resident for years in the back woods of America or the Australian bush, find his way by instinct in a wood of a very different kind, *to wit*, "St. John's," where there are silent houses for miles instead of trees; where there are no shops, or other open houses for miles; and where you may walk about for miles on a dismal evening, without meeting half-a-dozen people, and not a soul to give you intelligible direction? By the kind foresight of Dr. Allspice I was driven next morning to my other friend's house in the Avenue Road (Lower); but when about two hours afterwards I issued forth, again came my long walk through interminable lines of houses, till finally directed how to find park-gates some half-a-mile off. Then again the park—Regent's Park—as a boy had been well known to me, but will anybody say that such previous knowledge could be any guide at present? On the contrary, it was misleading; for what used to be is no longer visible, and what it has changed to has become too enlarged to bear the slightest resemblance. But luckily I recognised the steeple of Marylebone church in the distance!

Arrived at my lodgings, a letter from my mercantile friend in Manchester was found among others upon my table. It concluded with these monitory words:—"Pray accept my more practical business experience as some friendly guide to you, when I assure you that the officers of Her Majesty's Customs are, for the most part, very polite, considerate, honest, and prompt in attending to their duties. Your case is exceptional and accidental. On no account make public your vexation about your colonial wine. If you write to the *Times*, the editor will only drop your letter with a smile into his basket. But suppose that it chanced to be inserted, then this is what would happen. The Custom House authorities would require you to point out the man who induced you to 'tip' him. After this, whatever punishment befel the offender, you would be fined 20*l.* or 30*l.* for giving a bribe; indeed, I think the fine is 40*l.*" A long breath relieved me, while slowly the letter dropped from my hand, and fluttered down upon the floor. What a narrow escape!

Such are a few of the experiences of returned travellers. But these are only of the surface kind. There is something else. And this


something, though more important than all the rest, must only be mentioned briefly, because it is neither wise nor kindly for any new-comer to present himself with a painful expression. But as it must be the fate of all Indian, Chinese, African, Australian, or other absentees of long standing, let them prepare themselves, not only for sad "changes of countenance" by death, but for that equally, and in some instances more lastingly painful change which they will here and there find in characters, manners, and habits of those whom they had formerly known and loved as very different sorts of persons. The individuals themselves will often be quite unconscious of such changes, and those who have constantly been in their society may also very naturally be unaware of the fact; but they have been gravely touched, *within* as well as without, by the unseen hand of Time, and "Oh, the difference to me!" and to the constant thousands of new arrivals after long absence from their native land!

R. H. HORNE,

Author of "ORION," &c., &c.



THE SPECTRE.

HEY saw a Spectre in the setting sun,
Those eyes of a great nation, westward turned,
Beheld it vast and splendrous, as with light,
As with white light it burned.

“Lo ! here,” they cried, “is Glory, born of God,
Inspiring noble aims and shining deeds ;
What should we do but listen to its voice,
And follow as it leads ?

“Ignoble are the arts and toils of Peace,
Her hoarded fruits and harvests ripely stored :
The sickle meet the masters of the world
Is the man-reaping sword !”

Forth in their might they poured, to meet a foe
Worthy their prowess, worthy their defeat ;
With clouds of hovering hosts the land was black—
They met as oceans meet.

Two seas that crashing in tumultuous might,
With hurling waves, and each to each a shore,
Whereon live men were broken in the shock,
And whelmed in spraying gore.

And only with the dusk the tide went out,
And left the dead and they that could not die,
To the shrill winds that mocked them, and the rains
Of a low, wailing sky.

And the great winds were charged with blasphemies,
The taint of blood was in the falling rain
That could not quench the burning wounds of men
Grown envious of the slain.

And, lo ! the Spectre, in the glimmering dawn,
Stood robed in blood, as on the overnight,
In ever-flowing blood that, in the blaze
Of light, had glistened—light !

WILLIAM SAWYER.

KAULBACH.

BY THE COUNTESS VON BOTHMER.



For all Cornelius's pupils who have risen to celebrity Kaulbach, in the foremost rank, holds the foremost place. He was pre-eminently "the beloved disciple" of the great apostle of modern German art, and he has lived to justify, by the noble fruits of his life, the expectations which his great master cherished for him whilst as yet his genius was only in the bud.

Wilhelm Kaulbach was born in the year 1805 at Arolsen, in the little North-German principality of Waldeck. His father, a working goldsmith, had himself an intense appreciation of and delight in art; and, moved by these feelings, he ardently desired from the earliest days of his little son's life that the boy should become an artist. But Wilhelm's desire was to become a farmer, and he would willingly have learned to till the ground, and earn his bread by the sweat of his brow rather than by the cunning of his hand.

In 1822, however, when he was seventeen years of age, Wilhelm Kaulbach was sent to Düsseldorf. Peter Cornelius had at that time been elected president of the Academy, and it was at his feet that young Kaulbach had the privilege of sitting during the first years of his art-novitiate. His extraordinary gifts, however, soon attracted general attention, and, not only his fellow-students, but his beloved master prophesied with conviction that "the world would hear of him." It is said that Kaulbach, even in these early days, exercised an almost magical influence over his friends and fellow-students by the "irresistible charm" of his amiability. In the year 1826 Kaulbach followed his master to Munich, whither the latter had been called at the instance of the "Alte Ludwig" (then *not* so old), in order that he might aid that genial monarch in carrying out the ideas which were to render his little capital so favourite a resort for lovers of art. Here, with others selected by Cornelius to carry out his designs, Kaulbach painted the frescoes in the arcades of the Hofgarten, the dome of the great concert-room in the Odeon, and an exquisite series of frescoes representing the myth of Amor and Psyche in the palace of Duke Max, the father of four lovely

daughters, of whom the Empress Elizabeth and the ex-Queen of Naples are best known to the world.

These paintings made it clear that beauty of form and an exquisite gift of drawing were the distinctive marks of Kaulbach's genius. Hitherto he had only appeared as a disciple (a disciple beloved and honoured, it is true), but bound and trammelled in a certain degree by the fetters which must necessarily be his so long as he was merely the exponent of another man's mind. He carried out with spirit and love the orders of his master, but he longed to soar upon his own pinions to the realms whither Fancy or Imagination might lead him. The creative element in his nature, the energy of his genius, the imperious necessity which all the artist in him felt of giving expression to the genial originality that was also in him, combined to make him ardently long for a more independent field of action and forthwith to seek it.

His "Madhouse" made him famous; his *Hunnenschlacht*, his "Fall of Jerusalem," his illustrations of the Gospel, his "Reynard the Fox," showed the versatility of his genius and the grasp of his mind. The eminent skill he displayed as an animal painter in his illustrations of *Reinicke Fuchs* is such as might well arouse envy in a Landseer or a Bonheur, and is all the more remarkable in a man who had risen to fame as an historical and classical painter of the boldest and most ambitious type.

But it is with no intention of giving a *catalogue raisonnée* of his works that these pages are written.

In the year 1864 we were at Munich, and after inspecting all the art-treasures of that richly-endowed city we declared that our pilgrimage would not be complete if we were forced to depart without having seen the great master himself. "But that is simply impossible," said one of our friends; "he has been so bored by the inquisitive curiosity of travellers, so interrupted by the unscrupulous interrogatories of American and English and French visitors; so wearied by the admiration and wonder and love and praise of all the dull Philistine souls who have come to gape upon him and torture him with their witless questions and vapid criticisms and remarks, that he admits no one; not even prime ministers or *prima donnas*."

It was discouraging, certainly. "And then," said a fat German lady of our party, "he is so uncivil and so stingy, and so fond of beer. Oh, you surely would not care to see him! To see his pictures is much better, I can assure you. Fancy what happened the other day. The Prince of X—— was passing through Munich,

and he and his suite paid Kaulbach a visit. He said he had nothing to offer them, unless they would like some beer. The Prince, wishing to be polite, and above all things not to appear proud, said he was very fond of beer. Kaulbach called a boy who was cleaning some palettes in the corner of the atelier, and said, 'His Royal Highness would like some beer; run quickly to the next beer-shop, and mind you bring enough.' Then the Prince admired the artist's genius, and said many obliging things to him; and when the beer was brought they all drank it very cheerfully together, pledging each other in the most amiable way (though the Prince's adjutants were much disgusted at all this affability), Kaulbach civil and smiling like the rest—but—he made the Prince pay for the porter! Now, what do you think of that?"

Everyone laughed except the stout lady who had related the anecdote, but she remained serious and indignant. "An artist!" she said; "no, I call that a common soul!"—"But you cannot be angry with him for liking beer; you all do that here, don't you? I thought beer was an institution in Bavaria," I said.—"And the Prince?" she replied indignantly; "is a Royal Highness to be insulted with impunity?"

"Well, he could afford it, you know; and besides, he helped to drink it."—"As to that, it was his amiability. But if you are so blind——," and she turned away.

"I think," whispered Baron P——, "that I can manage it for you if you have really set your heart so much on seeing him. He often comes to my father's house, and sits hours with him talking over the details of his historical pictures, asking my father's opinion and advice, and explaining his designs and intentions. We will send in my father's card, and are sure to be admitted."

We were admitted. But Kaulbach was not alone, in spite of all that had been said upon the subject. A very eminent Prussian statesman was with him—a man whose name was even then famous. The artist merely bowed to us, and continued his conversation with the Minister.

"I am off to Vienna in a quarter of an hour," said the latter, and I am infinitely obliged to you for sparing me so much of your valuable time." Then they shook hands together, and the man of politics left us alone with the man of art. He immediately came towards us, and said simply, "And now that I am at liberty, what can I do for you?"

Whilst Baron P—— explained the object of the visit I had ample time to study the appearance of the man. He reminded me

not a little—at any rate in dress—of the astrologer in Piloty's magnificent picture of "The Death of Wallenstein." On his head he wore a small black velvet skull-cap, from beneath which his still brown hair escaped in long silky waves, and flowed over his shoulders *à la* Rafael Sanzi. A long black velvet robe or gown fell from his shoulders to his feet; it was bordered with fur, and in his hand he held a mahl-stick and a crayon. The slightly-aquiline features were animated by a clear delicate colour which glowed in the smoothly-shaven cheeks, and, in spite of the furrows about his eyes and mouth, gave him a semi-youthful appearance. The eyes were dark brown, and, though not large, were marvellously piercing and keen and bright. His *tout ensemble* was picturesque and magister-like, and in his manner, as he turned to speak to me, I could discern none of that uncouth surliness of which he had been accused.

"I am sorry," he said, "that I have nothing much worth the trouble of a visit to show you here. This picture of the *Hunnen-schlacht* is too large to be seen well in such close quarters. But how do you like this portrait of the Princess of Hohenlohe? Portraits are rarely interesting to those who do not know the originals; but perhaps you are acquainted with the Princess?"

It was a full-length picture of a tall, dark-haired woman, with a face that had a tragic touch about it. An antique diadem, set with gems, crowned her heavy black hair; a long white veil flowed in transparent clouds about her shoulders. She was seated in a chair of classic shape, and her round white arms, adorned with massive gold bracelets, set with gems like those in her tiara, were laid upon the arms of the chair, which were terminated by panthers' heads and claws. Her pale sea-green draperies flowed about her in majestic waves, and there was dignity as well as sadness in the half-melancholy smile that hovered about her lips, and in some degree counterbalanced the wistful mournfulness of the large dark eyes and pale cheeks.

"It is scarcely like a portrait; it looks—it looks——"

"Well, what?"

"Almost too tragic for a *mere* portrait."

"Do you know her?" he asked, turning his sharp penetrating eyes suddenly upon us.

"No—and perhaps such a remark is misplaced——"

"By no means. When people's lives are tragic then the tragic element comes out in their faces; and countenances which have been nothing in their placid youth become terrible and characteristic as years roll on. Sorrow is a marvellous painter! He does not

flatter, but for all that he has the power of making something out of nothing. In that sense he is a true poet."

"But," said he, suddenly interrupting himself and changing his tone, "do you know my paintings in the *Treppenhaus* at Berlin? No? Well, let me see if I can find photographs of some of them; perhaps they may please you."

He went into a corner where there were a number of portfolios, and after a few minutes' search came back to us with a large photograph in his hand. He set it up on a spare easel. "You will perhaps like this," he said, "as well as any other. I have observed that English people as a rule are strong upon the Reformation; it is a subject upon which they love to discourse, and yet our Reformation was better than yours—(where is your Luther? Where your Melancthon?), except, perhaps, as to results, and after all the result is the test. But if you care to listen I will explain it to you; I mean I will explain my design, and try to make clear that which at a first glance may well appear confused, so many figures being here crowded into so small a space. This fault does not hinder the effect of the original. I had space, ample space there," said the maestro, waving his hand largely from right to left; "large ideas and large subjects require a large canvas." And he looked at us shrewdly and smiled. "Now, first of all, you must endeavour to realise," he said, his face again serious and his manner earnest and composed; "it is essential that you *should* realise one fact: namely, that history, with all its catastrophes, with all its marvellous inscrutable events, with all its intellectual struggles and crises; with all its developments and absorptions, governed by laws eternal and unchangeable, is but the history of the development of the human mind as it progresses through darkness to light, from ignorance to knowledge; from the slavery of precedent to the noble liberty of pure and perfect intellectual freedom. This last epoch, the epoch of the Reformation, comes home to us; it touches us more nearly, and in a more personal manner, than any of the other great epochs of the world can do. We live and move and have our being in a time which still feels the pulse and heart-throb of that time. We come from the primeval darkness of the early ages through the ever-lightening centuries to this result of what has gone before; and for this reason I have endeavoured to show, not only the theological aspect of the Reformation in the well-known figures of her well-known representatives, but also to express the animated intellectual life which her birth-throes called into existence. The dark spirit of the middle ages is conquered—enlightenment has prevailed—the fetters have been

struck off. Here then you see a mighty building, the dome of which rises in lofty proportions, whilst the aisles and chancel terminate in steps, whose ascent is lost in the distant perspective. Here the centre figure of Martin Luther, holding aloft in his hand the Gospel which he so dearly loved, and for which he so boldly fought, is surrounded by Zwinglius, Calvin, and other Reformers. Here you see Dr. Bugenhagen (a name probably unknown to you) administering the Holy Sacrament to Frederick the Wise, John the Firm, Albert of Brandenburg, and others. Here is the warlike Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden, and there you will recognise Coligny, the head of the Huguenot party, and a little further on Maurice of Saxony. But here again are figures which will specially interest you. I need not name them, for you have certainly already recognised the familiar figure of your Virgin Queen, accompanied, as you see, by Essex and Burleigh and the bold Drake; Archbishop Cranmer and that rough Scot, the uncompromising Knox, are also with her, for Scotland must have its representative too. And here is the "Silent William" of Orange, as representative of the Netherlands; a figure gloomy and dull in itself, but having also its place in history. And here, at the far end of the choir, on the highest steps, we see the martyrs and forerunners of the Reformation: Wycliffe, Johann Wessel, Petrus Waldrus, Arnold of Brescia, Abelard, Savonarola, and Tauler; and above these groups you see the Christians of the Reformation, who from their lofty position round the organ let the grand strains of their mighty hymns and psalms roll down upon those who had prepared a way in the wilderness, and made the paths straight for the religion of the new era. And here," said the master, looking at us with a smile of contentment, and speaking in the naïve Bavarian dialect, "*hier haben sie a biss'l Fried!*" It was, in truth, a bright spot of peace. Quite in the foreground stood the beautiful, the beloved, the mild Melancthon, and with him Zasius and Eberhard von der Tann, joining their hands together with joy-beaming looks over the Augsburg Act.

We stood wondering at the marvellous depth of thought and comprehensiveness of the picture. Kaulbach had wandered away from us. He judged rightly that we required time to take in the various impressions conveyed by his rapid words. As he spoke he had pointed out one figure after another with the crayon he had in his hand, occasionally glancing at us to see if we took in the drift of his words. But now he went away and left us.

On an easel near the window stood a crayon drawing from the poem of "Herrmann and Dorothea," that most charming of all charming idylls. He worked at it rapidly for a few minutes,

retreated a step or two and looked at his work ; then smiled again, and, with an air of enjoyment, added two or three telling touches to the centre figure. As one looked at it one smelt the new-mown hay and the breath of the cows, and felt the warm sunset rays striking athwart the land, and saw golden motes dancing in the sunbeams, and felt as though one were reading a page of the "Vicar of Wakefield" after a chapter of universal history. We remained, however, where he had left us, and in a few minutes more he returned to his explanation. "But there was also a new birth for Art and Science," he said, pointing to the figure of the laurel-crowned Petrarch, drawing from a sarcophagus the writings of the ancients, on whose theses Erasmus and Reuchlin founded the school of Humanists, and opened the way for those who should come after. "Here is your noble Shakespeare, the poet of the world, and Cervantes, and Ulrich von Hutten. And here, in the foreground, you see our worthy Nürnberger, 'Hans Sachs, the cobbler-bard.' In the side aisle, painting his Evangelists, stands Albrecht Dürer, and by his side on the same scaffolding you will see a face which you may perhaps recognise—it is that of a humble youth grinding the great master's colours for him." As he said this Kaulbach looked at us and smiled. The face was his own. "And here, close to the scaffolding, you see the famous iron-worker, Peter Vischer, whose masterpieces, if you know Nürnberg, you will certainly also know ; and here is the greatest of all the moderns (that is, to my mind), Johann Guttenberg, the inventor of printing. You will recognise near to him the great Italian painters—Michael Angelo, Leonardo da Vinci, and Raphael. But Art must not lead us to be ungratefully forgetful of Science. Here is the grey-beard Columbus, his hand resting on the globes ; here are Bacon and Paracelsus and Harvey, whose names are all familiar to you ; and here you see Copernicus showing his solar system, and Galileo and Giordano Bruno, martyrs of science ; and Tycho Brahe and Keppler, lost in contemplation of the harmony of the spheres."

Here he paused, and after looking steadily at the picture for a moment in silence, as though to test it and see if aught might be found wanting, he again left us to our silent contemplation. It was impossible to say much. He had said all there was to say, and praise or words of commendation would have sounded alike feeble and presumptuous. We felt that to linger longer would be unbecoming, and yet there was a fascination about the place, about the picture before us, about the suggestive thoughts he had put into our minds, that made us unwilling to break the spell.

He worked quietly away in his corner, and allowed us full freedom to look about to our heart's content. An exquisite illustration of Goëthe's "Dora" was standing ready framed to be carried away to the picture gallery ; it has since been made familiar to the world in the charming "Goëthe Illustrations," of which we all know the photographs. But the original was inexpressibly more beautiful, both as to colour and warmth and life, than any copy or photograph could be.

We stood before it, lost in pleasure. The distant view of the Greek galley, the messenger-boy climbing the hilly strand, and calling to the loiterer to come ; the pigeons pecking amongst the stones of the broken fountain and about the floor of the summer-house ; and Alexis, with his classic head-dress, clasping the exquisite Dora to his heart—raising her in his strong embrace, so that she is forced to stand on the very tips of her delicate sandalled feet, whilst, in her complete surrender at the first call of all-imperious Love, she has dropped the corner of her apron, and the fruits which she has culled for him are rolling to the ground ; the shadow of the fluttering vine-leaves on the wall, the glowing sunshine without, the complete absorption of the lovers within ; the strength and manly grace of Alexis, the loveliness and sweet feminine beauty of Dora ; but above all the marvellous impression of glowing nature, ardent love, and yet most chaste self-oblivion in the exquisite female figure, in which complete surrender, and yet all the tenderness of maiden modesty were marvellously combined.

"Do you like it?" asked Kaulbach, coming to the spot where we stood. Did we like it ?

Suddenly the artist stooped, and bent his head so close to that of my neighbour, looking at her so fixedly, that I felt the reflected glow of the colour that rushed into her cheeks and spread up to the very roots of her hair. She was a young countrywoman of my own, and I felt for her as I saw the painful blush spread and deepen. Still Kaulbach held his head close to hers, stooping slightly, his piercing eyes looking at her with a scrutinising, but quite unfathomable gaze. Then, slowly dropping them an inch or two lower, he said, as though in reference to her brooch, "That is very pretty ! Is it not a Murillo ?"

"Yes, a copy I believe of some famous Madonna and Child in the Florentine Gallery," she answered, much relieved.

"Ah, very pretty ! but I did not mean the Murillo," he said *sotto voce*, as she moved away. "That is just the face I have been looking for ; I cannot finish my great picture without it. It is not

that the face is beautiful, or even handsome, or pretty, but it is the face I want." This was said in a low voice to Baron P——.

"Ask my cousin, and I am sure she will sit to you," he replied, "and will feel deeply honoured ; it is not every day that a Kaulbach finds a face to his fancy."

The artist smiled and bowed. "No," he said ; "the lady has just told me that she will be beyond the Alps to-morrow ; it is useless to make the request."

Then we took our leave, and with many thanks quitted the presence of the great artist.

"To think," said Pamela some months afterwards, when we recognised, or thought we recognised, in the figure of Eleonora d'Este the majestic presence of the Princess of Hohenlohe, "to think that I, too, might have had my portrait painted by Kaulbach."


"But not linked in memory with Torquato Tasso !"

"Who cares for Tasso ?"

"Well, it is too late to think of it now. You should not have gone over the Alps, my dear."

But Pamela could only shake her head in speechless regret. "Oh the pity of it, the pity of it."

A DAY'S DEER-STALKING ON THE BLACK MOSS.

ET those who will, tell of the delights of salmon-fishing ; how there is an expectancy in every cast, a novelty in every form that your fly takes as it lightly falls on the water, followed—alas ! but too seldom—by the welcome pull, the whirl of the reel, as the fish takes out yards and yards of line ; how the monster's struggles grow fainter and fainter, till he is at last landed by the careful “ John,” who, gaff in hand, has stood watching the exciting contest without moving a muscle of his countenance, and whose sole remark, as he takes a huge spoonful of snuff, is, “ A twanty-eight punder, and as bright as a new saxpence.” Others, too, write of the quick forty minutes over the grass country—write, as only our most popular authors can, words that make your pulses leap and your blood thrill, as it *does* only thrill to that grandest of all music—the opening burst of a pack of foxhounds.

Let me in humbler strain narrate the plain unvarnished tale of a day's deer-stalking in the highlands of Inverness—a spot round which some of my happiest memories linger—of the kind and cheery host, unsurpassed by none in jest and song when, the day's toil ended, we gather round the blazing peat, pipe in mouth, to compare notes on the day's doings, and talk of those still to come. How often have I stumbled, drenched with rain, into that hospitable lodge, cold and wearied with the long trudge home after a hard day on the hill, to be met with the anxious query of “ Blud ? ” and cheery greetings hardly to be postponed till such time as a hot bath and dry clothes had made one feel less miserable as to one's habiliments ; but not even the desire to be dry and warm once more prevented me from lingering among my friends one night in September to tell the following tale, which, as the stalking season has just ended, may not be unacceptable to some of *The Gentleman's* readers.

It was on a bitter day in this unusually fine autumn, when the long-delayed rain had at length come, that I started with Donald the stalker, and Jemmy the ghillie, for a day on the celebrated Black Moss. A brisk walk of five miles up the glen (where we saw two or three lots of deer on the ground of our afternoon beat) brought us to the spot from whence the Moss is generally spied, when, sitting down and taking out my glass, I desired my companions to go still farther

up the hill, where they could command the whole of the ground, of which I had but a partial view.

After a spy of about twenty minutes, I discovered a group of deer, and amongst them a fine stag, but at too great a distance to distinguish his points. After contemplating them for some ten minutes more, and taking my bearings, my stalker returned, but with so doleful a countenance, that it was plain that what I had observed had been overlooked by him. "What news, Donald?" I inquired. "Well, there's just not a beast on the ground," he replied. "Gently, my friend. I have one." "Indeed; and where is he?" And when I pointed in the direction, he added, "But I'm thinking that will be the beasts we put out of the glen this morning." "Not if you call yon hill part of the Black Moss," I replied. But I saw that notwithstanding our many stalks together, he did not place that confidence in my discrimination that I could have wished. Nevertheless, he took a long and sweeping survey, and again overlooked them. "Take my glass, and look one hundred yards to the right of that sheep." Watching his face, I saw it suddenly change and brighten. "You have him, Donald?" I exclaimed. "I have indeed; and a bonnie beast he is!" After a short consultation we commenced our stalk, and taking a considerable circuit, and having approached the deer within a few hundred yards, we ventured to take another look, and found that they had all risen. Another long crawl brought us within a hundred yards of them, and as we thought they were disposed to shift their ground, we determined to take the first chance; but the stag did not seem disposed to give me a fair shot. At length I fired, and to my great disgust saw him and his hinds gallop off. My heart sank into my boots, and Donald's dismay was written on his face.

I will not weary my readers with our long and tedious walk till we found our next lot of deer, which consisted of eight stags feeding by themselves on our afternoon beat. Twice in one day was I destined to see more clearly than those more accustomed to the hill; for while crawling down a wet burn in the attempt to approach them, I seized Donald by the leg, and pointed to our morning stag quietly reposing in the midst of his hinds. Here commenced our difficulties; the eight stags on the opposite hill commanding our position, the others a little lower down immediately in front of us, so that we could but wait—and wait we did for three mortal hours in as cold and wet a spot as could well have been selected; but having, as we thought, discovered that our stag was a Royal, we determined to equal the patience of Job himself. When some of the hinds began to feed

towards us our prospects brightened, to be as soon extinguished, when they composedly laid down within ten yards of us. Many a stalk have I had spoiled by a sheep, that true "curse of Scotland" in the sportsman's eyes ; many a one, too, by an old cock grouse, that

" Ill-omened bird, who from a mossy hag
Blatant did crow,
Scaring from us the noble-headed stag
Feeding below ;"

but never did I find myself in such a position as this. In about half an hour more our stag rose, but instead of feeding towards us, he moved slowly away to our right, with a hind and calf, till at length disappearing into a hollow, I proposed that we should make a rush, so as to be within shot when he again emerged. It was a desperate expedient, but such was the astonishment of our most unwelcome neighbours when we suddenly sprang to our feet, that they stood staring till we reached the spot for which we had made. We then had the satisfaction of seeing first the hind and calf, and then the stag, slowly emerge, and giving me this time a more favourable chance, the crack of the rifle was followed by the well-known "thud" which told us our patience had been at length rewarded. Cold and wet were all forgotten when, after galloping a short distance, the stag rolled over, and rushing in to despatch him, we found, not a Royal, but an Emperor, with fourteen good points.

It was now growing late, our stag having kept us well employed for six and a half hours ; I therefore suggested that we should leave Jemmy to do the honours of our departed hero, and that we should look for the deer we had put out of the glen in the morning. After a walk of a mile or more, we found them feeding below us, but the light was by this time so dim that we could not distinguish the stags from the hinds. Our only hope was to make a circuit and get below them, which we accomplished. I picked out as well as the light permitted the best stag, and as he stood for a moment on the sky-line pulled the trigger, and he fell dead on the spot. While running in without stopping to load, Donald caught sight of another, which fell to my remaining barrel (the one was of eight, the other nine points), making as satisfactory an ending to as good a day's stalking as ever fell to my lot to enjoy.

The head of the Emperor, beautifully stuffed, in company with many of his subjects, adorns the walls of my shooting-lodge, several hundred miles to the south of the hills where he reigned so long. Never shall I forget the moment when I stood within a hundred yards of the embodiment of Landseer's most glorious picture—a living "Monarch of the Glen !"

ON SOME PRAYERS AND PROMISES TO PRAY.



DURING the session of 1870 the number of public petitions presented to the House of Commons was 19,891, which (taking the working days in the session at 120) gives an average of 165 petitions per day. And that this is not a very exceptional session is shown by the fact that in 1869 the number, though not quite so large, yet exceeded 18,000.

It is the task of the members who serve on the Public Petitions' Committee to examine this enormous number of prayers and promises to pray as they come in, and to report upon them twice a week to the House, picking out from so huge a quantity of chaff any grains of wheat which they can find ; such grains being, we fear, as rare as Gratiano's reasons. For which of their sins Mr. Charles Forster and his associates have been sentenced to such penal service we know not ; but unless their offences can be proved to have been of very unusual enormity, we are inclined to think them somewhat hardly dealt with.

The reader who is accustomed to see in his daily paper the long list of petitions presented and ordered to lie on the table has probably never troubled himself to ask how long they lie there, or what ultimately becomes of them. It is, however, on these and on some cognate and similar dark questions that we undertake now to throw a little light.

But first—what is a petition, and what is not ? The House has its uncodified laws on this subject as on so many others. A complaint of wrong, a remonstrance, a protest, can only be received and be recognised as a petition on condition that it suggests and prays for a certain specific remedy. Thus the journals of the House tell us—

“*July 10, 1843.*—A Member offered a remonstrance. Mr. Speaker said, ‘That the custom was this, that whenever remonstrances were presented to the House, coupled with a prayer, they were received as petitions ; but when they were offered without a prayer, the rule was to refuse them.’ He added, ‘That there was a Standing Order, requiring that the prayer of every petition should be stated by the Member presenting it ;’ from which it is obvious that a prayer is essential to constitute a petition.”

Hence the reader understands that an averment that *the petitioner really does pray* is indispensable; but why he should also, as he always does, go the length of saying that he "will ever pray," is not apparent. There is no "standing order" which requires him to keep on to that unreasonable extent, or, indeed, interferes with his giving up whenever he is tired.

For the convenience of intending petitioners, we note here a few more of the principal regulations of the House in regard to petitions.

1. Petitions must be in the English language, or accompanied by a translation which the Member presenting it states to be correct.

Per contra, however, though Parliament will not undertake to understand any language but English, the petitioner may write that language as badly as he likes. The only penalty he pays for his freaks of spelling, or grammar, or occasional incoherency, is that his petition, if printed at all, will be printed as it stands, his peculiarities being indicated by asterisks and a foot-note,—"*Sic. in orig.*"

2. Petitions must neither be printed nor lithographed. In 1817 printed petitions to the number of 486 praying for a reform of Parliament were rejected on that account (that they *were* printed, namely), and the practice has since been rigorously adhered to.

3. They must not be interlined or erased. Members must take the compositions of their constituents as they find them, and must not attempt to polish them. Thus :

"*August 12, 1831.*—Notice being taken that there were certain erasures in a petition, and the Member who presented it being called upon by Mr. Speaker to account for the same, stated that he had made those erasures, considering the language of the petition too strong, it was 'ordered that the said petition be withdrawn.'"

4. The resolutions of the House respecting signatures are numerous, and some of them not a little curious. Thus entries occur frequently in the journals of petitions being rejected for the reason that "the said petition has not any name signed thereto." Now this seems reasonable enough; yet probably all such petitions were sent up with some hundreds of signatures. The rock on which the petitioners split was that they failed to take care that at least one signature was written upon the skin or sheet on which the petition itself was written; which omission is unpardonable.

The House puts itself, in fact, in this matter in rather an absurd position. It says authoritatively—

"Signatures to petitions purporting to be affixed 'by authority,' 'by consent,' or in any similar manner, *or signatures written on slips of paper and pasted on petitions, are not reckoned amongst the signatures.*"

Practically, however, no such regulation as this can be carried out. All petitions of any magnitude are made up of several sheets pasted together, and if the Committee adhered to their rule they would count only those on the first sheet. But all are counted alike. Even in the case of those monster petitions which are so unwieldy that it is impossible to keep them in the form of one single roll, no objection is taken to their being presented, if needs be, in half a dozen rolls; none but the first having any petition whatever at the head of it, or being, in fact, anything but a collection of autographs which might have been got together for any purpose under the sun.

The compromise which the Committee seem to have come to therefore is that they will accept any number of signatures on loose or pasted sheets, provided they have one or two written first on the petition itself—not otherwise.

There are some suggestions and improvements so very obvious and simple that one can never hope to see them adopted, otherwise one would have expected the House to have long since reversed its standing order, and declared that all petitions (with the exception perhaps of those from private persons in respect of personal grievances) *shall* be printed, and that the text of the petition shall stand at the head of every sheet of signatures, the whole being arranged not papyrus fashion but book fashion.

Two other resolutions of the House, of ancient date, go more nearly to the root of this matter of signatures, and run thus—

“*November 14, 1689.*—Resolved, That all petitions presented to this House ought to be signed by the petitioners with their own hands, by their names, or marks.”

“*June 2, 1774.*—Resolved, That it is highly unwarrantable, and a Breach of the Privilege of this House, for any person to set the name of any other person to any petition to be presented to this House.”

These resolutions open up the great question of forgery, about which we shall have something to say by and by.

5. A petition must not have any letter, affidavit, or other document attached to it.

6. It may not allude to debates in either House of Parliament.

7. It must be respectful, and temperate, and free from offensive imputations upon the character or conduct of Parliament or the Courts of Justice.

Some petitioners show their respect for Parliament by beautifully illuminating their petitions, and by adorning them with eagles, swans, angels blowing trumpets, and similar caligraphic elegancies. These painful labours are, however, not necessary, and it is doubtful if they

are regarded by the Legislature with that respectful admiration which the artist anticipates.

Some put their trust in parchment, believing, doubtless, that no material of less toughness would stand the wear and tear to which their petitions must be subject in passing from member to member and being carefully perused from day to day. But this too is vanity.

No petitioner need be afraid to exercise whatever economy he thinks fit, either in stationery or penmanship. The House does not regard cheapness or slovenliness as disrespectful.

For example, amongst petitions presented this year we have examined one that was handed in by Mr. Whalley, on March 17, and is certified by his respectable autograph. It is signed by a Wesleyan minister on behalf of a meeting held at New England—wherever that may be. Its prayer is that education may be free and unsectarian; and this prayer finds utterance in a very illegible handwriting on the back of a very flimsy printed hand-bill announcing a lecture in the Wesleyan Chapel, New England, by Mr. G. Goodwin, of Peterborough, called “An Evening with the Puritans.” Whether there was a design of serving Mr. Goodwin by bringing him thus indirectly before the notice of Parliament, we cannot say; but there would appear to be nothing to prevent any one from petitioning in lead pencil on the back of a play-bill, or on his disused paper collar. And doubtless Mr. Whalley would present such documents if the forms of the House were otherwise complied with.

Having thus indicated to the reader on what conditions he may petition, we can do him no greater kindness than in adding the time-honoured advice of Mr. Punch, namely, that he abstain.

Many people do not abstain, however. It may be worth while, therefore, to mention briefly what becomes of petitions after they leave the petitioners’ hands.

First,—the presenting Member signs his name on the back (or is supposed to sign it), as a sort of guarantee of good faith. In point of fact, his name is as often as not written on it by somebody else.

Then at the proper time he “presents it at the table” of the House, and is authorised then and there to make a statement of the parties from whom the petition comes, the number of signatures attached to it, and the material allegations contained in it, and to read the prayer of the petition itself. Inasmuch, however, if Members availed themselves of this right no other business could possibly be transacted, the ceremony of presentation has by common consent resolved itself into this: The Member walks up with his petition or bundle of petitions to the table, but instead of putting his burthen

on it, he shoves it into a big bag that is conveniently placed for its reception, and then walks back to his seat without a word. It is only in exceptional cases that any greater formality is used than this. When the bag is full it is removed by an official of the House, and an empty bag put in its place. After which (it will be satisfactory to the petitioner to know that) provision has been made by Parliament that all petitions shall be folded into a uniform shape, suitably endorsed, tied up in bundles of one hundred, deposited in the Journal Office of the House, and subsequently scheduled. What more could any body wish?

Mr. Forster and his friends have reason to wish that nothing more was counted necessary. But, before the scheduling stage is reached, the Committee have to hold their inquests; and it is on the result of their labours, as embodied in some thirty reports per session, with copious appendices, summaries, classifications, indexes, &c., that our article is mainly based.

The petitions presented on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, are examined by the Committee on Thursday, and the report on them is published on the Saturday following. Petitions presented on Thursday and Friday are examined by the Committee on the Monday, and the report on them is published on the Wednesday following.

The Committee print, in appendices, all petitions which are worth printing, and a great number which are not. An abstract is given of such as are not printed *in extenso*, and marks are placed in the reports against all such as are similar to any that have been printed. In each report the number of petitions and signatures on each subject is brought forward, and the current petitions and signatures are added to them, and the totals given. Finally, this patriotic and devoted Committee declare that "all petitions are carefully read, and compared with others that have gone before,"—which we will hope is not strictly true.*

We dare not ask what would be the effect upon our own mind of reading 876 petitions praying us to nominate a select committee to inquire into monastic and conventual establishments, and 985 petitions praying us quite as earnestly not to do so; of reading 182

* We may as well note here what ultimately becomes of the documents. They are kept from session to session, to the dissolution of each Parliament, then destroyed; so that if a Parliament is moderately long-lived it may accumulate among its treasures upwards of a hundred thousand petitions. And this refers to the House of Commons alone. The House of Lords has its own private treasure trove; of which we know nothing.

petitions in favour of marrying deceased wives' sisters, and 67 against ; of varying these with reading prayers to remove Colney turnpike gate, to take into our serious consideration the law of hypothec, to protect land birds and sea birds, to inquire into the system of telegraphy invented by Mr. Charles Griffin, to repeal the Contagious Diseases Acts, to extend the Contagious Diseases Acts, to right the wrongs of the Nawab of Jangeera and Jaffrabad. But if we had read all these we should not have done a hundredth part of that which is appointed as the task of the Public Petitions Committee in every session.

It is only natural to ask in regard to such exhaustive labours, *Cui bono?* To what does it all tend? Do all these petitions teach us anything we did not know before ; or do they darken knowledge? What influence have they or ought they to have on the course of legislature?

For example, the Education Bill of the past session has been the means of drawing upon the House of Commons no fewer than 7,347 petitions signed (or professing to be signed) by about 800,000 people, praying for all manner of contradictory things. Had Parliament one ray of light from these as to the real feeling of England on the great Education question which it would not have equally had without a petition at all? There is no scheme and no shade of opinion on this question whose advocates have not been able to produce petitions by hundreds and signatures by thousands ; hundreds of petitions praying for alteration of the bill in the way of extending denominationalism ; hundreds praying for alteration in the contrary direction ; hundreds praying that denominationalism may be left as it is. What can the Committee do but reckon up the signatures, count the petitions, make lists of them, and arrange them as they do in neat tabular statements? And of what use are the lists and the tabular statements when made? What can or ought Parliament to do in such a case but go its own way, regardless of all the petitioners alike?

Take again the subject of the Contagious Diseases Acts. It is a very nasty subject, which is being worked in a very nasty way by a certain organisation ; and it has contributed to Parliament during the present session 817 petitions for the repeal of the existing acts, purporting to be signed by 590,338 people. On the other side there are only three petitions against repeal, signed by 187 people. Does even the most earnest opponent of the Acts pretend that public feeling on the subject is in anything like the same proportion, for and against repeal, as are the petitions?

We examined in the Journal Office of the House of Commons, by

the friendly furtherance of the officers of the House, one petition on each side of this question. From the 817 praying for repeal we took one from the town of Birmingham, presented by Mr. Geo. Dixon, to which were appended 2,584 names—we would have said 2,584 signatures if we could, but on looking through it it was very evident that a large proportion of them were not signatures, but only pretended to be. They came in groups of four, or five, or six; such groups evidently representing the several members of a family or household, and being palpably all in one handwriting. Had the rule of the House been enforced, this petition would have been rejected. The question which we should like to ask about it is, How many of the names appended to it are those of young children? How many are those of people who really know anything at all about the Contagious Diseases Acts beyond what was told them by the society's agent who waited on them for their signatures?

Against repeal there have been, as we said, only three petitions presented during the session, and that one of the three which we examined was headed, "The Humble Petition of the Undersigned Fallen Women within the Borough of Portsmouth," and bore the signatures of 177 of the sinning sisterhood. It spoke to their having unfortunately stood within the provisions of the Acts, and been subject to the treatment therein provided; in respect of which they offered not complaints but thanks, as for a compulsion which they had found a blessing; for which reason they say—

"Your petitioners humbly pray your honourable House that the Acts may not be repealed, but that increased facilities may be afforded for extending the benefits of refuges for women of an unfortunate class."

Everything about this petition indicated its genuineness. Moreover, every Emily, and Mary, and Julia amongst the petitioners did at any rate understand the subject she was petitioning about. And we confess that, however monstrous it may seem, we thought every signature of these poor, forlorn, outcast sinners was of more value than ninety-nine or even a whole hundred signatures of just persons who knew no sin, and consequently knew nothing of what they were praying for.

Then there is the "Permissive Prohibitory Liquor Bill," about which many well-meaning people are, and have been for some time past, greatly exercised. Last year they sent up to Parliament 3,867 petitions in favour of the bill. This session they have sent up a further contribution of 1,512, and boast that they have altogether collected upwards of a million signatures; while, against the bill

there have been presented only 38 petitions in all, signed by a paltry 15,000 people. We say nothing about the wisdom or unwisdom of the measure they propose; but when they ask us, and ask the legislature, to accept their million signatures (unvouched, unwitnessed, in any way) as proof that the country is on their side, we say that it is merely proof of their own industry, of the energy of their touts, of the strength of their pecuniary resources. A million have signed. That certainly is very creditable to the organisation which has induced them to do so. The remaining twenty-five millions, or whatever the number may now be, it would appear have not signed. It is not denied that Mrs. Partington mopped up some portion of the Atlantic Ocean. But she on her side must admit that the main body of the water escaped her.

Again, there is the bill for Marriage with a Deceased Wife's Sister. The Petitions Committee might be pardoned a prayer on their own account that the sisters of deceased wives might be promptly immolated, as a short way of removing the causes of the existing difficulty. Last year the opponents of the bill sent in 210 petitions, humbly showing that its supporters were incestuous, lawless, and godless. The supporters of the bill lodged 208 petitions (only two short of the other side), humbly showing that the opponents of the measure were sanctimonious hypocrites. This year the petitions in favour are 182, while there are only 67 against. The petitions in favour are, however, always much more numerously signed than those against; the one side having collected in the two sessions about 38,000 signatures, while the other side has only got 3,500. The petitions on both sides may be described, to adopt the auctioneer's famous description of his works of art, as curious examples of "bigotry and virtue." We hope, for the Committee's sake, that the supply is nearly exhausted.

The British Museum is another very fertile seed-plot. The mere list of petitions presented last session against its being opened on Sundays occupies some twelve columns folio of small print in the index to the Committee's report. And the list is a very curious one. Beginning with Aberdeen and ending with Yarmouth, it takes in all the letters of the alphabet, and all the counties of the island. Birmingham sends eighteen petitions, Exeter eight, Glasgow twenty-one, Liverpool contents itself with six, and Manchester with only one. All these towns, together with Stow-on-the-Wold, and other places of importance, no doubt consider themselves to have a certain proprietary right in the stuffed monkeys, and, being themselves a long way from Bloomsbury, feel it easy to abstain from looking at their

treasures, and pleasant to put a safe-guard in the way of those whose consciences are less tender than their own. But in what way does the "Association for Promoting the General Welfare of the Blind" find itself aggrieved by the proposal? It would not surely put their clients at any greater disadvantage. In what manner do the "Aged Pilgrim Friends' Society" find themselves threatened? What obstacle is it that the "Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews" thinks would be put in its way by opening the museum on Sundays? All these and others, to the number of 826 petitions, are in the list, and the number of signatures appended is 150,973. The number of petitions on the other side is 128, with 62,459 signatures. And it is noticeable that while the congregation of every country chapel seems to have taken the alarm, and constituted itself forthwith one of the keepers of the conscience of London, praying that London may not be allowed to go to perdition *viâ* Bloomsbury, the petitions in favour of Sunday opening proceed, with scarcely any exceptions, from London itself, from the people who have a real and personal interest in the question, who set some value on the privilege for which they ask, and who think they may be trusted out of leading-strings. There are thirty-eight petitions from those who, despairing perhaps of attaining Sunday opening, ask only that the museum be open on three evenings in the week.

We notice also one other petition which seems to hit the right nail on the head, and go to the root of this matter very shrewdly. It is a petition praying that Parliament will be pleased "to reject all country petitions against opening on Sundays." If this not unreasonable prayer were favourably heard, the numbers *pro* and *con* would be very different from those now shown in the summary.

These are but a few of the subjects which stand out most conspicuously in the Committee's reports. To indicate with any sort of fulness the wonderful variety of things which people pray for would require a volume instead of a magazine article. We, however, note here, without comment, the number of the petitions which have been presented during the past session on some other subjects of general interest :—

	In Favour.	Against.
Women's Disabilities Bill. (To confer the elective franchise on women)	441	—
Monastic and Conventual Establishments. (Nomination of Select Committee)	985	876
Post Office. (For alteration as to Sunday labour)	732	—
Intoxicating Liquors. (To prohibit their sale on Sunday)	1,152	26
Vaccination Acts. (For repeal)	189	—
Married Women's Property Bill. (To amend the laws)	216	34

Of course every session has its special subject or subjects. This year it has been, as we have noticed, Education. Last year it was the Irish Church. The bill which became law last year was the excuse for sending to Parliament 138 petitions in its favour. The petitions which were presented *in opposition* to the measure, and prophesied all manner of evil if it were passed, reached the enormous number of 2,972. Does anybody think that the same people would now get up and sign an equal number of petitions to *repeal* the Irish Church Bill?

One pleasant item we note as indicating that people do sometimes pray aright. Last session there were 73 petitions in favour of the "Sea Birds Preservation Bill," and only 2 against it. This year the movement is begun in favour of "Land Birds;" but as yet counts only one petition,—namely, from the town of Hull. This, however, is a subject of which we shall probably hear more. Hull has the honour of being pioneer, but will not long stand alone.

When we first looked at this subject, we were not without hope of being able, by investigating the record of past petitioning, to educe, as observers have educed a law of storms, some sort of law of petitions—the two subjects being indeed not altogether dissimilar. Those questions, for example, which give rise to only a few petitions, moderately worded, and not always numerously signed, are the questions for the most part on which the petitioners best deserve attention. These moderate entreaties stand for the gentle, wholesome breezes to which an attentive mariner sets his sails. But when petitions pour in by thousands, and are signed by hundreds of thousands—when the petitioners rage furiously against men and measures—then the wise pilot takes in sail and lets the storm blow itself out. And as there is no calm like that which usually follows a great storm, so there is no neglect and forgetfulness so complete as that which usually overtakes a subject which has produced an immoderate growth of petitions. Further than this it does not seem wise to pursue the analogy.

A violent storm *may* of course drive a ship into port. And in like manner the very noisiest clamour of petitions may sometimes be a clamour for what is right. But both these cases are exceptional. Storms usually drive to destruction. And where clamour is very loud experience would seem to indicate that it is a clamour for something which ought not to be granted.

How do these clamours arise? Are they *ever* spontaneous and genuine? How far is the prevailing system of getting up monster petitions by paid agents legitimate and rational? Who are the

people who sign these petitions, and under what circumstances do they sign?

The writer of this paper cannot remember that he has ever signed more than one petition to Parliament. His excuse for signing that one is that he was very young, and had not the least idea what it was about, having indeed been caught at the door of a place of worship, and instructed so to sign along with other small boys, and old women of both sexes. But some people must surely sign a great number, and on a great diversity of subjects. Is it really that they feel their woes to be intolerable; or do they receive any modest pecuniary compensation?

Some very curious evidence came out before a Select Committee in 1865, illustrative of the way in which signatures are collected, and the way in which the collectors are sometimes paid.

There was an Indian prince at that time who had a grievance against the British Government—as indeed there always is an Indian prince in that predicament. This one was called “Azeem Jah, Nawab of the Carnatic.” He claimed £116,000 per annum, and the Government had only allowed him £15,000 per annum. Whether he was treated too ill or too well we know not. The remarkable circumstance which we here notice is, that though the people of this country are usually but slenderly informed about Indian princes and their histories, there burst forth at once from all parts of Britain indications of the most intimate acquaintance with the wrongs of this particular Nawab, and most earnest prayers that they should be righted. So prayed all the great towns—Birmingham, Manchester, Leeds, Hull, Halifax, Nottingham, Edinburgh, and a dozen others. So prayed a great number of little towns—Romford, in Essex; Woodbridge, in Suffolk; Great Munden, in Hertfordshire; Wrexham, in Denbigh; and many more. So prayed the City of London in three petitions, the City of Westminster in four, and all the metropolitan boroughs and parishes separately, to the number of upwards of a score. It seemed highly creditable to the national sense of right and justice.

A Sadducee of the Journal Office, however, not believing in this sudden access of virtue, looked curiously at some of the petitions, and was much struck with the strong family likeness they had to each other. A select committee was appointed to examine them, and this unbeliever gave evidence thus:—

“I opened the petitions and examined them, and I suspected from the appearance of the signatures that they were fictitious or forged. I saw the names of civil engineers, architects, clergymen, and other people residing in the neighbour-

hood of the Houses of Parliament ; and I thought it was rather odd that they should sign the petition, because it does not relate to a subject which excites very general interest. I thought it strange that there should be such unanimity on such a subject. Then I found that about every sixth signature to this petition was written in blue ink, and I thought that was rather curious, because it was in a peculiar handwriting, and the signatures in blue ink appeared to me to be in the same handwriting."

The Committee called before them many gentlemen whose names were affixed to the petitions, and they said they had not signed them, or given any one authority to sign for them—that in fact they knew nothing whatever about Azeem Jah. Thereupon the Committee called in the eminent Mr. Netherclift (reckoned the most cunning judge of handwritings of the day). And his opinion, after examination of nineteen of the petitions, was that they were for the most part the work of a Mr. George Morris Mitchell, an agent who had been employed to collect signatures, and of one or two others, his assistants. He supported this opinion by many minute and technical reasons ; instancing the uniformity of certain capital letters, small letters, and finals, and said in evidence :—

"My conscientious and unprejudiced opinion is that the said George M. Mitchell has, by disguise and otherwise, written hundreds of the signatures to the several petitions. . . . I would call particular attention to the Christian name 'George,' of which there are numerous examples, throughout the petitions. The identification is most remarkable. It is an observable fact also that immediately after a sloping or running-hand signature, follows one written uprightly, or inclining the reverse way. This occurs over and over again. I can point out numerous instances. I believe that about three different hands were employed on these petitions, making, of course, some allowance for many of these signatures being genuine ; that is to say, the handwritings of the parties they purport to be. . . . I think from the experience I have gained in examining these petitions that I am fairly within compass when I say that at least a third of these signatures were written by the said George M. Mitchell. Of one or two of the petitions I should say that he wrote half the signatures to them ; but taking the whole I should think he wrote about one third of them. It appears to me that a number of pens were kept in requisition for the operation of fabricating these signatures ; steel pens and quill pens, coarse and fine, for black ink, and the same for blue ink, to produce contrast. Three or four hands at work with these materials could easily manufacture thousands of signatures."

These strong opinions of Mr. Netherclift were confirmed by much evidence, direct and indirect. It appeared that the Nawab's principal agent was a gentleman bearing the name of Modelliar (a somewhat inauspicious name, especially when the exigencies of printing stick a hyphen in the middle of it), and that the agent's agent was a solicitor of the name of Strutt, who, in 1851, had been found guilty of forging signatures to an Aylesbury election petition, and expressed

his contrition (for being found out) at the bar of the House of Commons. Also that Mr. Strutt had paid Mr. George M. Mitchell for his assistance at the rate of one penny per signature, which accounted quite philosophically for Mr. Mitchell's industry. Mr. Strutt himself, however, was not paid by Mr. Modelliar at any fixed rate per signature, but only at a fixed rate per petition. This came out in cross-examination of Mr. P. Marshall, one of Mitchell's assistants, by Mitchell himself, thus :—

MITCHELL : “Now will you tell the Committee what petitions were divided into two—some were divided into two and some into three?”

MARSHALL : “The Pimlico petition, the Westminster petition, the City petition, and the Hackney petition, I know were, and I think some more, but I will not be certain. I know these were divided, some into two, and some into three. Mr. Strutt said that he was paid four guineas for getting up each petition, and if the names on each petition even exceeded a thousand that he should not get anything more out of them, and he wanted them divided so that he might make more money.”

MITCHELL : “Mr. Strutt stated that to you?”

MARSHALL : “He stated that to me on more than one occasion.”

“They were divided?”

“They were divided at his request.”

“So that if a petition had 1,000 names to it he received twelve guineas instead of four guineas?”

“Yes, provided it was divided into three, or if divided into two, he would have eight guineas.”

And thus we arrive at a very sufficient explanation of the large number of petitions on behalf of Azeem Jah which emanated from the metropolis. Mr. Strutt estimated the total number which had been got up in the kingdom at 120, of which he thought from fifty to sixty had been got up through his own agency.

The end of the business was, that Messrs. Mitchell and assistants were committed to the custody of the Serjeant-at-Arms for breach of privilege of the House, and afterwards discharged, as Sir William Fraser complained, with a few complimentary remarks. Mr. Strutt escaped the Serjeant-at-Arms on this occasion, but neither does it appear that he got any complimentary remarks.

On the whole it is to be supposed that Azeem Jah took little by his petitions.

Intending petitioners may, however, find much encouragement in reading these reports, as they will see with how much ease they may get their petitions presented. This evidence, for example, is interesting :—

“Mr. John Marshall called in and examined.

CHAIRMAN : "What is your position in the House of Commons?"—"Messenger in the Journal Office."

"Mitchell sent you some petitions?"—"Yes."

"How many did he send?"—"A man came down to the Journal Office with a bundle of petitions in his hand—"

"A consignment of petitions?"—"Yes."

"About how many?"—"About a dozen."

"Did he say who he came from?"—"He said he came from Mitchell, and he brought a note."

The witness takes the bearer of the petitions to the Superintendent of the Members' Waiting-room. This official is himself examined before the Committee, and hands in the following note, addressed to himself by Mitchell, with the consignment of petitions :—

"134, Fenchurch-street, E.C.,

"13th March, 1865.

"DEAR SIR,—

"Will you be pleased to let the accompanying petitions be given to the Members for presentation to-night; it is at their request they should be left; and be pleased to get rid of them all, if possible, to-day, as the Azeem Jah case stands for to-morrow. You will much oblige,

"Yours, &c.,

"Mr. Cove."

"GEO. M. MITCHELL.

And in due course the petitions are "got rid of," as requested.

The honourable G. W. Leslie, M.P., speaks to still less formality being necessary when petitions are presented through him. His evidence runs thus :—

CHAIRMAN : Did you present any petitions to the House relating to the claims of Azeem Jah?"—"I presented a petition from Pimlico."

"Can you state from whom you received that petition?"—"It was given to me by the messenger of the cloak-room."

"Did you receive any letter asking you to present that petition?"—"No."

"It was handed to you by the messenger in the cloak-room, and you presented it?"—"Yes."

"You do not know from your own knowledge whether the signatures are authentic or not?"—"No, I do not."

"Can you assign any reason for that petition being sent to you?"—"No, I cannot. It was addressed, 'Mr. W. Leslie,' outside."

The reader will probably have no difficulty in assigning a reason why petitions should in future *not* be sent to the honourable member.

Neither, as we imagine, ought there to be any difficulty in assigning reasons why the present rules and practice of Parliament, in regard to public petitions, should be considerably modified, and the "right of petition" subjected to a few wholesome restrictions.

Might it not be practicable, for instance, to provide that all petitions should distinguish voters from non-voters; men from

women, and children from both. That signatures should in every case be accompanied by the address, and profession, or description of the person signing. That some security should be had for the petitioner having read the petition, or had it read to him. That we should know which petitions are got up by paid agents and which are not. That Members presenting petitions should take some steps to ascertain their genuineness, and should, except for very cogent reasons, decline to present any petitions from other constituencies than their own.

A few simple changes like these would surely tend to mitigate some of the crying evils of the present system, and render it more difficult to obtain by clamour that which sound statesmanship refuses.

As for the "right of petition" itself, we presume to lay no rash hand on it. It is notoriously one of our chief palladia, and what would happen to the country if it were taken away we have not the least idea. But as regards the 19,891 petitions of the present session, we may ask, without offence, might not England have been saved by means of a somewhat smaller number? Is not the right used somewhat lavishly? Is there not some indication of its becoming a public nuisance?

ROBERT HUDSON.



HONITON LACE.



FEW people need reminding for what Honiton is famous, as they are whirled through its delightful valley, which so strongly impresses the traveller who here first makes acquaintance with the varied scenery of Devon. Westcote (who died in 1674), after a somewhat fanciful derivation of its name from "Honey Town," quaintly tells us that "here is made abundance of bone lace, a pretty toy now greatly in request, and therefore the town may say with merry Martial—

“ ‘ Ille ego sum nulli nugarum laude secundus.’ ”

“ ‘ In praise for toys such as this
Honiton to none second is.’ ”

There was a brisk trade for this lace in Charles the First's time ; the town was noted also for woollen manufactures. In the coaching days Honiton was more flourishing than at present ; steam has much injured it as well as its staple commodity, by the introduction of machine-made bobbin-net lace. Lacemaking, however, is not confined to Honiton, but extends over a large triangular district of south-east Devon, from the little village of Seaton at the mouth of the Axe river along the coast by Beer, Branscombe, Salcombe, Sidmouth, and Otterton to Exmouth, including most of the villages between Honiton and the sea, and especially the town of Ottery St. Mary. It even reached to Lyme Regis in Dorset, where at the end of last century lace was made as high as four or five guineas a yard, which rivalled Brussels in estimation : "a splendid lace dress for the late lamented Queen Charlotte was fabricated at Lyme," says its historian, "which gave great satisfaction at Court."

We purpose to supplement our personal knowledge of the manufacture of Honiton lace by some of the lore connected with it contained in Mrs. Bury Palliser's admirable "History of Lace," a book which is simply indispensable to all who are curious on the dainty productions of which it treats.

The usual type of Honiton lace consists of sprigs made separately, like Brussels lace, on a pillow, and then *appliquéd* or sewn on to a net ground. In the last century this was a plain pillow-ground made of the finest Antwerp thread, which in 1790 cost £70 per pound,

though even more has been given for it. Eighteen shillings a yard, scarce two inches in width, was paid for this ground. The ordinary way of paying for veils of this fabric was (as jewellers now weigh sovereigns against gold chains) by spreading shillings over them, and giving as many as covered the lace. The last specimen of this "real" ground made in Devon was the marriage veil of the late Mrs. Marwood Tucker, about forty-five years ago. It was with the greatest difficulty that workers were procured to make it, and the ground of it alone, which resembled a series of small circular loops alternating with straight threads, cost thirty guineas. At present the sprigs are generally sewn, as they are completed by the workwomen, on blue paper, and then united by another hand, either on the pillow by "cutworks" or "purling," or else joined with the needle by various stitches. The patterns of these sprigs are in the first place pricked with needles on a kind of shining brown millboard known as "parchment paper," by women, who often devote themselves exclusively to this branch of the business. Among the commonest sights of a fine summer evening in East Devon are the lacemakers, each seated at her door, with their lace-pillows (which resemble thick circular pads) on their laps, and the small children around them on their little stools, all busily occupied in making these sprigs, whether "turkey-tails," "blackberries," or "stars." Similarly in winter the steady "click, click, click," of their pins proceeds from every cottage, just as in a Nottinghamshire village is heard the incessant jar and rattle of the stockingers' frames. Virgil's words will complete the picture—

"Interea longum cantu solata laborem
Arguto conjux percurrit pectine telas."

Let us first see how Honiton obtained the manufacture for which it is so famed. As with silk-weaving and blanket-making, so Honiton lacemaking was introduced into England by the Flemish refugees from Alva's tyranny in the sixteenth century. The delicate fabric whose secret they brought with them was called in England at first *passamayne*, or *bone lace*, because, says Fuller, sheep's trotters were used in making it instead of wooden bobbins, which had not at that time been invented. The Devon lacemakers, on the contrary, say from tradition, that when these refugees taught lacemaking in their county, pins, which were so indispensable to their craft, were too dear for general use, so their place was supplied by the bones of fish cut into proper lengths. Even in those days the lacemakers were mostly the wives of fishermen living along the coast, and they naturally betook themselves to what lay closest at hand, in preference to using pins,

which, by a statute of 35 Henry VIII., were not to be sold at more than six shillings and eightpence per thousand, and so might be thought to have been within the reach of their purses. At the present day pins made from chicken bones are employed in Spain, and in Portugal also bone pins are used. The curious bone pins and skewers frequently disinterred from pre-historic barrows (as in Mr. Laing's recent researches in Caithness) can hardly prove, we fear, that our brachycephalic ancestors decked their damsels in lace, except to advocates of De Maistre's theory of a buried civilisation. However this may be, Shakespeare, who forgot no feature of English life, (unless it be smoking, to which habit his plays contain no allusion), speaks of

"The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,
And the free maids that weave their threads with bone."

The primitive bone pins of their forefathers were in use in Devon until a recent period, and, curiously reversing the process of their introduction, were only renounced in favour of boxwood ones on account of their costliness. Bone lace quickly became fashionable. Among the New Year's gifts presented to Queen Elizabeth in one year of her reign, we find "a petticoat of cloth of gold, stayned black and white, with a bone-lace of gold and spangles, like the wayves of the sea." An old inventory of a shop at Darlington contains an entry, "Herring-bone lace, value 504d."

Flemish lace was formerly manufactured in England over a much larger area than at present. From Cambridge and the adjacent shires of Northampton and Herts, by Bucks, Beds, and Oxfordshire, lace-making spread to the southern and western counties, Wilts, Hants, Somerset, and Devon. It even reached Launceston. Beyond this regular track a kindred sort of lace was made at Swansea, and a few more places in Wales, and again at Ripon, but in all probability these were relics of conventual times, when embroidery and lacemaking occupied the one sex as exclusively as illuminating and transcribing MSS. did the other. At present the trade is mainly carried on over the greater parts of Beds and Northamptonshire, and in parts of Oxfordshire and Bucks. Government elicited a good deal of information on lacemaking by the Commission on the Employment of Children in Manufactures, which is to be found in their published report. The number of persons employed in the entire lace-manufacture of the Kingdom is estimated at 150,000, and in these four counties at 25,000. The business is taught to children at lace-schools, which are for the most part managed with harshness and oppression. In Beds these

schools are far more considerable than those in Devon. Four or five are often found in the same village, which contain from twenty to thirty children each. They are now inspected by Government. Katherine of Arragon, when in retirement at Ampthill, took much interest in lacemaking, and taught many of the women there the art of producing it. Her memory is still gratefully cherished by the Bedfordshire lacemakers. On "Cattern Day" (St. Katherine's, 25th Nov.) they hold merry-makings and eat cakes called "Cattern cakes" in her honour, alleging from tradition that the queen, when the trade was dull, provided a wholesome stimulus by burning all her lace, and ordering her ladies to do the same. In Bucks, Olney—Cowper's Olney—is a special seat of the manufacture; since 1851 it has been noted for its black lace. The trade has now passed away from Wilts and Dorset, save that at Charmouth, a coast village near the Devon frontier, a few workers remain. We have already stated that Lyme Regis, which in the last century rivalled in its point laces Honiton and Blandford, has now quite lost the art. It could produce no workers to fabricate the marriage lace of the present Queen.

Passing more particularly to Honiton lace *par excellence*, it is curious to find that, although the manufacture came from Holland, the name of one of the earliest English lacemakers which has been discovered (about 1561) is a Mrs. Minifie, which is a pure Devon name. In the Honiton registers, however, towards the end of the sixteenth century there appear various patronymics of undoubted Flemish origin, many of which still flourish in the place. Some of these are Burd, Genest, Raymunds, Brock, Couch, Gerard, Spiller, Murch, Stocker, Maynard, Trump, and Groot. We can testify to their occurrence also at Colyton and Ottery St. Mary, which are both of them great seats of the manufacture at present. The trade remains for several generations in some families; thus an old lacemaker was discovered at Honiton, whose "turn," or wheel for winding cotton, had the date 1678 rudely carved on its foot. It is worth mentioning in connection with winding cotton that Devon was formerly famous for its spinning. "As fine as Kerton (Crediton) spinning," is a proverb in the county; it is upon record that 140 threads of woollen yarn spun in that town were drawn through the eye of a tailor's needle which was long exhibited there. Several of the early lacemakers, as was customary in so many other trades in those charitable days, left money to be annually distributed amongst the poor. The inscription over the body of James Rodge in Honiton Churchyard will illustrate this—

"Here lieth ye Body of James Rodge, of Honiton, in ye County of Devonshire, Bone lace seller, who hath given unto the poor of Honiton P'ishe

the benyfitte of £100 for ever, who deceased ye 27 July, A.D. 1617, ætatis sue 50. Remembe the Poore."

The lace of this James Rodge and his contemporaries consists of large flowing guipure patterns.

Although Honiton lace was very celebrated in old days, it is curious that the only examples which Mrs. Palliser could find in Devon of lace-adorned figures, either in painting or sculpture, were the monuments of Bishop Stafford (1398) and Lady Doddridge in Exeter Cathedral, and of Lady Pole in Colyton Church. This latter village has always been renowned for its lace; Churchill's dragoons, during the suppression of Monmouth's rebellion, are said to have stolen from one shop there lace to the amount of £325 17s. 9d. Like all trades, Honiton lacemaking is subject to depression. It received its first check about the beginning of the American War, 1778, when the caprices of taste in George the Third's reign diverted ladies' attention to foreign lace. To remedy this the Society of the Anti-Gallicans was founded, which distributed prizes for bone and point lace of native manufacture, and proved most beneficial to the lace trade. But the invention of machinery for lacemaking was the greatest blow administered to the genuine hand-made fabric. Mr. Heathcoat in 1809, after his machinery at Loughborough had been destroyed by the Luddites, established a factory at Tiverton for *bobbin* lace (so called because made of coarse thread by means of long bobbins) greatly to the injury of the pillow-made lace for the next twenty years. The lacemakers have employed 2,400 hands in the town and neighbourhood of Honiton (writes Lysons), but now, 1822, not above 300 are employed. It was at this period that the debased sprigs, called by the workers "turkeys' tails," "frying pans," "bullocks' hearts," and so forth, were introduced into Honiton lace, instead of the beautiful leaves and flowers copied from nature, which had hitherto distinguished it. It is difficult to induce the Devonshire workwomen even now to forego their prejudices in favour of these conventional sprigs. Mrs. Palliser tried in vain to provide some families with new patterns of roses and leaves, instead of the old senseless "Duchess of Kents," "Brunswicks," or "snowballs," which so extensively prevail.

It has been already stated that Honiton lace, like Trolly lace—which differs from it, however, in being composed of coarse thread—is made on a pillow by the aid of boxwood pins. These are often curiously marked with names or initials branded upon them. "These bone or wood bobbins," says Mrs. Palliser, "some ornamented with glass beads, the more ancient with silver let in, are the calendar of a lace-

maker's life." A romance frequently lives in each pin ; this one being stamped with a lover's name who presented it perhaps long years ago, this one bearing a grandmother's maiden name, another showing by its stamps that it has descended from two or three generations, and so on. In the sedentary, uneventful life of a lacemaker it is touching to note these cherished evidences of romance and sentiment.

The picturesque village of Beer, near the chalk headland of the same name, so famous of old for smugglers, is now celebrated for its exquisite Honiton lace. Here the Queen's wedding dress was made, at a cost of £1,000 ; it is composed of Honiton sprigs connected on the pillow by a variety of open-work stitches. The Princess Royal, Princess Alice, and Princess of Wales also wore wedding dresses of Honiton point made at Beer and the neighbourhood. Capital workmanship in this lace was shewn at the International Exhibition of 1862, but the patterns were conventional and clumsy, arabesques, medallions, and poor imitations of nature. Hence may be traced in great measure its decline in public estimation, though its costliness must always militate against its general use. In consequence of this deficiency prizes were offered in connection with the Bath and West of England Society for natural work in Honiton lace, which produced such admirable specimens that the Queen ordered them to be sent to Windsor Castle for her inspection. Little encouragement is given to the Devon lacemaking trade by the resident gentry, not, we think, because "the air is soft and balmy, and the inhabitants an apathetic generation, alone to be roused by famine or some other calamity from the natural somnolence of their existence," as Mrs. Palliser states. There is doubtless truth to a certain extent in this, but more probable causes seem to be the costliness of the article, and a dislike in the higher classes to encourage the habits of pauperism, neglect, and improvidence engendered but too often by its fabrication, which induce the women to leave their natural sphere as housewives and adopt the lace-pillow in preference. A new branch of industry has lately been developed in Devon—viz., the restoring of old lace. Many of the exquisite mantles and flounces to be seen in the London shop-windows are made up in Devonshire of old tattered fragments of lace "needled" and *appliquéd* to one another on the lace-pillow.

Trolly lace, which, as we have said, is made of coarse British thread, unlike true Honiton, used to be manufactured by men in Devonshire, especially at the little villages of Woodbury and Salcombe, but lace-making is now almost exclusively a feminine trade. At the former village a colony of workers fabricate imitation Maltese or Greek lace. From very tender years children are taught to make Honiton lace in


what are termed lace-schools. The little things collect in a dame's room, and under her tuition, frequently seconded by a cane, are taught the mysteries of the art. They are apprenticed to the trade in Devon at eight, nine, and ten years of age (but in Bucks and Beds commonly at six years, often at four and five), earning nothing in their first year, and sixpence per week in the second. Afterwards they are paid so much per sprig, the price varying with the demand, value of cotton, &c., but being generally 1½d., 2d., or 3d. per sprig. "I can make four turkeys' tails a-day, and get 1½d. for each," a girl of ten lately told us with pardonable pride. A child of five years old will earn a penny in four hours by making six "flies." One master in the trade is said to employ as many as 3,000 of these workchildren. A clever adult hand will easily earn a shilling a-day at her lace-pillow in good times; in many parts of Devon, however, the work is paid for on the truck system. The average earnings of a quick hand may be put down at three shillings or three shillings and sixpence a-week. At Valenciennes the workers used to toil in underground cellars from four in the morning till eight at night, and scarcely earn tenpence a-day. The abuses connected with the lace schools were lately exposed by the Children's Employment Commission. It was found that the hours of work in them were generally excessive, and the atmosphere extremely bad, owing to the crowded state of the small rooms in which the children work. Discipline is rigidly enforced, and in some schools, in order that the lace may be kept clean, the children sit without shoes on brick or stone floors. These causes, coupled with the constrained position of the worker, who must bend over the pillow which rests in her lap, lay the seeds of illness and frequently of consumption in after life. The mortality amongst the laceworkers of Devon we can testify, from personal knowledge, is large. They are thin and sallow, inclined to that bold, false independence which is always engendered when women neglect the domestic virtues. The children are often defiant and disobedient to parents, and, on the whole, the occupation of lacemaking cannot be called one favourable to morality.

The trade is subject to great fluctuation in Devon, brisk demand and high prices alternating at the caprice of fashion with depression and even stagnation. The experience gained from the exhibitions of late years proves that if Honiton lace is to hold its own against foreign workmanship, it must improve in the character of its designs. It must become more artistic. This can only result from extension of educational advantages. At the Paris Exhibition two beautiful cases of Honiton lace, or, as it is known abroad, *point d'Angleterre*, were

shown by Mr. Hayward of Oxford Street, and Mrs. Hayman of Sidmouth, well-known dealers in the lace, but it was remarked that to those accustomed to the lovely *point d'Alençon* of France and Belgium this style of Honiton lace appeared more like a fancy article than a work of art. If any one desires to see specimens of the best modern Honiton lace, we recommend him, after paying a visit to the fine cathedral at Exeter, to inspect the magnificent show of this lace which always adorns the windows of a shop in the Cathedral Yard. This establishment sent a noble piece of lace to the Paris Exhibition, and has still more recently introduced a novel variety of it, named Vandyke point.

Having thus indicated the chief *magasins* for this exquisite English lace, our admiration for it is so great that we shall risk the imputation of interested motives, in conclusion, by advising all male readers, if they would earn the certain approbation of the gentle sex, to give a Honiton veil or mantle when they next choose a wedding present. If we might venture on so tender a subject as advice respecting feminine attire, we would fain whisper one word of counsel to ladies. Although a great poet says that a fair form when unadorned is adorned the most, still the fairest figure need not despise the graceful addition of Honiton lace. It is not, however, necessary for a lady, even with the greatest admiration for this delicate fabric, to set an example (like Pope's *Narcissa*) of the ruling passion strong in death, and be laid to rest, as an instance actually occurred a few years ago, wrapped in a winding-sheet of Honiton lace.

"Odious ! in woollen ! 'twould a saint provoke,"
Were the last words that poor *Narcissa* spoke.
"No, let a charming chintz and Brussels lace
Wrap my cold limbs and shade my lifeless face :
One would not, sure, be frightful when one's dead ;
And, Betty, give this cheek a little red !"



TYBURNIANA.

All you that in the condemn'd hole do lie
Prepare you, for to-morrow you must die.
Watch all, and pray, the hour is drawing near,
That you before the Almighty must appear.
Examine well yourselves, in time repent,
That you may not to eternal flames be sent ;
And when St. Sepulchre's bell to-morrow tolls,
The Lord above have mercy on your souls !
Past twelve o'clock !

Newgate Bellman's Chant.

IT is not so very long ago that the judges of Great Britain hung men for crimes which are now punishable by comparatively short terms of imprisonment. Happily that time is passed, but it did not depart without transmitting to us in the shape of a Newgate Calendar (a good generic term for the chronicles of crime) a huge folio of disgusting and barbarous anecdotes. Of all the centuries that England has lived through, this century (or rather that portion of it which forms our epoch) contributes the fewest stories to this monstrous folio. May the time come when the abolition of the punishment of death will suffer the remaining pages of this folio to rot unwritten. The Newgate Calendar is instructive as exhibiting the slow but sure development of a sagacious humanity in the legal breast. From the pillory to private executions is a gigantic stride, and civilisation may be said to have made a decided gain when we find women who have murdered their husbands transported or decorously hanged, instead of being half-strangled and burnt.* What must always strike us as something more than curious is the extremely long time it took to make those who had the care of the people comprehend how demoralising was the effect of the spectacles enforced by the law on the minds of the public. Hanging, instead of deterring, aggravated crime by inspiring felons with an earnest ambition to excite the admiration of the public, which was easily achieved by the assumption of a demeanour called "dying game." That, on the whole, hanging was an objec-

* This punishment was inflicted on women convicted of murdering their husbands (which crime was denominated petit-treason) until the thirtieth year of the reign of George III.

tionable proceeding, the most enthusiastic ruffian might have allowed; but familiarity robbed it of its horrors, whilst in nine cases out of ten the malefactor went to the gallows encouraged by the knowledge that the sympathies of the spectators were entirely with him.

So recently as 1818 an execution took place at Edinburgh, which we venture to say did more towards embrutalising the mob than the detailed accounts of fifty murders could have done. A man named Robert Johnston was found guilty of the robbery of a chandler, in Edinburgh, and sentenced to death. A platform was erected in the usual manner, with a drop, in the Lawn-market; and an immense crowd having assembled, the condemned man was brought from the lock-up. The customary devotions took place, and the signal was given. A minute, at least, elapsed, however, before the drop could be forced down, and then it was found that the man's toes still touched the surface, leaving him half-suspended and struggling furiously. The crowd yelled; two or three persons rushed to the scaffold with axes and endeavoured, but to no purpose, to cut down a part of it beneath the feet of the criminal. The shouts from the mob increased; suddenly some one near the scaffold, who had been struck by a policeman in trying to press forward, shouted, "Murder!" The mob, believing the cry to come from the convict, hurled a shower of stones at the magistrates and police, and forced them to retire. Then they shouted, "Cut him down! he is alive!" Whereupon a man mounted the scaffold, cut the rope, and the convict fell down in a reclining posture, having hung only five minutes. The mob now gained the scaffold, and taking the ropes from the arms and neck of the prisoner, carried him, still alive, towards High-street. A good many stayed behind to tear the coffin into pieces and demolish the scaffold; this, however, they could not accomplish. The police were badly treated; the executioner severely injured. Meanwhile the constables re-formed themselves, and after a stiff struggle succeeded in getting the prisoner away from the crowd. The wretched man, half alive, stripped of part of his clothes, and with his shirt turned up so that the whole of his naked back was exhibited, lay extended in the middle of the street, in front of the police-office. Thence he was dragged trailing along the ground for about twenty paces into the office, where he lay upwards of half-an-hour whilst he was brought to by a surgeon. Though speedily restored to consciousness, the unfortunate man never uttered a word. By this time a military force had reached the spot, and the soldiers were drawn up in the street, surrounding the police-station and place of execution. Johnston was then carried again to the scaffold. His clothes

were thrown about him in such a manner that he seemed half-naked, and while a number of men stood around him, holding him up on the table, and fastening the rope around his neck, his clothes slipped entirely off, "in a way," says the report, "shocking to decency." Much time was taken in adjusting his dress, during which he was left vibrating, partly supported by the rope around his neck and partly by his feet upon the table. At last the table was removed from beneath him, when, to the indescribable horror of the spectators, he was seen suspended with his face uncovered, and one of his hands, broken loose from the cords, convulsively twisting in the noose. Loud cries and screams now burst from every quarter. A chair was brought, and the executioner having mounted it, disengaged by force the hand of the dying man from the rope. He then descended, leaving the face still uncovered. A napkin at last was thrown over the felon's head, and after many severe struggles he died.

In Boswell's *Life of Johnson* the doctor is made to protest against the innovation by which "men were to be hanged in a new way." It was suggested that the abolition of the procession was an improvement. "No, sir," said Johnson, "it is *not* an improvement; they object that the old method drew together a number of spectators. Sir, executions are intended to draw spectators. If they do not draw spectators, they don't answer their purpose. The old method was most satisfactory to all parties. The public was gratified by a procession; the criminal was supported by it." Of course Boswell agreed with Johnson, and felt persuaded "that executions now, the solemn procession being discontinued, have not nearly the effect they formerly had." Johnson was right when he used the word "gratified;" the public *were* gratified by these processions, just as they would have been gratified with any exciting show; but that these processions made the lightest impression on them the history of the crime of that period concurs emphatically to disprove. Not many months before, Boswell had told Johnson that he had been to see six men hanged at Tyburn, and that none of them seemed to be under any concern. This, which was true of six, might be said to be true of the great majority of the criminals of that period. They were not afraid to be hanged. The procession in the cart was a triumphant jaunt, a pleasant progress, rather than a funeral march. The spectators, so far from being impressed by this dismal pageant, would cheer or hiss it, as the humour seized; jeer the ordinary, applaud the felon, and curse the executioner. It was impressive only in so far as it was grotesque and horrible; but this grotesqueness, this horribleness, was lost upon the coarse or accustomed sensibilities of

the spectators who viewed it only from the most literal stand-point. Of the coolness, the *sang-froid* of the condemned wretches, many instances are given. Some are within living memory ; such was the behaviour of Ings, one of the Cato-street conspirators (1820), who at the last moment desired that his wife might have what clothes he left behind, because he was resolved that Jack Ketch should have no coat of his. Then turning to Mr. Davis, one of the turnkeys, "Well, sir," said he, "I am going to find out this great secret." Upon viewing the coffins, he laughed, and said, "I will turn my back on death. Those coffins are for us, I suppose." More remarkable was the conduct of Thistlewood, his companion, who was to be hanged with him. "We can die without making a noise," he said. Another instance may be given of Richard Haywood, a man who was hanged for having stolen two pillows and two bolsters. He was to be hanged in company with one Tennant, a man who had lived as footman, and who was under sentence of death for having stolen bank-notes and cash from his master, of the value of over £5,000. When the time for quitting the court-yard arrived, Haywood called to a friend who was present to deliver him a bundle he had in his hand, out of which he took an old jacket and a pair of old shoes, and put them on. "Thus," said he, "will I defeat the prophecies of my enemies: they have often said I would die in my coat and shoes, and I will die in neither." Being told it was time to be conducted to the scaffold, he cheerfully attended the summons, having first eaten some bread and cheese and drunk a quantity of coffee. Before he went out, he called out in a loud voice to the prisoners who were looking through the upper windows at him, "Farewell, my lads, I am just going off. God bless you." "We are sorry for you," replied the prisoners. "I want none of your pity," rejoined Haywood. "Keep your snivelling till it be your own turn." Immediately on his arrival on the scaffold he uttered a loud laugh, and gave the mob three cheers, introducing each with "Hip! ho!" While the cord was preparing, he continued hallooing to the mob, "How are you? well, here goes!" It was found necessary before the usual time to put the cap over his eyes, besides a silk handkerchief, by way of bandage, that his attention might be entirely abstracted from the spectators. Before the platform dropped he gave another halloo! and kicked off his shoes among the spectators. Another story runs thus:—An Irishman had been convicted of a robbery at the Old Bailey sessions, for which he was brought up, with others, to receive judgment of death. The prisoner, on being called on by the officer of the court in the usual way to declare

what he had to say why sentence of death should not be passed upon him, advanced to the front of the dock, with a vacant stare, and inquired,

“What was the question?”

“You have been convicted of robbery; what have you to say why sentence of death should not be passed upon you according to law?”

“Faith,” answered the prisoner, “I have nothing much to say, except that I do not think I am safe in your hands.” The court laughed; sentence was passed, and the prisoner was about to retire, when the officer of the court called him back and demanded to know his age.

“Is it my age ye mean?”

“What is your age?”

“I believe I am pretty well as ould as ever I’ll be.”

Again the whole court was “convulsed with laughter,” but the wretched man, whose mirth-moving powers were quite involuntary, was doomed even at the scaffold to “set the people in a roar.” In the press-room his irons were removed, and his arms confined with cords. This being done, he seated himself, and in spite of the calls of Jack Ketch and of the sheriffs to accompany them in the procession to the scaffold, he remained sullenly on the bench where he had taken up his position. “Come,” at last urged the hangman, “the time is arrived.” But the Irishman would not move. “The officers are waiting for you,” said the sheriff; “can anything be done for you before you quit this world?” No answer was returned. Jack Ketch grew surly. “If you won’t go, I must carry you,” he said. “Then you may,” said the prisoner, “for I’ll not walk.” “Why not?” inquired a sheriff. “I’ll not be instrumental to my own death,” answered the prisoner. “What do you mean?” asked the ordinary. “What do I mane?” retorted the hapless man; “I mane that I’ll not walk to my own destruction;” and in this determination he persisted, and was carried to the scaffold, where he was turned off, refusing to do anything which might be construed into “his being a party to his own death.” Amongst others who have met death with extraordinary fortitude, Lord Lovat’s name will always occupy a foremost position. This nobleman was eighty years of age when he suffered. On mounting the scaffold, assisted by two warders, his great age and large, unwieldy person rendering such aid necessary, he looked around, and seeing so great a concourse of people, exclaimed, “God save us, why should there be such a bustle about taking off an old grey head, that cannot get up three steps without three bodies to support it? Cheer up thy heart, man!” he con-

tinued, turning to one of his friends who stood near him much dejected. "I am not afraid; why should you be?" As soon as he came upon the scaffold, he called for the executioner and presented him with ten guineas in a purse, and then, desiring to see the axe, he felt the edge, remarking, "He believed it would do." Soon after he rose from the chair that was placed for him, and looked at the inscription on his coffin, then repeated—

"Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori;"

and afterwards—

"Nam genus et proavos, et quæ non fecimus ipsi,
Vix ea nostra voco —"

Calling his solicitor and agent in Scotland, Mr. W. Fraser, and presenting his gold-headed cane, he said, "I deliver you this cane in token of my sense of your faithful services, and of my committing to you all the power I have upon earth," and then embraced him. He also called for Mr. James Fraser, and said, "My dear James, I am going to heaven, but you must continue to crawl a little longer on this evil world." And taking leave of both he delivered his hat, wig, and clothes to Mr. William Fraser, desiring him to see that the executioner did not touch them. He ordered his cap to be put on, and unloosing his neckcloth and the collar of his shirt, kneeled down at the block, and pulled the cloth that was to receive his head close to him. But being placed too near the block, the executioner desired him to remove a little further back, which, with the warder's assistance, was immediately done. His neck being properly placed, he told the executioner that he would say a short prayer, and then give the signal by dropping his handkerchief. In this posture he remained about half a minute, and then throwing his handkerchief on the floor, the executioner, at one blow, cut off his head, which was received in a cloth, placed in the coffin with his body, and carried in a hearse back to the Tower, where it was interred.

Of the order of intrepidity we are now discussing, a felon named Charles Samuel Bartlett gave a good illustration. He was sentenced to die for murder. On the night before his execution he inquired if there was a phrenologist in the town, and on being answered yes, he expressed a wish that his head might be delivered to him, and that his trunk for the good of society might be sent to the Infirmary. This man suffered with extraordinary impassiveness.

In 1761, one McNaughton was executed for murder. The convict went to the scaffold dressed in a white flannel waistcoat, trimmed with black buttons and holes, a diaper nightcap tied with a black

riband, white stockings, mourning buckles, and a crape tied on his arm. He desired the executioner to be speedy; and the fellow pointing to the ladder, he mounted with great spirit. The moment he was tied up, he jumped so furiously as to snap the rope, and fell to the ground. When they raised him on his legs again he soon recovered his senses; and the executioner borrowing another rope, he fixed it round McNaughton's neck. The murderer mounted the ladder a second time, and tying the rope himself to the gallows, jumped with the same force, and appeared dead in a minute.

An extraordinary story is told by Stedman of a scene witnessed by him at Surinam, which, though having no reference to our topic, deserves repetition. The truth may be questioned; yet this much may be said of it, that it is gravely quoted as a fact by writers who exhibit in their works a sagacity not likely to be easily deceived. A free negro was tortured for the murder of the overseer of the estate of Altona in the Para Creek. The man having stolen a sheep to entertain a favourite young woman, the overseer, who burned with jealousy, determined to see him hanged. To prevent this the negro shot him dead among the sugar canes. For these offences he was sentenced to be broken alive upon the rack, without the benefit of the *coup de grace* or mercy stroke. Informed of this dreadful sentence, he composedly laid himself down upon his back on a strong cross, on which, with his arms and legs extended, he was fastened by ropes. The executioner, also a black man, having now with a hatchet chopped off his left hand, next took up a heavy iron bar, with which by repeated blows he broke his bones to shivers, till the marrow, blood, and splinters flew about the field. But the prisoner never uttered a groan or sigh. "The ropes being next unlashed, I imagined him dead, and felt happy; till the magistrates stirring to depart, he writhed himself from the cross, when he fell on the grass, and damned them all as a set of barbarous rascals. At the same time removing his right hand by the help of his teeth, he rested his head on part of the timber, and asked the by-standers for a pipe of tobacco, which was infamously answered by kicking and spitting on him, till I, with some American seamen, thought proper to prevent it. He then begged his head might be chopped off, but to no purpose. At last, seeing no end to his misery, he declared 'that though he had deserved death, he had not expected to die so many deaths; however,' said he, 'you Christians have missed your aim at last, and I now care not were I to remain thus one month longer.' After which he sang two extempore songs with a clear voice, the subjects of which were to bid adieu to his living friends, and to acquaint his

deceased relations that in a very little time he should be with them, to enjoy their company for ever in a better place. This done he calmly entered into conversation with some gentlemen concerning his trial, relating every particular with uncommon tranquillity. 'But,' said he, abruptly, 'by the sun it must be eight o'clock, and by any longer discourse I should be sorry to be the cause of your losing your breakfast.' Then casting his eyes on a Jew whose name was Deveries, 'Apropos, sir,' said he, 'won't you please to pay me ten shillings you owe me?' 'For what to do?' 'To buy meat and drink, to be sure; don't you perceive I'm to be kept alive?' Which speech, on seeing the Jew stare like a fool, the mangled wretch accompanied with a loud and hearty laugh. Next, observing the soldier that stood sentinel over him biting occasionally a piece of dry bread, he asked how it came to pass that he, a *white* man, should have no meat to eat along with it. 'Because I am not so rich,' answered the soldier. 'Then I will make you a present, sir,' said he. 'First pick my hand that was chopped off clean to the bone; next begin to devour my body, till you are glutted, when you will have both bread and meat as best becomes you;' which piece of humour was followed by a second laugh. And thus he continued until I left him, which was about three hours after the execution." On returning some time afterwards the writer discovered that after the poor wretch had lived thus more than six hours he was knocked on the head by the commiserating sentinel, and that, having been raised upon a gallows, the vultures were busy picking out the eyes of the mangled corpse, in the skull of which were clearly discernible the marks of the soldier's musket.

Though anecdotes of persons who have recovered after having been "turned off" are not numerous, yet several instances are quoted, of which a few are worthy, by their singularity, of preservation. In 1728 a woman, who had been deprived of her husband, that had been forced by a press-gang to sea, formed an illicit connection with another man, by whom she had a child. It was for the murder of this child that she was sentenced to be hanged. The evidence against her was that she had been remarked to have been *enceinte*, but on being accused of this by her neighbours she steadily denied it. Soon after the body of a newly-born infant was found near her residence, and she was taken into custody. After her condemnation she behaved in a very penitent manner, but persisted in her protestations of innocence. Jack Ketch having performed his office (she was executed at Edinburgh), the body hung the usual time, and was then cut down and delivered to the friends of the deceased. By

them it was placed in a coffin and sent in a cart to be buried in her native place ; but, the weather being sultry, the persons who had charge of it stopped to drink at a village called Peppermill, about two miles from Edinburgh. While they were refreshing themselves one of them observed the lid of the coffin to move, and uncovering it, to the amazement of the spectators the woman sat upright. A fellow who was present had the sagacity to bleed her, and next day she was sufficiently recovered to be able to walk to her home at Musselburgh. By the Scottish law she was not only exempted from any further proceedings, but was released from her vows to her husband. But the man having returned from sea, he was publicly remarried to his wife three or four days after she had been hanged. This happened in November, 1728 ; the woman was living in the year 1753.

At an earlier date than this, *i.e.*, in 1705, a man named John Smith was convicted of burglary, and sentenced to be hanged. On the 24th December he was carried to Tyburn, and turned off in the usual manner. But after he had hung about a quarter of an hour the crowd shouted, "A reprieve !" upon which the malefactor was cut down and carried to a neighbouring house ; where he was bled, and restored to consciousness. Having perfectly recovered his senses, he was asked what were his feelings at the time of execution, to which he replied in substance as follows—That when he was turned off he was for some time sensible of a very great pain occasioned by the weight of his body, and felt his spirits in a strange commotion, violently pressing upwards ; that having forced their way to his head, he, as it were, saw a great blaze or glaring light, which seemed to go out at his eyes with a flash ; and then he lost all sense of pain. That after he was cut down and began to come to himself, the blood and spirits forcing themselves into their former channels put him, by a sort of pricking or shooting, to such intolerable pain that he could have wished those hanged who had cut him down.

Formerly the custom was that the body should hang only half an hour ; and very often the sheriff in whose hands was entrusted the execution of the law, would look away after the prisoner had been turned off, while the friends of the culprit would hold him up by the waistband, so that the rope should not choke him. Dr. Dodd was, we are told, in hope of being saved by this means. There is a story told of a fellow named Mahoney who had been convicted of the murder of a Connaught man, and whose execution had been managed in the manner above described. On his being put into a cart in the lidless coffin prepared for him, he was so restored as to be able to sit

up and give three hearty cheers by way of assuring his friends of his safety. One of his comrades, shocked perhaps at this indecent conduct in his defunct friend, and afraid of the scheme of rescue being discovered and thwarted, hit him a thump on the head with a "twig," which effectually silenced his self-congratulations. On their arrival home they found that the friendly caution administered to the poor wretch was more effectual than the hangman's rope. The man being killed by the blow, it was afterwards inquired whether the person who had struck him ought not to have been charged with murder; but a justice decided that no one could be effectually charged with the murder of a man who was already dead in law.

Irrespective of the fact that private hanging veils the hideous exhibitions that were wont to gratify the brutal, morbid taste of the public, it possesses the virtue of obviating, on the part of the populace, that eager vengeance with which they were wont to be animated towards the doers of atrocious crimes. Such was this "lust of hate," that, in order to pacify it, the oddest measures have been resorted to. The murder of the Marrs and the Williamsons supplies an illustration. Three persons were implicated in this frightful tragedy, one of whom, a man named Williams, was arrested; the others escaped. On the morning on which the prisoner was to be carried before the magistrates, upon the gaoler going to call him from his cell he was found, heavily ironed as he was, suspended by a handkerchief from a beam in the apartment in which he was confined. He was instantly cut down, but upon his body being examined it was found that he was quite dead and cold, and that he had evidently been hanging several hours. This act confirmed the suspicion of his guilt. An inquest was held upon his body, and a verdict of *felo de se* was returned by the jury. But it now became a question how the public indignation could be satisfied. The rule in such cases was that the deceased should be buried in the nearest cross roads; but it was determined that a public exhibition of the body should be made through the neighbourhood which had been the scene of the man's crimes. In conformity with this decision, on the 31st of December, 1811, the body of the deceased was privately removed from the prison at eleven o'clock at night, and conveyed to St. George's workhouse near the London Docks. On the following morning, at half-past ten o'clock, a procession was formed in the following manner :—

Several hundred constables with their staves, clearing the way.

The newly-formed patrols, with drawn cutlasses.

Another body of constables.

Parish officers of St. George's, St. Paul's, and Shadwell, on horseback.

Peace officers on horseback.

Constables.

The high-constable of the county of Middlesex on horseback.

The body of Williams,

Extended at full length on an inclined platform, erected on the cart, about four feet high at the head, and gradually sloping towards the horse, giving a full view of the body, which was dressed in blue trowsers and a white-and-blue striped waistcoat, but without a coat, as when found in the cell. On the left side of the head the fatal maul, and on the right the ripping chisel with which the murders were perpetrated, were exposed to view. The countenance of Williams was ghastly in the extreme, and the whole had an appearance too horrible for description.

A strong body of constables brought up the rear.

The procession advanced slowly up Ratcliffe Highway, accompanied by an immense concourse of persons eager to get a sight of the murderer's remains. When the cart came opposite to the late Mr. Marr's house a halt was made for near a quarter of an hour. The procession then moved down Old Gravel Lane, along Wapping, up New Crane Lane, and into New Gravel Lane. When the procession arrived opposite Mr. Williamson's house a second halt took place. It then proceeded up the hill, and again entered Ratcliffe Highway, down which it moved to Cannon Street, and advanced to St. George's turnpike. There a grave about six feet deep had been prepared, immediately over which the main water-pipe runs. Between twelve and one o'clock the body was taken from the cart and lowered into the grave, after which a stake was driven through it. The pit being filled, the crowd dispersed. During the last half hour the mob had increased immensely; they poured in from all parts, but their demeanour was perfectly quiet. All the shops in the neighbourhood were shut, and the windows and tops of the houses were crowded with spectators.

It is not impossible but that the creation of the pillory was in a great measure due to the love of the public to witness the sufferings of offenders. Around these barbarous erections crowds gathered, partly out of curiosity, partly for the enjoyment of pelting each other with missiles, and picking each other's pockets. The poet Gay, in *Trivia*, cautions his reader in the following manner:—

“Where elevated o’er the gaping crowd
Clasp’d in the board, the perjured head is bow’d,
Betimes retreat; here, thick as hailstones, pour
Turnips and half-hatched eggs (a mingled shower),
Among the rabble rain; some random throw
May with the trickling yolk thy cheek o’erflow.”

"This day" (June 9, 1731), says an old London publication, "about noon, Japhet Crook, alias St. Peter Stranger, was brought to the pillory at Charing Cross, according to his sentence of forgery. He stood an hour thereon; after which a chair was set on the pillory, and he being put therein, the hangman, with a sort of pruning-knife, cut off both his ears, and immediately a servant clapped a styptic thereon. Then the executioner, with a pair of scissors, cut his left nostril twice before it was quite through, and afterwards cut through the right nostril at once. He bore all this with great patience; but when, in pursuance of his sentence, his right nostril was seared with a red-hot iron, he was in such violent pain that his left nostril was left alone, and he went from the pillory bleeding. He was conveyed from thence to the King's Bench Prison, there to remain for life."

The motto to this paper consists of the verses which the bellman of St. Sepulchre used to sing when he passed under Newgate, to the accompaniment of his bell. We cannot more fitly conclude this article than with Stow's commentary on the lines that commence it, by which we see that they ought to be recited by the clergyman instead of the bellman.


"Robert Doxe, citizen and Merchant Taylor of London, gave to the parish church of St. Sepulchre the somme of £50. That after the several sessions of London, when the prisoners remain in the gaole, as condemned men to death, expecting execution on the morrow following; the clarke of the church should come in the night-time, and likewise early in the morning, to the window of the prison where they lye, and there ringing certain toles with a hand-bell, appointed for the purpose, he doth afterwards (in more Christian manner) put them in mind of their present condition and ensuing execution, desiring them to be prepared therefor as they ought to be. When they are in the carte, and brought before the wall of the church, there he standeth ready with the same bell, and after certain toles rehearseth an appointed praier, desiring all the people there to pray for them. The beadle also of Merchant Taylors' Hall hath an honest stipend allowed to see that this is duly done."

W. CLARK RUSSELL.

STUDIES FOR THE TIMES.

BY A COUNTY MEMBER.

II.—ON THINGS IN GENERAL.

HINGS in general are out of joint. Greed has turned the world topsy-turvy. Not to be rich is to be hated. Money-getting has taken the place of all the virtues. You may ride well, be a dead shot, make a telling speech, but if you are financially out-at-elbows you must knock under to the veriest ignoramus who can boast a heavy balance at his bankers'. Blood will carry you to a certain point. It will give you society and the rich merchant's daughter; but until it is backed with the rich merchant's money it will not give you the weight and importance of Dives the clothier or Dives the tallow-chandler. Here and there blood and the family name will secure you a seat in Parliament for an obscure borough; or, as in my case, where the party and his lordship are behind you, for a county division. But you must vote "right," you know, and do a considerable amount of the county drudgery. I am in perpetual hot water because I do not vote "right" upon all occasions, because I do not always support his lordship at quarter sessions. My neighbour, old Twysler, who went in for the borough unopposed, does very eccentric things in the House, but he makes forty thousand a-year out of timber and foreclosing advantageous mortgages. He does what he pleases, if upon vital questions he supports his party. Greed, sir, greed. We are all bought and sold. Honour is outbid by sordid hucksters. Talent is gauged with shekels. Chivalry is laughed out of court by fashionable cynicism. Love is——

But what have I to do with love? A county member, in brown cords, a blue spotted neckerchief, and leather gloves, talk of love. If my constituents imagined that I ever dreamt of such nonsense, I should have a crowd of noodles to gaze at me the next time I sat upon the Muddletown bench to give Hodge a month for poaching hares. Yes, sir, things are out joint. When an English Ministry is divided upon its duty with regard to an insult from a foreign power, or from twenty foreign powers combined, one section with the

Premier at its head influenced by commercial considerations, it is only too clear that the individual lust of gold has eaten its way into the national veins. Earl Granville, Earl de Grey, the Marquis of Hartington, Mr. Forster, Mr. Childers, stood hard and fast by the true line. Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Bright, Mr. Ayrton, Mr. Lowe, actively represented the philosophy of Stuart Mill, Mr. Freeman and Carlyle. This so-called philosophy is "don't fight whatever happens." If Russia wants Constantinople let Russia have it. The Germans are wiser, stronger and better men than the French. Therefore let the Germans turn a war of defence into one of aggression. Let everybody do what they like so that they do not attack England. Until his old northern foe shook the knout at us, Lord Russell had of late years caught the do-nothing-whatever-happens taint. But Gortschakoff's circular was too much for him. The Earl could not stand that. He at once relieved his mind by a letter, full of the old fire. "Then come on" was the purport of the epistle. At a public meeting in the north some years ago, the door-keeper refused the Earl admission because he had no ticket, and when his Lordship said he was the chairman, the porter would have handed him over to the police but for the timely recognition of a local dignity. He is not a big man, and he insists upon wearing shabby hats; but he can write a big letter, and his name is Russell. Do you know why his promised pamphlet did not come out to time? It contained a trenchant criticism on the paper in the *Edinburgh Review*, assuming that the article was written by Gladstone. With a certain grim humour Lord Russell sent an early proof of his work to the Premier, who seeing the drift of the joke at once disavowed the *Edinburgh* contribution. His lordship will no doubt revise his pamphlet, and let the world have it in another shape. It comes within the meaning, I suppose, of judicious advertising to favour a rumour, such as that which was circulated concerning the article in question, by an immediate second edition. Was it because the paper was badly written, and in bad taste, that the *Daily News* and other organs attributed the article to Mr. Gladstone's pen? The Premier is not an essayist. His early efforts in the *Eton Miscellany*, and his later studies in *Good Words* have made this a fact beyond all question. Nevertheless, I dare say Mr. Gladstone has had many invitations to write more war opinions on the strength of his *Edinburgh* paper. They say magazine editors deluged Stuart Mill with offers for a paper on Russia after his letter in the *Times*. The *Fortnightly* secured his pen, and he will write for Mr. Morley a paper, admirable in style, and excellent in quality. But it will be the philosophy of the desk and the lamp. In questions

of international policy we want the philosophy of the Court and the camp, the philosophy of statecraft, the philosophy of experience, and the knowledge of men and peoples, of kings and princes; the knowledge that Lord Palmerston had. We want no fine-drawn sophisms, no scientific reckonings-up of moral sentiments, upon questions of national engagements and solemn compacts.

When England did battle with Russia, Prussia was neutral, "benevolently" neutral, so far as "the Giant of the North" was concerned. The Emperors of Russia and the Prussian kings have been relatives for the last hundred years. Their subjects have been at enmity, and the Czars have now and then snubbed the kings, but they have stuck to each other. When Herr Von Bismarck made war upon Denmark and afterwards upon Austria he knew Russia would be true to him in case of need. In the war between France and Prussia, Austria's neutrality was secured by an understanding with Russia; the Czar, in return, exacted a promise in support of a revision of the Treaty of Paris. Gortschakoff showed his cards too soon, flourishing his ace before the odd trick was really secure. Bismarck stepped in and calmed the disturbance that had arisen in consequence of the Russian Minister's hasty declaration. The end is a Conference. So far England has saved her honour. When the ambassadors are sitting round the board of green cloth, England will do well to remember her history, that her days may be long in the land. It is on record that a clever clubman, given to abstract thought and a careless habit of manner, once took a friend's advice and called at the office of an opera agent to obtain "two stalls for the Conference" then sitting at St. James's. I know more than one reporter in the country who would apply for admission and think their respective organs insulted if they were not admitted. The other day I found one of these gentlemen sitting down, notebook in hand, at a quiet wedding breakfast which I gave on the marriage of my eldest daughter, and he declined to leave when I asked him to do so. "I am sent here to report the speeches, and I shall do it," he said. Nothing would induce him to leave, and at the close of the entertainment he rose to make a speech.

What is the programme for next session? Shall we really get to practical legislation? The electoral franchise is settled; Ireland has got all she can get (not all she wants) at present; the educational question is at an end; the laws of bankruptcy are reformed; we are all ready to accept the ballot. What is the next movement? Under which thimble is the pea? Mr. Disraeli outbid his opponents for the sake of office; Mr. Gladstone goes any length in the same

direction. The hangers-on of parties must be kept in good humour. If you are in office, you must keep in office ; no matter how you do it, keep in you must. It is a good thing for the present Ministry that the continental and other troubles have come upon them during the vacation. A sudden rush to the cry of "St. George for merry England !" would have carried the ministerial benches any evening during the last month. What shall we do next session ? Re-organise the army, help the volunteers, strengthen the navy, and reverse the Granville colonial policy ? These are matters that admit of no delay. If Mr. Gladstone insists upon washing his hands of these things, he will be at home in the consideration of the great social problems of the age which it would be his greatest happiness to solve. Herein I do him simple justice. Let him bend his giant intellect to the task of restoring the balance between rich and poor. This is in his line. In nothing is the social system so much out of joint as in the growing difference, the widening gulf between the rich and poor. Capital is gradually being monopolised. While the poor are increasing, money is going into fewer purses. This is a gigantic evil. The extremely destitute on one hand, the extremely rich on the other, weaken the intermediate class, which should be strong and healthy in its reflection of the two outside influences. The independence and prosperity of the middle class are essential to the progress and security of the nation. At the last general election the middle class turned out to be as venal as the poorest, and there are other indications of a decline in character of this connecting link between the upper and lower ranks of life. The small farmer, the small manufacturer, the small tradesman, are gradually disappearing ; they are swallowed up by the great capitalists, who gather into one heap the money that was previously flowing into many channels. Our prisons and our workhouses are full to overflowing as a natural consequence. The skilled labour of the nation is emigrating to other lands. Legislation is influenced by the principles of millionaires and drawing-room philosophers. I have sufficient faith in the latent power of the nation and in its recuperative strength to see a grand resurrection from any stunning reverse ; but when misfortune threatens it is the duty of statesmen to look difficulties fairly in the face. My friend Mr. Chorley, with whom I disagree on some points, is most explicit upon this question of social divisions. "The wise and benevolent in all ages have with reason deplored this tendency of advancing society towards the extremes of riches and poverty, which in times past has invariably been followed

by the decline and fall of nations where the middle class had been, as it were, crushed out of influential existence." When riches accumulate in the hands of the few, and poverty grows apace, ruin is at our heels. Couple with this anything like a disregard of national responsibilities, a falling away from old traditions of national fame and glory, of well-earned supremacy in the field and on the sea; in short, let the nation once shrink back within her own circumscribed landmarks, earning the title to a contemptible insignificance, and we may indeed be said to have inaugurated the epoch of the New Zealander. Let the Ministry look to this. There is a fine opening for both philosopher and statesman. Mr. Gladstone and his friends may safely sacrifice the cry of economy next session. The country will stand any amount of taxation that is required to put the army and navy into a state of efficiency. Mr. Lowe must be made to do his duty. In the meantime let Mr. Gladstone call together the wise men of his party, and consider how the growing evils of excessive poverty and excessive wealth are to be encountered.

NEW ZEALAND.

A GLANCE AT THE MAORI.



THE rapidly increasing settlement and steady development of the great natural resources of New Zealand inspire confidence in the realisation, at no distant date, of the great future predicted of these islands. Within an area not exceeding that of Great Britain, nature is on the noblest scale. The mountains are tall as the Alps of Europe; the forests stately and luxuriant as in the tropics; the land is as well watered as England; the sun bright as in Australia. The western seaboard of both islands lacks harbours, but the entire eastern coast is broken into safe and capacious havens, which would hold the fleets of the world. There are the minerals most prized—gold, iron, coal; and almost every product of the temperate zones can be raised, because of the longitudinal position of the islands, which, stretching through many degrees of latitude, includes every phase of temperate climate. The extreme south has the winter of Norway; the extreme north the summer of Naples—but in each case interrupted and softened by the constant sea winds. For ever active are the winds in New Zealand; it is of all regions the *terra ventosa*. Æolus might well have his halls on Mount Cook. Bright and invigorating as is the atmosphere, the climate is not, in an epicurean point of view, perfection. Fierce gales sweep the land; the air is seldom at any season in complete repose, and the number of rainy days might be objected to by anybody except the Briton, born under dripping skies.* All this has its signal advantages. Man cannot in New Zealand degenerate into the indolent lotus-eater. Even the most sheltered and beautiful districts are no Armidias Garden, like the archipelagos of the South Seas, with their eternal spring, and where the fruits of the earth can be gathered almost without labour. It is this which renders the native tribes so different from their kindred in Polynesia. The Maori has a masculine strength of character, an energy and hardihood, which the Kanaka does not possess. It is asserted—and the statement, besides the

* Not the least attractive feature of the country is, that, among its fauna, it does not number a single noxious animal or reptile.

traditions of the Maories, is verified by many facts—that these beautiful islands have not been occupied by man until modern times.

The natives are the same people as the Polynesians, and they still remember that the Hawaii or Sandwich Islands were their ancestral home. Notwithstanding the great distance between, it is not singular that New Zealand should have been peopled from Polynesia. In the South Seas in late years, and to the knowledge of European travellers, fishing canoes, with men and women on board, have been driven by winds and currents from their own shores to other islands 1,200 miles off. And it is supposed that the first native islanders had canoes of better sea-going quality than the present Maories. From many circumstances, it is thought that the race degenerated after arriving in New Zealand. Even at the time of Captain Cook's visit they had double canoes 70 and 80 feet long, of much superior construction to those in use when our colonists landed in 1840. The furious tribal wars, which the Maories themselves say were of modern date, and which were diminishing the population even before the era of white settlement, would sufficiently account for a barbaric decline.

The Maories are evidently a more mixed race than the inhabitants of Tahiti or Hawaii. They appear to have intermingled with the Papuan, the indications being strikingly manifest in some tribes, though not seen in others. And this has led to the conjecture, though unsupported by local tradition, that the first inhabitants of New Zealand were Papuan, and that the Maories partly exterminated and partly amalgamated with them.

It is known that in Australasia and the South Seas there are three distinct races—the Malayan, Australian, and Papuan. The first-named and superior race prevails in Polynesia, in Hawaii, Tahiti, Nukahiva or the Marquesas, Samoa or the Navigators', Tonga or the Friendly Islands, and it of course includes the Maories. The second is confined to the continent of Australia, and the third is represented in New Guinea, New Caledonia, the New Hebrides, and also in the Fijis, but in a more civilised condition.

The superiority of the Malayan type is shown in the Fijis, where the small bands of invaders from Tonga easily predominate over the Fijian, though the civilisation of the latter is quite as advanced.

Yet notwithstanding the inferiority of the Papuan, it is a distinguishing fact that among the 24 tribes of New Zealand, the one generally supposed to retain the most Papuan blood—which exhibits more than any other the Papuan features, the depressed nose, and crisped hair—is one of the three pre-eminent, and ever held in special repute by the Maori, for an adventurous spirit and warlike qualities.

In these respects the Ngatiawa is classed with the Waikato and Ngapuhi, though it never was so powerful, being divided into several branches living at opposite sides of the country.

The sea has been no barrier to the aggressive spirit of those Ngatiawa. They crossed the dividing straits into the South, or, as it is generally termed, the Middle Island, breaking up the few tribes in that quarter. They afterwards hired a European ship, and took possession of the Chatham Islands, easily mastering the feeble Mororis, as the Chatham aborigines are called.

The different branches of this fierce and restless tribe have given the colonists much trouble. Under the chiefs Rauparaha and Rangihæte they caused the old war in Wellington province, and under Wiremu Kingi they commenced the Taranaki one in 1860. The Uriweras, who in the recent hostilities supported Te Kooti, and among whose mountains he took refuge, are also a subdivision of the Ngatiawa.

Wiremu Kingi, like Rewi, Heke, and others belonging to former contests, was a man of a different rank from the mere bandit leaders of the present insurrection. He was described before the Taranaki war as "a man of great craft and subtlety, who has always led a purely native life, and has a theatrical air, as that of a great chief." But when he commenced the war he conducted it in an honourable fashion, as was testified by the English officers. When some of his followers revived the practice of killing the wounded, he at once stopped them; his proceedings were neither predatory nor blood-thirsty. He is now in the interior, living with the native king. Besides their warlike character, the Ngatiawas have among the natives a hereditary repute for truthfulness, which is also claimed by the tribal motto — "one-worded Raura." The old Maories had a superstitious dislike of the Australian black, and it is related that once when a number of the former visited an English vessel and saw a New South Wales native sitting on deck, they jumped over the ship's side with an exclamation of terror, leaving the "Mangomango" grinning with delight at the consternation he inspired. But of all the tribes the most renowned were the Waikatos — strong by their prowess, their numbers, and their commanding geographical position on the shoulders of the islands. The war of 1864-5 dispersed them. Tarapipipi, more generally known as William Thompson, sprang from this tribe. With Tarapipipi, it is believed, expired the best opportunity which ever existed for really civilising the Maori, saving them from extinction, and rendering them peaceful and useful subjects of the English Crown.

The Ngapuhi, the other most remarkable tribe, live on the peninsula north of Auckland. They produced the celebrated chiefs Heke and Hongi, the latter a terrible destroyer of his own nation. The Ngapuhi are the best-armed tribe in the island, and if it had been thought desirable to enlarge the native contingent in colonial pay, its numbers could have been doubled by auxiliaries from that quarter.

It was before the era of our colonisation, but when there were already scattered white men in the islands, that the Chief Hongi flourished. He resided near the Bay of Islands, the place then most visited by European ships. He led a stirring and cannibal existence, in the Maori manner of those days ; but he nevertheless looked with a favourable eye upon the missionaries, who were beginning to direct their attention to New Zealand. He encouraged and protected them, at the same time liking his own ways too well to announce himself as a Christian. There was valid reason to believe that a little time was only necessary to convert him ; and this impression was strengthened when he expressed a desire to visit England, and see with his own eyes the wonders of civilisation of which he had heard. Accordingly, one of the missionaries accompanied Hongi and another chief on this tour of improvement, and in 1820 they arrived in London. As might be expected, they created a great sensation. The chiefs are generally of good physique ; they have sometimes fine features, and almost always a dignified and commanding carriage, fostered by their warlike habits and their ancestral pride—for every one of them has a long traditional genealogy. Hongi was of smaller stature than is usual in a *rangatira*, but he had a kingly bearing. The phrenologists were pleased with his broad and intellectual brow, and bright and piercing eyes. Professor Lee, of Cambridge, who was at that time preparing a Maori vocabulary and grammar, obtained much assistance in the work from his conversations with this intelligent barbarian. He was quite a lion in social circles. His Majesty the King accorded him an audience, and presented him with a suit of ancient armour. The philanthropic and religious world augured the happiest results from the liberality of his sentiments, and the interest which he exhibited, not only in the marvels of science, but in inquiring into historical events. The ladies were delighted with the grand manners of the stern warrior, who on occasion could be so urbane and vivacious ; for the Maori is of a sociable temperament, and has not the taciturnity of the American aboriginal, whom he resembles in so many other respects. Thus, in the opinion of all who met him, Hongi was beyond question

the noble savage typified by Rousseau. He was evidently destined to be the regenerator of his race. Alas for the vanity of human wishes ! On his way back, Hongi paused at Sydney and purchased three hundred muskets, with a plentiful store of ammunition. From all he saw and heard in England, he brought home but one idea—Bonaparte. The career of the wonderful “man of destiny” monopolised his soul. He, too, would be a Bonaparte ; and he proceeded to enact the part in a fashion of his own, which might have filled even the life-wasting man of Moscow with consternation. Ferocious as tribal wars had been before, nothing was ever known in New Zealand like what now ensued. The other tribes, not possessing firearms, were powerless against Hongi and his Ngapuhi. He fell upon them on all sides. He not only overthrew, but exterminated ; he not only exterminated, but I am sorry to say he also—ate them ! If the clergy who received this stately and courteous gentleman in Exeter Hall, or the ladies who beheld with admiration this nobleman of nature in the drawing-rooms of the West End, could only have seen him on the morning after that terrible expedition to the Thames country—could have seen his canoes freighted with human flesh, and the war dance of his dusky ghouls around the fires which were to cook the grim repast ! At last somebody had the luck to put a bullet through the lungs of this polished and horrible savage. It did not kill him outright. He lived for fifteen months after, and we are told that it was his humour to playfully entertain his visitors by making the wind whistle through the hole which the ball had made in his back. He testified much surprise at the disappointment he had caused the missionaries. He refused to understand why they should be astonished or disgusted at his proceedings ; and on his deathbed he ordered his son to continue to protect them, “because they could do much good, and could not do harm.”

Hongi was a type of his generation, but still an exaggerated type, and there was better material for the civiliser to work upon. The reports of the condition of the Sandwich Islands do not say much for the honesty of the Christianising process there. But very different was the case in New Zealand. The remarkable change among the natives here was effected solely by the zeal and labour of the missionaries. It has been shown what the Maories were in the days of Hongi. The next generation were another people. The bloody tribal wars ceased ; cannibalism was extinct—was only remembered with shame as the savage practice of a past time, and was never alluded to. All the natives professed Christianity ; all the adults could read, and most of them write. They industriously cultivated

the ground, they traded, they built mills, and owned sloops and schooners. The Ngatiporou, near the East Cape, who were employed against Te Kooti in the colonial service, at that time had twenty such vessels, with which they traded to Auckland. This great change was entirely due to the quality of the men engaged in the missionary enterprise. Bishop Selwyn embodied their best characteristics. A cultivated gentleman, he had the personal qualities to command the respect of the savage while undertaking to teach him. He could swim rivers, traverse the tangled forests, go without food, and stand hardship with the wildest son of the island. He was high-souled and natural, and they believed in him. He could cast his mind into theirs, and talk to them in a manly way. In a word, he gave them Christianity in a masculine and attractive shape, and did not make it ridiculous.

There was peace and Maori progress in New Zealand between 1847 and 1860. Even in the wars which some of the tribes waged against the Pakeha just before and after that time, the extraordinary change in the native character was manifest. There is not a more soldierly race on the globe than the Maori; and when the accompanying ferocity and brutality of early days was banished, a strain of genuine chivalry took its place. The Ngapuhi were in arms against the settlers in 1845—6; and under Heke, a most capable and skilful warrior, they caused them several reverses. But I have heard old soldiers who served in that war say in admiration, "The Maori is a noble enemy!" Always valiant in the field, they never tarnished their valour by the barbarities of the old time, or of this last outbreak. On one occasion, when a party was sent forward to clear away the jungle in front of the enemy's pah, to enable our artillery to breach it, the Maori defenders actually forbore to fire upon the labourers, because they were unarmed men. General Pratt and Colonel Alexander have spoken of their adversaries in the Taranaki conflict, in 1860, as gallant and honourable men; and General Cameron expressed himself in the same high terms of those he encountered in the Waikato campaigns. The soldiers who fought against those natives have ever since been their staunchest friends; and there can be no higher compliment to the inherent good qualities of any people than this.

The character of Hongi has been glanced at as a superlative specimen of the native savagery. Let us return to Tarapipipi, as representing in the opposite extreme the later development and promise of the race. Known among the white men as William Thompson, he was chief of the Ngatihaua branch of the Waikatos.

Educated by the missionaries, and a man of great natural capacity, he fully comprehended the position of his people and the resources of the European. The object of his life was to civilise and consolidate the tribes, and prevent the extinction which seemed their doom; and this he saw to be impossible unless peace with the white man could be preserved. The old power of the chiefs had greatly waned among the tribes. There was no settled authority for administering justice or arranging individual disputes, and no means of deciding quarrels between the different tribes, and hindering a recurrence of the old wars. The land sales were a constant source of unpleasantness with the whites. Fraudulent natives would sometimes sell land which was tribal property; and the colonial officials would similarly ignore these tribal rights. To remedy all this Tarapipipi invited the Colonial Government to undertake the administration of his own race as well as theirs. His complaint was, "You profess to govern us, and you do not govern us." The neglect with which these overtures were treated constitutes the grand mistake in the history of our relations with the Maori. It has occasioned all the calamities which have since afflicted the colonists, and which have probably ruined the natives. The English Government has ever meant well to the Maori. But, unfortunately, performance did not follow upon the heels of good intention, and judgment in the management of New Zealand affairs does not stand out from the strange ignorance and carelessness which have been the characteristics of the Imperial government.

Unable to obtain Pakeha government, Tarapipipi instituted a native confederacy, and set up a native king; but, as he expressly stated, in no hostility to the Queen or the colonists. He started a Maori newspaper, which he named the *Hokioi*. Most of the tribes, except those north of Auckland, adhered to his arrangements; but it needed a common government to hinder the land quarrel of the two races. With that difficulty Tarapipipi could not cope, and the dispute over the unlucky Waitara block led to the Taranaki insurrection. The trouble was quelled, but it broke out again in the larger Waikato rising. The "king-maker" was all through a peace-maker, foreseeing the consequences of the war. When his counsels were disregarded by his people he kept aloof from them, until the British troops entered the Waikato territory; he then cast in his lot with his kindred, and turned out with his hapu. After hard fighting the great Waikato tribes were broken up, and most of their country confiscated. Tarapipipi saw the failure of all his plans, the frustration of his hopes, the impending ruin of his people. He had tried to

reconcile the interests of the two populations, but the exacting advance of the white man and the impetuous resentment of the Maori were circumstances too strong for his policy.

Tarapipipi was a good, and deserves to be regarded as a great man. His views were broad and noble, his spirit magnanimous, his conduct upright and straightforward from first to last.

The Maori is now a fading race, and we who live at a distance can afford to regard him with a sentimental interest. Like the red man of America, he will one day become a subject for the novelist and the poet. It is no false sentiment to regret the disappearance of a race which has unquestionably the raw material of greatness, but for whose development circumstances are less fortunate than they were for our own ancestors, who were also once in a similar barbaric state.

P. A. E.



CALAIS.



AS at many a pretentious castle, the owner and visitors prefer entering by some modest little postern, so in France, magnificent country as it is, the traveller is introduced through such humble little doorways as Dieppe, Boulogne, Calais, and similar places. These ports are after the one pattern, scratched and dredged into something that will give water for a few hours to ships of modest tonnage, which then leaves them prostrate on her muddy bosom. A frail paling runs out timorously into the sea, and forms a sort of avenue. In Dieppe and some of the others, Englishmen have little interest, but to Calais—a poor little wind-blown, wave-buffed outpost, we are drawn by a hundred associations that are stirring and interesting, dramatic, picturesque, and historical. No voyager of true sympathy and reading, as he steps from the boat, and tramps across the drawbridge, walks over the solemn square, and rests his hour or so at an inn, but must find himself looking curiously round, and see everything through a cloud of the most romantic colour. It seems charged with the strangest associations. We think of Sterne, Hogarth, Brummell, Lady Hamilton, Foote; of the Burgesses with the ropes round their necks, figuring in so many historical pictures; of the writing on Mary's heart; of the tide of nobles who have stopped there and had their first look at France, and of that hapless English colony, always recruited by those who have fled from debt, and who marshal their ranks to see the packet—on which they dare not set foot—come in. Everyone, in short, will feel the truth of Mr. Ruskin's picture, which calls up a feature of the Old Town. "I cannot find words," he says, "to express the intense pleasure I have always felt in first finding myself, after some prolonged stay in England, at the foot of the tower of Calais Church. The large neglect, the noble mightiness of it, the record of its years, written so visibly yet without sign of weakness or decay, its stern vastness and gloom, eaten away by Channel winds, and overgrown with bitter sea grass—I cannot tell half the strange pleasure and thoughts that come about me at the sight of that old tower." Other eyes had looked, we may be sure, at the "large neglect," with an irksomeness that was intolerable—eyes of the expatriated hemmed in there, as in a jail; burrowing, swarming, in those little streets that

radiate from the square, where many an agonizing shift was contrived that should extort a day's more credit from the French shopkeeper. The presence of Sterne is what we feel most, his Hotel, Dessein's, his monk, his delightful *desobligeante*,—a chariot on shafts—lying in the court. The whole of that short sojourn is a bit of true French comedy, charmingly done. We need read but the first half-dozen pages of the "Sentimental Journey," and lo! again rises about us the gates and courts and old houses of Calais. Leslie coming after, has helped to spread the same fascinating associations.

"Mons. Dessein" and his heirs should have done more for Sterne than hang up a mezzotint, or label a room "Sterne's Room." That delicate etching brought the innkeeper thousands of pounds, and made him immortal. But he became griping and avaricious, and, like other hosts, began to give bad wine and generally bad treatment, on the strength of his reputation. This inn no longer exists, though it was an established device to allow an enthusiastic traveller the favour of sleeping in Sterne's Room. The Barber and "the Monk" enjoyed a perpetual vitality, for the guest was naturally delighted at such proof of accuracy in the humourist's description, and gave accordingly.

The old place is stamped all over with seals and tokens of its ancient vicissitudes. Up to a few years ago the municipality was sunk in a more than conservative lethargy, would do nothing and change nothing. There is even now to be seen the figure of a cat carved on a stone let into one of the houses, and the tradition runs that this animal was the price paid for the ground on which the house stands, during the dreadful famine when the town was besieged by the English; when, fresh from Cressy, King Edward came to besiege the place in the 14th century. That beleaguering and its horrors lasted some eleven months. Then came the dramatic episode. But the Burgesses of the historical pictures are quite too remote to awaken any sympathy, and they may be dismissed with their scarcely deserved reprieve. So with the Field of the Cloth of Gold, which the resurrection men, who provide "subjects" for anatomical burlesque, have lately snatched.

It seems strange to think, that for the two hundred years that followed, the English should have held this corner of French soil—a dreadful irritating sore in the French mortal body. It is little known how thoroughly English the place was: the streets having English as well as French names, as "Rigging Street." It had its mayor and its two members during the English occupation. It was a favourite spot for royal and noble junkettings; kings and princes "running over," as they would to the Isles of Wight or Man. The great

Wolsey was there twice. Grand functions were held there for "making of knights." But a lugubrious association attaches to the place; as it was the Calais headsman who was often fetched over specially to do the work, on account of his superior skill. The French frontier was always coolly spoken of as being at Ardres—about ten miles away. There it was assumed that French soil began.

It was no wonder that the situation became "too stretched" to endure; and that at last, in 1558—only thirty-eight years after the magnificent pageant of the Field of the Cloth of Gold—a desperate effort was made by the French to recover the place. It succeeded, under the direction of the famous La Balafré, and the English were no longer in France. Even in Henry VIIIth's day the Venetian ambassador, Michele, wrote to his court about the boldness of the English sailors, who went in and out of the place in all weathers, never heeding the state of the harbour, they managed their boats with such skill and daring.

Once lost, there was no chance of its being recovered again. The genius of Vauban was directed to the strengthening of it with that wonderful style of fortification which has covered France and the Low Countries with a crowd of monuments to his memory. These mammoth works are prodigies of skill and swift construction; and, even now, defy the ordinary power of gunpowder to destroy them. Now are to be seen the bastions of the old fortress; the ruined dock, with its enormous iron gates; and the whole apparatus of fosses and bridges. To this day it is like a prison; and the traveller, who wishes for a stroll, can only leave it by a single gate. The words "Calais Gate" at once recal Hogarth's picture—that clear, brilliant piece of painting, which now hangs in the home of a noble family in the north of Ireland. Of its Canaletti-like brightness the engravings give no idea. That gate is as old as the English; and in the picture we see the English arms sculptured, though they have long since been erased. The old church of Nôtre-Dame was built by the English. On its pillars, some years ago, were discovered some votive paintings set up by the English Woodhouses; but the French had them whitewashed out at once. The great square tower can be seen far out at sea, rising starkly from the sands, a stone anchorite. So with the old tower *de Guet*. The effect of these lorn memorials, as the packet glides on slowly, is always sad: they seem to give solemn and silent greeting.

The story of Hogarth's adventure has been told very often. How this true Englishman, sitting down and sketching the gate which bore the English arms, was at once taken into custody by the soldiers, and

forthwith shipped back to Dover. This, according to the usual precedent, was thought a scandalous outrage upon a British subject ; but, in the annals of fortifications, sketching has always been held to be a dangerous amusement. An Englishman sketching Calais, little over a hundred years after it had been recovered, was still more suspicious. In that fair scene, with its ridiculous figures of lean and hungry-eyed French soldiers, the artist had his revenge, for it was to be seen by thousands, then engraved, and bought by hundreds—and thus indirectly helped to foster that amused contempt which, up to the days of Gilray and Rowlandson, was considered only public spirit. On the sirloin of beef was a label, directed “Madame Grand-sire,” the landlady of the “Silver Lion,”—a rival hostelry—with a singularly lean cook, whom the sirloin nearly crushed. The natives were pretty well accustomed to Englishmen and their extravagances, but they must have been highly amused by the eccentric Parson Harvest, who could not find the way to this house, and could not speak a word of French. He stopped the first native he met, and thrusting out his arms and feet, after the picture of a lion rampant, and putting a silver crown between his teeth, made the Frenchman understand. Nothing, however, could compete with Dessein’s—its handsome courtyards, gardens, luxuriant geraniums three or four feet high ; its theatre and good wine, whose “bush” was the reputation of the “Sentimental Journey.”

Another figure is seen wandering about Calais—a true adventuress—the defeated Chudleigh, and deposed Duchess of Kingston, who stayed long at Dessein’s, and was said to have left him a large sum in her will. An incident of her desperate battle with Foote brings the town before us with a flash ; one of his spirited dramas, with the poet and innkeeper—the scurrilous duchess herself and Father O’Donovan, the Irish Capuchin. Goldsmith wrote to his friends describing the persecutions and extortions on landing ; and in a delightful letter records the landing of the baggage :—“two little trunks, which were all we carried with us. . . . We were surprised to see fourteen or fifteen fellows all running down to the ship to lay their hands upon them ; four got under each trunk, the rest surrounded and held the hasps, and in this manner our baggage was conducted with a kind of funeral solemnity, till it was safely lodged at the Custom House. We were well enough pleased with the people’s civility, till they came to be paid, when every creature that had but the happiness of touching our trunks with his finger, expected sixpence.” Foote must have heard Goldsmith relate this adventure, and it is some homage to the author of one of the most spirited comedies in the

language, *She Stoops to Conquer*, that Foote should have thought it worth while to incorporate the mere scraps of a letter in a drama.*

But we approach the later days, within the present century, when it became the Refuge, the Sanctuary, as it were, for English debtors and *vauriens*. Calais and Boulogne, two "tidal" anthills, have engendered those strange beings, the *soi-disant* "captain" and colonel, the reduced gentleman and his family, who choose Calais "for educational purposes"; the poor shifty beings in threadbare but diligently restored coats, perennial actors who flourish about in the prison yard. What a race, what long generations! How strange they must have looked to the natives and shopkeepers; what stages of doubtful progress before credit could be assured, even before that shaky security of the impecuniary, dependence on fitful remittances from England, could be attained to. These little streets which radiate from the Place, what stories they could tell of wrangling and piteous landlords, despairing debtors, seizures in execution, and even "liens" upon bodies lying unburied; wives and children detained in pawn for the debts of the buried husband. We think of that grand theatrical scene every day, when the captains and colonels mustered to see the English packet—a small sloop then of fifty or sixty tons—come in. What looking out for familiar faces, or what shrinking away, as the wealthy traveller, old clubmate, comes ashore, his swinging travelling coach taken to pieces and put together, he just halting to dine at Dessein's, and posting on at night—by Abbeville and Amiens, to Paris. To the reduced and fallen gentleman, the walls of Calais must have indeed seemed a jail yard.

Many, however, would fly thither for breathing time, as it were, from the pursuit of English bailiffs—even men of true condition. The traditions of such were fondly cherished. For Englishmen that of Brummell, who lived there for thirteen years, has more interest than for Frenchmen. It was not in his exile at Calais that the poor Beau suffered the privations that are related of him, for there he lived in luxury, living literally on alms from his friends in England, but alms that reached to some five or six hundred a year. His rooms at Leleux's, the old Dessein's, before its removal, were in fact haunted by shoals of fine people, where he laid down marble pavement and decorated the old rooms to his heart's content. His *esprit* made him a favourite, and it must be said of his more fortunate friends who were still

* "Enter porters with small parcels." M. Codling is told that these are "porters from de Custom House vid you baggage!" "Baggage," repeats Codling, in amazement, "any one of them might have carried it all."

surviving, they always thought of Brummell, as they passed through Calais. Often the chaise was halted at Leleux's, and the invitation to dinner given from the carriage window. It is indeed vastly to the credit of the much-abused world that he met such generous treatment from the dandies. An old friend, who lived at Dover, would often fix a day for a dinner at Dessein's, and come over in the packet specially. Callous and battered as that old heart must have been, it surely fluttered in the September of 1821, when the sham "first gentleman of Europe" came over and passed through Calais. The little penal colony was in a stir, and there was great speculation at the clubs as to how the poor broken Beau would behave. It is said that he did behave with dignity. It is said he tried to avoid meeting the king in his passage from the ship to the hotel; and friends of his describe how he got blocked up in the crowd as he was walking home to his house, and was thus forced to see the "first gentleman," who was heard to exclaim, "Good God, there is Brummell!" What a meeting! the poor exile and former boon companion, and "your fat friend," now a great king!

It is hard to accept that story of dignity; and it would be beyond human nature to resist such an opportunity for reconciliation. The Beau *must* have hoped to catch the royal eye. When his majesty was feasting at Dessein's some old friends were not remiss, and mentioned the poor old Beau. A bottle of choice *liqueur* was sent from the latter. And there was a more artful reminder—something about the Beau's famous old snuff mixture, which found its way to the king's table. At any allusion, however, the mean prince was silent; he either felt a secret reproach, or, like many weak men, shrank from the "fuss" and unpleasantness of such a meeting; and though the poor Beau left his name, the shabby "first gentleman" quitted the town without seeing him. Richly did he deserve the attacks of the caricatures and the stinging squibs of Tom Moore.

In the rotten society of the place Brummell was of course a leading figure. The traditions associated with his name gave a tone to the place, and to those who had the happiness of knowing him. The Beau was said to conduct himself with his old matchless insolence—especially in regard to the sham colonels and captains, whom he delighted in putting down. "Know him!" he would say, "to be sure. Why he was head butler at Belvoir." The Beau had not much courage, and was once called to account for some such description. "You said I was a butler," said a half-pay captain without a nose, who came to call him to account. "If you do not retract in five minutes——" "In five seconds, my dear sir," said

the other, apologizing handsomely. But as the captain was going the Beau added, "It *couldn't* be ; for now I think of it, I should have remembered being served by a butler without a nose." The injured party had best have left the matter alone ; formally his honour was salved—but the retractor had the best of it. In his turn the Beau was hit pretty hard when walking with Lord Sefton. A questionable man bowed eagerly to the Beau. "Who is that friend of yours?" said the Beau, lamely enough. Lord Sefton said he knew no one in Calais but Brummell himself. A few minutes later the same man passed again, and said, "Don't forget, *Brum*—roast goose at four!" This he richly deserved. At last he obtained his consulship at Caen, and got away from Calais.

There is one more figure, whose ghost flutters about Calais, that of Lady Hamilton, who lies buried in a timber yard, dying after a miserable illness. She was attended by an officer as priest, and there was a question of giving her a pauper funeral. But a generous English merchant interposed, and had her decently interred, "fifty gentlemen of Calais" attending. What a *cortège*—a band of adventurers waking the adventuress! One of the dreadful incidents of that refugee life was near taking place when the French creditors wished to detain the poor daughter Horatia as a sort of pledge ; but the same humane gentleman got her away. The place has its tragedies also. Angry Englishmen have crossed over to avenge their differences on the sands—a favourite spot. There the wretched Mr. Rook was shot dead. In short, the little town, in one ignoble sense belonging to the English still, and does not want a true dramatic interest, even in these days of tidal trains and buffets.


PERCY FITZGERALD.

WITHIN AND WITHOUT.

A SERIES OF MOSAICS FROM THE CITY.

BY D. MORIER EVANS.

No. I.—THE SKELETON EQUIPAGE.

AS any one ever seen the "Skeleton Equipage?" Did any one know the owner and his trusty companion? Or has the quaint picture with its accessories been conjured up by the weird fancy of an overtaxed and excitable imagination? I can honestly avouch that I have seen it, and that I knew the owner and his faithful Don Tomaso; but I also confess that occasionally when I reflect upon the events associated with their acquaintance, a species of sharp chill seizes me, and much that occurred assumes the aspect of a grim shadowy dream.

Full well I remember when I first encountered that strange eccentric conveyance, with its still stranger and more eccentric occupant, and his long, lean, fantastic, but faded coachman. It was a sight not to be readily forgotten, and though subsequently in my discursive rambles I again and again came across them, the strong impression then made will never be effaced from my memory.

I was returning one bright summer morning, between five and six, after the discharge of certain journalistic duties and a visit to Covent Garden to buy flowers for my family, dozing lazily in a quiet four-wheeler, when I was aroused by a jolting noise in my rear, and an exchange of sharp, peevish voices. I looked around, and saw nothing. The sky was high and clear; everything appeared serene; the Strand and Fleet Street were destitute of vehicles, except the red carts of various large newspaper contractors which darted to and fro with remarkable celerity; policemen were stolidly walking up and down, the scene being completed by the bright cans and the white drapery of the itinerant early breakfast establishments at St. Clement Danes and Farringdon Within.

I was dozing again, with a huge bunch of flowers by my side—roses, lilies, and every description that heart could wish, and such as only can be procured at Covent Garden in the regular season—when

jolt, jolt, resounded a heavy thudding noise, as from the wheels of a carriage with broken springs.

At the same time a voice that seemed scarcely human shrieked out—

“Don Tomaso, Don Tomaso, for the love of the Virgin, make more speed; the leagues we have to travel will never be covered if we creep at this *vara* pace.

“Hi, hi! Houp la!” echoed a second voice.

And by this time steadily drew up nearly abreast of my four-wheeler a strange description of conveyance, a kind of lengthy, dark, unfinished *carotte*, not thoroughly painted, and rendered wind and weather tight by brown paper and black leather. Attached to the vehicle was a sorry-looking worn-out bay horse, not harnessed in the regular fashion, but with collar, girth, and traces made of leather, rope, and string. The animal appeared to work easily, for the style of trappings gave him room, but as he moved forward, he had to give the carriage a jerk to bring it quickly after him.

Seated on the box was a long, lean, weather-beaten looking man—the Don Tomaso of the story—equipped from head to foot in sombre rusty black, with a curiously battered three-cornered cap, evidently the head-gear of some old military campaigner. His hands were gloved, but his fingers made their way through, and in the right he held his reins of thin rope, and in the left he carried a strong, short, thick whip with a long lash.

“Hi, hi!” he again cried with a snarl, whirling his whip, for his countenance was particularly sardonic. “Get ye forward, fiery steed of the Ukraine! No *frijoles* for breakfast if ye are not at home betimes.”

Now the attention of my cab-driver was aroused. We had approached the Hill of Ludgate, and the glorious sun was shining on the majestic dome of St. Paul’s, glinting the cross with very fire, and making the surrounding scenery, for the dull City, charming. He knocked at the window and said, “Holloa, governor, look here!” pointing to the eccentric cavalcade, as it made way. “What is it?” he cried.

I replied I did not know. “Surely,” I said, “it must be the freak of some maniac.”

“Holloa!” continued my cabby, addressing the strange, lean coachman. “Holloa, young *Cholera Morbus*!” (for the vehicle really looked like a caravan of death that could be elongated at pleasure). “Where do you come from, and where are you bound to?” It is a remarkable idiosyncrasy of the London cab-drivers,

distinguished from others of the same great race, that they endeavour invariably to reverse the order of things, in persistently calling old young, and *vice versa*.

The old lean coachman designated young *Cholera Morbus* deigned to raise his head, and with a deep, guttural voice replied, "Just arrived from Nova Zembla, *en route* to Mexico, for change of climate."

"Werry encouraging," replied my cabman, and immediately resumed his course. He evidently felt that he had been caught, and desired to drop the conversation, finding his opponent so polished a satirist. I roared and intimated to my friend my wish not to quit company with this curious vehicle, but to follow closely the route which it took. My cabman rather objected, because of the snail's pace at which it proceeded; but by dint of persuasion and the promise of an extra fare he at length consented, and on we jogged silently together.

Previously to this the windows of the *carotte* had been closed. They were now suddenly opened, and the same eccentric voice that had at first been heard was again raised—"Don Tomaso, Don Tomaso, we shall never reach the *Hacienda* in time; the mail may be in and the despatches delivered. What if the body (*el cuerpo*) of the lode should be rich! Pray, Don Tomaso, make speed."

I now clearly saw the strange occupant of this strange conveyance. He was in appearance a master worthy of so quaint and grotesque an attendant. Lounging in the carriage, his queer Venetian visage, from which depended shaggy whiskers and beard, was remarkable for its anxious and desponding appearance. He was attired in shabby velvet coat, with very full-made trousers, and his shoes were long, and pointed at the toes. His headgear was astounding, consisting of a broad-brimmed whitey-brown beaver hat of ancient date, heavily wreathed with folds of crape, so that he could be no ordinary mourner.

Every now and then he pushed forward his head, looking wistfully around, heaved a deep sigh, and suddenly withdrew, placing his body in a recumbent position, not on, but between the seats of the carriage.

As we neared St. Paul's, the bright light of the morning broke in full force upon the occupant of the Skeleton Equipage and his extraordinary charioteer. The four-wheel cab in which I was riding now passed close to the conveyance, and I at once, without hesitation, raised my hat. The old gentleman inside took no notice of my act of politeness, but looked vacantly at me, and buried his body between the seats of his *carotte*. Not so the servant; he was more

sociably inclined, and when I nodded to him and passed the time of day he returned it with a knowing glance of his eye, at the same time pointing to my cab-driver, as much as to say, "He has met his match for once in a way."

The familiarity of the phantom Jehu reassured me. At least, I thought, I shall be able to scrape acquaintance with him some day, and learn the history of this very singular proceeding.

Before we had fairly got round St. Paul's, our vehicles changing places occasionally—

"Don Tomaso, Don Tomaso," shouted our newly-made acquaintance, "the short cut for home. We must be in time for the despatches, they will be delivered early; riches may be in store yet—ah, ah!" And after delivering himself thus, the gentleman with the immense whitey-brown broad-brim heavily draped with crape huddled himself up again in the middle of his vehicle in a doubtful state of repose.

"*Si, Senor!*" carelessly replied Don Tomaso, but he nevertheless whirled the thong of his whip with its long lash high in the air, and then bringing it quickly across the ears of the broken-down nag, raised his usual fiendish cry of "Hi, hi! Houp la!" and tugged fearfully at the reins.

The "fiery steed" responded to the call; like his master, and tormentor—for Don Tomaso seemed to understand the animal—the poor creature desired a short cut home, being nearly exhausted with his work, and requiring provender, though it was not likely to be of the best.

Darting forward, the horse, shaking his head, acquired, as it were, fresh vigour, and, making a desperate effort, brought the vehicle, with its singular owner and driver, round the corner of St. Paul's Churchyard, and in a sort of double-quick time made way down Aldersgate Street. The animal knew he was on the road home, and as the passage was free, his progress was satisfactory.

My driver kept near the strange equipage, and, communicating with me through the window, expressed his surprise at the change in route, and the revived energies of the great charger.

Every now and then the celebrated cry of "Hi, hi! Houp la!" was heard, followed by the resounding smack of the whip.

The vehicle, with its rumbling noise, went forward. El Capitano as it subsequently turned out the inside occupant was called, lazily watched from his position the shops in the street as they were beginning to be opened for business, and then relapsed into his former languor.

We had now passed through Barbican, down Chiswell Street, across Finsbury Square, along Shoreditch—there was no North London Railway or Grand Town Hall then—into the Kingsland Road, and on went the steed with his dreary burden ; the “ Hi, hi ! Houp la ! ” being still distinguishable.

Suddenly, and as if by magic, a corner was turned, and El Capitano, Don Tomaso, the curious equipage, and the panting steed, for he was literally panting when we lost sight of him, most unaccountably disappeared from view.

Whither they had gone no one could say. My cabby was most thoroughly astonished. I rubbed my eyes to see clear, but could divine nothing, and yet it was not a dream.

Being fairly puzzled at the curious termination of the adventure, I ordered my friend X Y 204 to make straight away across Kingsland and Dalston to my residence, where, having paid the extra fare, I bade him good morning.

“ A queer go that,” remarked cabby.

“ Yes,” I replied ; “ but we shall all three meet again. I shall not let the investigation drop till I have penetrated the mystery.”

“ I wish yer luck, guv'nor ! ” And he shook his head, as if he doubted my sanity.

For weeks and weeks I could not get the Skeleton Equipage out of my mind. It appeared to haunt me day and night. There was the ill-favoured face of El Capitano, the long, lean figure of Don Tomaso, and the veritable conveyance, with its sorry, forlorn beast tugging hard to bear its ghostly load homewards. Occasionally, during a leisure moment, I found myself sketching the spectacle on my blotting-pad, in imitation of Retcher's outlines ; and the figures came out in strange and shadowy relief.

About two months afterwards I was strolling in the neighbourhood of Kingsland—somewhere between the Crescent and the Queen's Road, Dalston—when my attention was attracted by a man dressed in groom's attire, who was standing at the door of a tavern smoking a short clay pipe. He was particularly tall and thin, and I imagined I knew his face. I approached nearer, with the view of scrutinising his physiognomy, and lo and behold it was my lost friend, Don Tomaso. He was not slow in recognising me. Now I could make a survey of his visage I discovered that, although it was of a sardonic cast, the lines about the mouth, with the sharp grey eyes, were suggestive of a propensity to humour.

Scanning me from head to foot, he drew his pipe from his mouth, and, after allowing a huge cloud of smoke to escape, he bowed politely.

"Good day, Don Tomaso," I said. "It is curious that we should have again met."

"Yes," he replied, leaning against the door. "We diddled you nicely the last time. Got a little ahead of you near Pearson Street, doubled the corner, and were of course lost to sight. How, is a secret. You don't know the slums there."

"Where?" I replied.

"Never mind," he answered. "You may some day."

"But the governor?" I inquired. "Where is he? I should like to make his acquaintance."

"Would you?" he answered, in a bantering manner. "Perhaps you would. But he don't want any acquaintances. All he wants is to cut the lode, and then they'll come to riches."

He was an enigma to me, but discerning that he was inclined to be communicative, I entered the hostelry and requested him to follow. There and then on the spot I gave him refreshment, and as the Yankees have it, "interviewed" him.

Don Tomaso was not too loquacious, he was inclined to be ironical and cautious. After a little fencing I was enabled to extract from him some information in connection with his master and himself.

"Lor' bless you, sir!" he continued, "El Capitano, though he may be a little weak in intellect is as harmless as yourself. He was originally wealthy, but he is now reduced through his propensity to indulge in mining speculation. I have travelled abroad and have picked up something of French, Spanish, and German, and he likes my 'jargon,' as he calls it, and if I can import a new word now and then he is as delighted as a child with a fresh toy."

"Extraordinary!" I remarked.

"Yes," he replied, "you would consider it extraordinary if you knew all. He is now deeply involved in a Mexican mining adventure, and therefore I stick to my Spanish. He is exceedingly well educated, and had it not been for reverses in domestic life and losses in the City, he would, doubtless, have been a bright ornament in society. El Capitano picked me up hereabouts, and, finding I knew something of languages, was pleased, and dubbed me at once Don Tomaso. Why should I object; he pays me 24s. per week with the punctuality of clock-work? There is no reason for my grumbling, as he is invariably good and kind. What if he will brew strong rum punch, and call it *pulqué*, smoke Mexican cigarettes, read the latest despatches, and chalk out upon the table of his old summer-house the levels and the adits of the several mines? I am satisfied."

"What a life!" I rejoined.

"A very pleasant life," said Don Tomaso. "It is only in the spring and summer time that we take exercise in the Skeleton Equipage. My real and honest name is Tom Brain, and therefore Don Tomaso is no great exaggeration. Few know me by the latter *soubriquet*, but El Capitano considers it agreeable; so I adopt it. In the winter we are very field-mice in our habits; we seldom stir out; he goes to the Royal Exchange occasionally to look after the prices of shares; I fetch the despatches once a month; and when things look doubtful he says it is the 'calls' that kill him, and that riches will never be reached."

"But, Don Tomaso," I said, "where is the *Hacienda*, the *pulqué*, the cigarettes, and the despatches?"

"Ah," he replied, with a sly smile, "would you not like to know?"

"Indeed," I said, "I should. Anything in reason I would pay to witness that scene; so interesting and full of quaint life as it must be."

"Rather dreary," said Don Tomaso, "till you are used to it. But if you promise to keep the secret I may initiate you."

"Keep the secret!" I replied, "ah! that I will, and you shall be well rewarded."

"No reward do I require," said Don Tomaso, "only that you will never divulge till riches have been obtained, or El Capitano has passed away."

I pledged my word.

"Here," he continued, "come next Saturday, and you shall witness the grand mystery, or the 'incantation scene,' as I sometimes call it; but you will be a spectator, not an actual participant."

I promised obedience. Don Tomaso then gave the necessary instructions to be at the place appointed, with the time and other details.

At the date and time named I was at the *rendezvous*. I was placed at the rear of an old-fashioned summer-house, near the end of a long-neglected garden overrun with straggling uncut gooseberry and currant bushes; everything indicating disorder and decay. About nine at night, while the pale moon was shining overhead, I saw Don Tomaso approaching with a steaming pitcher of rum punch, cigarettes in a tray, and some old, well-thumbed papers. Never was there such a weird, wild proceeding. A lantern depended from the inside roof of the square green wooden structure (the *Hacienda*), the sides of which were engrained with rough putty, the windows themselves being patched and covered with brown paper or other available material.

Immediately afterwards entered El Capitano, who with his long horny hands raised his hat, laid it aside, poured out two tumblers of *pulqué* (*alias*, rum punch), lighted his cigarette, and puffed away. Don Tomaso followed suit, and the reading of the despatches then commenced. It was done in a low, sepulchral tone by El Capitano, accompanied occasionally with a remark from Don Tomaso, who studiously watched the features of his master, and replenished his tumbler with *pulqué*. Then followed the development of the mines in chalk upon the table, the state of the levels and adits, and the course of the lode. "There, there," ejaculated El Capitano, "if we could reach that point," marking a particular spot, "we must cut the lode in depth, and come to *bonauzas*. But I fear, from the tenour of the last despatch, not yet—not yet." And he uttered a deep sigh.

I thought the scene was near its close, and therefore left my retreat and made my way homewards, somewhat depressed with the apparent fate of El Capitano.

For the last three years I have missed the Skeleton Equipage, El Capitano, and Don Tomaso from their old haunts. Whenever I saw them, there was the same old form in master and man, and consequently I conclude the lode was never cut, and *bonauzas* never reached. Don Tomaso, I should think, has emigrated—he talked of it on more than one occasion—and El Capitano has in reality, I fear, gone to that "bourne whence no traveller returns."



MALVINA.

BY H. SUTHERLAND EDWARDS.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE MISFORTUNES OF A PRINCESS.



THE hotel at which Alfred was staying is a sort of Star and Garter, with gardens leading down to the Lake of Geneva. The sharp, white cliffs of the opposite shore stand out brightly from the blue water, and close the scene in front. The sloping gardens are admirably laid out, and are as much indebted for their beauty to nature as to art. Thus, among the trees, a magnificent old chestnut, and an ancient, solemn, orientally aristocratic cedar of Lebanon are conspicuous.

In the evening the bright terraces and shady walks are enlivened by the presence of women of all nations, some of whom are as much indebted for their beauty to art as to nature. But it is a place where, for the most part, simplicity is cultivated, and where simplicity alone is in harmony with the general scene.

On the left, that light, wooden structure is a bathing-house, opening directly, and—for the convenience of divers—vertically on to the lake. The principal walk leads straight down to a pier, where steamers for all places of interest on the lake, from Chillon at one end to Geneva at the other, call several times a day; and hanging about the pier on all sides are swarms of light, gaudily painted pleasure boats. At the back of the hotel—unless it be the front; but how could an hotel, or anything else, turn its back permanently to the Lake of Geneva?—is a vineyard; and the whole of the beautiful picture, in which white, azure-blue, dark green, are the predominant hues, is enclosed in a frame-work of mountains, whose tints vary at all hours of the day, until at sunset they burn and glow with every possible combination of light and colour.

Go to Ouchy, get up at six in the morning, walk through the perfumed gardens down to the shores of the beautiful lake, contemplate its peaceful, placid bosom, before giving yourself up to its embrace; rise from it invigorated and refreshed, and return to the

hotel to breakfast with the charming English and American girls who will no doubt be anxiously waiting for you.

If gardens, like playhouses in Italy, and like churches everywhere, had their patron saints, or their appointed emblems, I should say that the garden at Ouchy ought to be named the "Garden of the Blessed Spoon," in token of the mysterious rites regularly performed there (weather permitting) every evening throughout the season. On moonlight nights the faithful—and above all the unfaithful—go out in boats, and sail to and fro on the lake, which is still haunted by the spirit of Julie d'Estanges. But the sacred groves of the sloping gardens are the chief resort of worshippers; and devotees may often be met with walking by the shores of the lake, mingling their soft utterances with the gentle ripple of the waves.

However, there is a time for everything. It was now the hour of the *table d'hôte*, and Malvina and Alfred were able to walk by the side of the lake, and sit down, and talk beneath the shady groves, without the slightest fear of being disturbed. Not that their conversation could possibly be of the kind to which I have said that this romantic garden seems to be especially devoted. But it was naturally of an intimate character, and neither of the speakers would have cared to be broken in upon by the doctor, or the manager of the hotel, or any one else who might have thought he had a right to address them.

"I have had great losses since I saw you," said Malvina, when she had quietly settled down on one of the seats by the side of the lake. "My poor mother was very fond of you, and you know what respect and affection my dear father entertained for you."

"They were very kind indeed to me," said Alfred, who could not help asking himself how he had requited their kindness.

"It must have been a great trial to you to lose both your parents within so short a time—parents who were so devoted to you?" he added.

"Yes, indeed! The fact is—it is no use concealing it—mamma was very much distressed on leaving Hillsborough. She never quite recovered the shock. It had also a great effect on papa's spirits. He did not survive mamma more than a year."

It struck Alfred that it might have been the recent death of his wife which had affected Mr. Gribble so profoundly, and not his dereliction of Malvina four years previously. But it was evident to him all the same that his conduct had caused great grief to the Gribble family, and cast a gloom over their existence.

The truth was that Mr. Gribble had fallen a victim to indigestion, while Mrs. Gribble had died a year before from the effects of a carriage accident. They were very worthy people, and had never enjoyed themselves so much as during the first few years which followed Mr. Gribble's retirement from business. Mr. Gribble had realised a fortune of eighty thousand pounds, and Malvina showed him how to spend the interest of that sum in the principal capitals of Europe, and all along the line of Continental watering-places, by sea and by land, from Ostend to Biarritz, and from Spa to Ischl.

If any one was responsible for the death of her mother, it was Malvina herself, who had a passion for driving wild horses, and for the most part drove them well. Once, however, as she was trotting a chosen pair at the rate of fourteen miles an hour, in the neighbourhood of Vienna, the steeds took fright, broke into a gallop, and upset the equipage. Then it was, and not three years before at Hillsborough, that Mrs. Gribble received the shock from which she never recovered.

As for Gribble himself, after a long course of honourable dissipation (made dishes never agreed with him), he retired to Vichy, and drank the waters until at last he was given up.

While the papa was taking his fourteen tumblers a day at the Source des Célestins, Malvina (to use the words of a not ill-natured English matron who watched her) "flirted as no respectable girl in half-mourning ever flirted before."

Just as she could manage the wildest horses, so Malvina could flirt with the most dangerous men, and still take care of herself. During her four years' practical studies in the chief pleasure-haunts of France, Belgium, and Germany, she had been brought into contact with the officers of all nations, to say nothing of diplomatists, men of fashion having no other vocation, distinguished loungers, persons of talent, and an occasional bright exception to the forced dulness of *la haute finance*. She had wounded most of those gentlemen, not one who had ever met her face to face had escaped without a graze, and some had been hit almost mortally.

But although, to do her justice, Malvina was willing to give any man who seemed at all worth it his fair chance, the uniform still possessed for her the same sort of fascination which the position of actress seems to exercise upon so many men. Her photograph book contained specimens of the troops of every country in Europe, from the dragoon and guardsman of her native land, to "the whiskered, handsome, and fierce hussar" of the East-Centre districts of the Continent.

Some of her military admirers had had themselves photographed for her on horseback ; and she would point out in which regiment of the English Life Guards the trousers were secured beneath the feet by chains, and in which by straps ; how the Prussian helmet differed from the Russian ; which regiment of the Chevaliers-Gards was the Empress's regiment and which the Czar's ; the contrast presented by the seat of a Hungarian hussar to that of a French *guide*, and the special points to be noted in the uniform of a *cent garde*, which she could indicate as minutely and accurately as if she were describing one of her own elaborate toilettes.

However, at Ouchy, by the side of Lake Lausanne, her toilette was not elaborate at all. There she was got up as a school girl, *en ingénue* ; and she congratulated herself on possessing, at least, the costume of her part, which was not only that of a type, but also, and above all, that of a particular individual.

"Papa died at Vichy," said Malvina, sentimentally, in the style of Gretchen recounting the death of her little sister. Undoubtedly she regretted her father ; only, in speaking of her loss, she endeavoured to render herself as interesting as possible.

"And you were then left quite alone ?" suggested Alfred, in a tone of compassion.

"No, Alfred ; not alone. That was what poor papa feared so much. The Prince had proposed to me twice, and papa begged me, implored me, to accept him. The marriage took place when papa had already been given up. It was very sad !"

"I did not know that you had met with so much unhappiness !"

"Ah, Alfred, if you knew all ! The loss of my parents was the beginning of my misfortunes !"

She paused to give Alfred an opportunity of encouraging her to proceed with her confessions. As Alfred did not profit by the opportunity, she proceeded all the same.

"I ought not to say it, Alfred—above all to you—but it could not be a marriage in which my heart was concerned, and I told the Prince so plainly. You know well—too well—that I was never able to conceal my sentiments ?"

Alfred remained silent.

"I hope," continued Malvina, "I know the duty of a wife, and that I shall not forget now the respect due to the memory of a husband ; but the Prince did not behave as I had a right to expect
* * * I do not think I am over sensitive ; but after what took place, I could not remain with him * * * My married life was very short, but it was too long for my happiness ! However, I

am terribly egotistical, and I must be wearying you with these details !”

“Malvina !” protested Alfred. Then, deeming this simple exclamation scarcely enough to meet the requirements of the case, he added, really not knowing what to say :

“Was your husband in the army ?”

“Army, Alfred ?” answered Malvina, with upturned eyes. Then, with a smile of reproof, she said, “You are thinking of young Alsager, who went into the hussars. But I can’t bear military men now. They are so vain, so frivolous !”

“Many of them are, and yet their profession is serious enough, and, seriously considered, ennobling.”

“I respect an old general, covered with scars, who has bled for his country,” said Malvina, very earnestly ; “but a foolish, spendthrift subaltern, who has never bled for any one, and whose chief thought is how to make his poor old father bleed—nothing to me is so odious ! You smile, Alfred ; but I have changed a great deal since those Hillsborough days, and I hope for the better.”

Alfred did not know what to say. If he said in plain language what he really thought—that Malvina had indeed changed for the better—he would seem to be condemning, to a certain extent, the Malvina of his early affection. If he did not respond by some expression of assent to her intimation that she *had* improved, he would seem to be denying the fact churlishly and unjustly.

Malvina’s little speech was really an invitation to him to declare that she was more perfect ; for he could not tell her that, as it was, she had only reached a comparative degree of excellence. But though she seemed to have developed excellent qualities which he had not observed in her before, still what he admired about her most was her white dress and her emerald-green sash.

Independently, however, of the question of admiration, he pitied her for what she had suffered, he reproached himself as the cause of her suffering, and he regarded her with the sympathy he could not help feeling for one whom he had wounded so deeply and with such culpable thoughtlessness.

He flattered himself that he also had improved ; and he asked himself again and again how, for his own wanton amusement, he could have made such desperate professions of affection to this poor girl, to abandon her at the last moment, distressed, humiliated, and almost heart-broken ?

He had never told her a falsehood, that he could safely say ; for when he swore that he loved her, he did love her, and he had never

even hinted at marrying her. But had he not acted a falsehood? Had he not deceived her by his conduct? At all events, was it not certain from the beginning that the dangerous game in which he had engaged Malvina was one in which she could scarcely fail to be injured, while he might issue from it comparatively whole?

He also reflected that good sometimes came from evil, even to the evil-doer; and congratulated himself on having learnt to take a more serious view of life and its obligations than he had been capable of entertaining seven years before, when he was a youth at Hillsborough and Malvina was such a charming, provoking little girl.

Alfred's reflections were suddenly interrupted by the sound of voices. The *table d'hôte* had come to an end, and the diners were invading the garden, over which they soon spread in every direction.

Malvina, in the meanwhile, seemed to have fallen into a reverie. Alfred spoke to her, but she made no answer, and her eyes still remained fixed. She looked intensely sad.

"Malvina," he repeated, placing his hand gently on hers to awaken her attention. "Malvina, my dear little girl!"

She turned her eyes tenderly towards him, clasped his hand convulsively for one moment, and then withdrawing her own, said to him, quite pathetically,—

"Alfred, do not—*pray*, do not speak to me in that way. These words recal other days."

She got up and walked towards the hotel, Alfred accompanying her. After a few steps, Alfred was so tired that he had to stop. But Malvina supported him. On reaching the terrace he sat down for a few minutes; and little by little he reached Malvina's apartments.

Here, abandoning pure sentiment for a time, Malvina insisted on his taking a *bouillon* and some wine. After that he was strong enough to find his way upstairs alone. He went to bed, and dreamed of a white dress which contained the lost Sophie, and a green sash which encircled the waist of Malvina.

Then it was Sophie who wore the green sash, and Malvina the white dress.

Then he was at a theatre, and Sophie threw her arms round his neck, and said she loved him. Then the theatre became a convent, and Sophie still threw her arms round his neck, but said that she detested him. Then the convent became a garden, and he was telling Sophie how much he loved her. Then some one shot him and he died, but he still saw Sophie. She was sitting down by the

side of a lake, weeping; and when he tried to console her, she got up and walked across the water, and disappeared.

He did not wake the next morning until ten o'clock. Marie, for the third time, had brought him a cup of tea which Minna had brought to her, which the Princess had entrusted to Minna.

The Princess had sent to him at eight, at nine, and now sent to him again at ten.

"You have been frightening us," said Marie. "Such gestures, when I brought you some tea at eight o'clock! And in the middle of the night you uttered cries. The gentleman in the next room heard you."

Alfred answered by repeating to himself some lines which—or something like them—he had met with in the Song Book of a German poet:—

" Last night I sobbed as I slept,
And the pillow of my bed
Is wet with the tears I wept;
For I dreamt that you were dead!"

CHAPTER XXXVI.

STRAWBERRIES AND A CLEAR CONSCIENCE.

WHILE Alfred was dressing, Minna came to his room to say that the Princess wished to know how he was, and that she would wait breakfast for him. Alfred sent word that he was much better, and that he would be with the Princess in ten minutes.

Malvina had been up since seven o'clock. She had bathed in the lake, wandered about the garden, and walked to Lausanne to buy fruit and flowers. The breakfast consisted of such simple, natural luxuries as the place affords in perfection; *ferras* fresh from the lake, honey, thick cream, and wild strawberries.

Malvina had discarded the sentimentality of the previous evening. She reflected no longer the melancholy calmness of the lake, but seemed to be inspired only by the exhilarating atmosphere of the mountains. She was cheerful, animated, and looked as fresh and pure as a mountain flower. She had again put on a white dress, and she wore the same emerald-green sash in which Alfred had seen her the night before. She had pushed her hair back; and what made her look much fairer than she seemed to be when he first knew her at Hillsborough was the fact that the inside portion of her hair was many shades fairer than the outside mass. She reminded

him so much of Sophie that he found himself insensibly scrutinising her teeth, to see whether one of the lower teeth was not a little crooked.

"How he does stare!" thought Malvina. "Fortunately, I am proof against the severest examination."

"If you want to get well quickly, Alfred," she said, "you will eat a little now. The *ferra* is the most delightful fish ever created, and when it was put into the Lake of Geneva, it must have been intended that visitors to Ouchy should at least taste it to see what it is like. That is all that is necessary. The rest follows as a matter of course."

"I know the *ferra* by reputation," said Alfred. "I have read about it in the 'Nouvelle Héloïse.' When Julie and St. Preux went out on the lake, and the boatmen caught *ferras*, Julie made them throw them back into the water."

"She must have been very fond of them; and I have no doubt they are happier in that large natural aquarium, with its clear blue transparent water, than they could be anywhere else. But if she had liked them as much as I do, she would have had them fried. Besides, St. Preux was not an invalid, or Julie would have insisted on his eating something. Come, Alfred, the first mouthful is everything."

Alfred, having tasted one of the *ferras*, ate two. Then Malvina gave him some wood strawberries.

"I suppose you will not take any honey?" she said. "It has the same fault as sugar; it is too sweet. But the Swiss insist on placing it on your breakfast table whether you like it or not, and it would be a pity to hurt the waiters' feelings by telling them to take it away. The strawberry question is quite different. Indeed there is no strawberry question at all. Everyone likes strawberries. At least I have never known, and would refuse to know, anyone who didn't."

"Above all, wood strawberries."

"Yes, they are quite incomparable. I have often thought that true happiness consists in having a clear conscience and a constant supply of wood strawberries."

"They are so much better than garden strawberries—ininitely better than the over-cultivated ones," said Alfred, who was depressed, and could not rise above platitudes.

"Yes; and there is a parable in that," observed Malvina. "What they gain in size, form, and colour, they lose in fragrance. I adore the wood strawberry, not only as a fruit, but as a symbol. I sing hymns to nature all the time I am eating them. Please, take some more. Do, Alfred, or I shall think you do not sympathise with me."

The diplomatic footman now made his appearance, and said that

a boatman had come to ask at what time Madame la Princesse would like to go on the lake.

"Why should we not go at once, Alfred? Shall I pour you out some more tea? No? Then let us go while it is fine. The sun is shining, but there is a delightful breeze. I should be afraid to go alone, and it will do you so much good."

Alfred felt that he was already booked. But he was not guilty of the affectation of saying to himself that he was about to accompany Malvina against his will, or for her sake alone. She was a good, innocent, simple-minded girl, whom it was a pleasure, and an elevating pleasure, to be with. Malvina should never again suffer pain through *him*! In the meanwhile he was going out with her on the lake.

Malvina sent out and bought him a white linen hat, that he might not feel the heat of the sun too much.

"Fancy, Alfred, you, an experienced Indian, not taking such a simple precaution as that!" she said, "especially when you have let them cut all your hair off!" She put on a little look of dissatisfaction, as though the sacrifice of his hair had been a personal injury to her. "But you are very thoughtless, Alfred," she added.

There is something "not wholly disagreeable," as La Rochefoucauld would say, in hearing your Christian name pronounced again and again, and always in a tender voice, by a very charming woman. Of course, Malvina *could not* call Alfred "Mr. Leighton." "You can't say 'your Highness,'" observed Mdlle. Souris, speaking of the Regent of Orleans, "to a man whom you have seen fifty times at your feet." For similar reasons Malvina could not say "Mr." to Alfred, nor Alfred "Princess" to Malvina.

Still, there are different ways of pronouncing a name; and Malvina always addressed Alfred in a tone of tender sympathy, never in one of mere familiarity.

Alfred, on his part, pitied Malvina most sincerely. He wished to make amends to her for his heartless conduct in former days, and he admired her more and more for qualities which he had not discovered in her formerly.

Malvina knew all this—knew it much better than Alfred did himself; and, with such promising tendencies on both sides, the two could scarcely fail to grow more intimate every hour, or rather this intimacy assumed every hour a softer character.

The boatmen had stopped rowing, and put up a sail, and they were going, smoothly and swiftly, in the direction of Vevey. At Vevey

they landed, and Malvina and Alfred walked for a quarter of an hour along a narrow path by the side of the lake. The wind had risen, and the miniature waves dashed with infantine impetuosity against the shore, sprinkling Malvina from head to foot with their harmless spray.

"My face is quite wet," she said. "My face is wet, but not with tears. It sounds like the beginning of a poem."

"Let me dry them for you," said Alfred, taking out a handkerchief. "At least I would if they *were* tears."

"Yes, Alfred, I know you would!" she answered, putting her head back, and holding her face towards him.

The path was narrow and there was no one near, and Alfred was not obliged, as far as Malvina was concerned, to confine himself to wiping away tears that were not tears. But he did nothing else.

When they got back to the boat, the boatmen were nowhere to be found. Alfred proposed that they should go into the hotel; and once in the hotel they were obliged to take refreshments.

"There are always a quantity of Russians at this place," said Alfred. "Do you know any of them?"

"No," said Malvina; "I don't like them. It has been said that if you scratch a Russian, you will find a Tartar. I never scratched a Russian; I never thought it worth while to do so much in order to discover so little. But a Russian once scratched me. However, let us talk of something else."

If what Malvina said had been literally true, the terms of the proverb attributed to Napoleon, but which really belongs to the Prince de Ligne, would probably have been found applicable in her case, as in that of so many other persons whom it is not advisable to irritate. Nevertheless Alfred had, in a figurative sense, scratched her very deeply, and what did he find her but a perfect angel?

One of the boatmen now presented himself, complaining, in a tone of injured innocence, that he had been looking for Madame and Monsieur everywhere, and could find them nowhere.

"You have been drinking in a tavern, my good man," said Malvina, in the tone of one giving alms. "Shall we go, Alfred? We shall not get home till late in the afternoon, as it is."

They returned to the boat.

"You are not tired? I hope we did not go too far?" Alfred inquired.

"Tired? Oh, no!" she replied, with a deprecatory smile, as much as to say, "How could I be tired, being with you?"

Malvina showed Alfred the *ferras* swimming in the clear trans-

parent water, and leaning over the side of the boat tried to catch one in her hand, well knowing the impossibility of such a feat. Alfred was pleased to see that Malvina was once more playfully inclined, but recommended her, all the same, not to upset the boat.

"I should not care, for my part," she said. "It would be very much the same to me. There would be no one to ask what had become of me even. That would be one consolation."

"And I?" asked Alfred.

"Well, if you survived, you would know what had become of me. You would have seen me disappear. 'Mysterious disappearance of a lady in the Lake of Geneva.'" She laughed for a moment, and was silent.

Alfred made no reply. He was not going to tell Malvina that he was ready to die for her, when Sophie was dead and he was still alive.

"What a lovely sunset," said Malvina. "It is too beautiful! Viola was never merry when she heard sweet music. I cannot help feeling a touch of melancholy when I see such a sunset as this. Its beauty transcends imagination. It is a beauty which can be felt, and which indeed makes itself felt."

Malvina certainly seemed to feel it, and she let the soft light of her eyes fall upon Alfred like the rays of the setting sun on the tops of the mountains.

"What a symphony of light and colour!" said Alfred, thinking only of the sunset, and without even acknowledging the receipt of Malvina's tender glances.

"Yes, it suggests music," answered Malvina; "but what earthly music could harmonise with such a heavenly scene?"

"She possesses an elevation of soul which I never suspected in her when she was a young girl," said Alfred to himself. "How I misjudged her!"

They were now close to Ouchy, and Malvina made signs to the boatmen to stop before coming to the gardens of the hotel. There was no regular landing-place; but the Lake of Geneva is not the North Sea, and Alfred leaped to shore without even wetting his feet. Then he gave his hand to Malvina; but the jump was rather too much for her, and she would have fallen had he not caught her in his arms.

That was altogether too much for her. She rested her head on his bosom, hiding her face as if to conceal her emotion, and Alfred thought for a moment that she was about to faint.

"How foolish I am!" she said directly afterwards. "This

beautiful evening overpowers me so, I feel inclined to cry ! You are not angry with me, Alfred ?”

“My dear Malvina ! Take my arm,” he continued ; “you are fatigued. You see I am already stronger than you are.”

“How glad I should be, Alfred, to think so. But do not let us go through the middle of the garden. It is crowded, and people are so ill-natured. Let us take this side walk.”

By a shady, circuitous path, they at last reached the hotel.

“Where are you going ?” said Malvina when, at the door of her apartments, Alfred manifested some intention of wishing her good-night. “You are coming in to dine with me ? It would be a dreadful thing to leave me now after being out with me all day.”

Without examining the logic of Malvina’s remonstrance, Alfred consented to remain.

“You make too much ceremony, Alfred,” said Malvina, when he had come in and was sitting down by her side on the sofa. “Vous faites trop de cérémonie, Monsieur Alfred.”

In due time they dined. They had more *ferras* from the lake, more strawberries from the woods, and the origin of the ice, in large crystalline blocks, was unmistakeable.

“My beloved lake in a solid form !” said Malvina, as she put a large Geneva diamond, of the purest water, into Alfred’s glass.

The champagne was *not* Swiss. It was correctly dated from the department of the Marne.

Malvina, for the rest of the evening, and until midnight, was neither sentimental nor merely cheerful, but positively lively. Her frank, light-hearted gaiety pleased Alfred, who was sincerely glad to see that she was not always so melancholy as he had found her the previous day.

“Do not go !” she said, when at twelve o’clock he proposed to leave. “I am seldom, very seldom, so happy as I have been this evening, and it is not late for such a night as this. The hotel is shutting up, but there are still plenty of people in the garden. Besides, what does it matter to *us* what other people do ?”

She was getting expansive.

However, it was really late. There were still a few lighted cigars shining like glow-worms in the gardens, and from time to time the tread of one or more feet could be heard on the gravel path. But the hotel was shut up, the gas had been put out in the corridors, and at half-past twelve Alfred got up and shook Malvina by the hand.

“Good-night,” said Malvina, looking wistfully into his eyes, as if

to ask him if *that* was the sort of parting salute that ought to take place between them. "Good-night, Alfred. I shall see you in the morning. Que Dieu *te bénisse*!"

CHAPTER XXXVII.

AFTER THE ATTACK.

"HE seems to have turned into a lump of clay," said Malvina to herself as soon as Alfred had gone. "Such a clod I never met with before! One would have thought that if all sentiment, all ideas of gallantry, had left him, he would still have been obliged, as a gentleman and from the mere force of habit, to respond to some of the things I said to him. India has destroyed him. It has burnt out every vestige of manliness in him. What would Captain Schlick, or Major von der Brinken, or Gibson of the Royals, or Count Molodictzky, or M. de Castella, or any of them, have done if I had shown them a thousandth part of the attention which I have heaped upon this man? They would have gone mad. Minna! The cigarettes!"

Minna brought a fresh packet of *papiross*, and Malvina began to smoke furiously.

"However," she went on reflecting, "I do not think he will get away from me this time! If he were absolutely without a heart it would of course be difficult; but in that case he could not have cared so much about this little green and white school-girl. Fancy my dressing for him, talking for him, posing for him in every way, and his only just consenting not to take fright! When I *do* catch him I will not treat him as his Julie d'Estanges treated the poor little *ferras*. I will not let him go. Oh, no!"

"What are you doing there, Minna, standing before me like a statue?"

"Does *die-gnädige Frau Prinzessin* wish me to comb her hair?"

"Without doubt."

"Does *die-gnädige Frau Prinzessin* wish for some tea before going to bed?"

"Of course I do. Do not ask me these idiotic questions, Minna. And do not yawn in my presence; it is very unbecoming."

"It is nearly one o'clock," pleaded the poor girl.

"And do not make observations; you know I do not permit it. Give me my slippers!"

Minna brought Malvina a pair of pink satin slippers, trimmed and lined with white fur.

"My peignoir and the second volume of 'Madame Bovary.'"

The obedient Minna brought the garment and the book.

"What is that?" Malvina asked herself as she opened the volume ; and she remembered that she had been using the lock of Alfred's hair given to her by Dr. Bertall as a book-marker. "I forgot to let him see it," she reflected. "But he must not see it in 'Madame Bovary.' It would shock him, poor young man ! In what book could I leave it by accident ? 'Paul and Virginia?'—full of tenderness and warmth ; with a great reputation, entirely undeserved, for innocency. But it is, perhaps, a little too childish. I am no longer a young girl, and he is an old man of eighty. 'Werther ?' Beautiful and affecting ; but the situation is not the same. 'La Nouvelle Héloïse ?' I never read it. But Alfred was talking about it, and it will be a sort of homage to his taste to get it."

"Minna !" she called out. "Give me a pen and ink and a piece of paper * * * There ! go to the library at Lausanne the first thing in the morning and bring me that book."

"Now take this sash, and put it down carefully ; I shall have to wear it again. Unfasten my dress. Have you prepared a white dress for to-morrow ?"

"I have not put it out, but it was sent home this afternoon, and it is quite ready. It is beautifully got up."

"I don't believe he will notice it," said Malvina to herself. "There are men who can't tell cambric from barège, or piqué from muslin, and I believe he is one of them. To-morrow he will have seen me in three simple white morning dresses, each different from the other—different in material, different in make, different in trimming, and he will not have remarked either. If any one were to ask him at this moment how I was dressed to-day his foolish, incapable answer would be, 'She was dressed in white.'"

Malvina had her hair combed, and read her novel, and smoked her cigarette, and sipped her tea, until nearly two o'clock. Minna had already been dismissed, and at two o'clock Malvina herself went to bed.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

A CONTRACT.

EARLY the next morning Alfred received a visit from Dr. Bertall.

"This is a visit of friendship," said the Doctor. "It would be an

insult to ask you how you are. I hear that the Princess has taken charge of you. I must tell her not to interfere with my patients, or I shall soon have no practice left."

"Oh, I am very much better," said Alfred, "thanks to your care and attention."

"So, then, you were out in the garden the evening before last, and yesterday you went on the lake. A steamer, outward bound for Chillon, passed you near Vevey. You did not seem distressed, and it was evident that all were well on board. I speak as a medical man. I was on the steamer myself, and saw you."

"Yes, I am getting on very well indeed."

The doctor looked at him and smiled internally. "So are the heart-broken made whole!" he said to himself. "It was not the name of the Princess Karabassoff, young man, that you were calling out a month ago in your delirium!"

The doctor had studied humanity in its weakest moments, and thought he knew human nature.

Alfred, in the meanwhile, remained perfectly faithful to the memory of Sophie. Malvina had made no direct personal impression upon him; she had only wakened recollections in his heart. What charmed him in her appearance was the sort of resemblance that she bore to Sophie. Malvina had said to herself with perfect truth that Alfred knew nothing about her dress except that it was white.

But that was something; and Malvina, with a beautiful moral elasticity, had been able to suit herself perfectly to his disposition of the moment; and had never forgotten that his heart, lacerated and still bleeding, could only be approached with the greatest possible delicacy. To have attempted to touch it, except in the way of healing it, would indeed have been to wound it afresh.

As it was, Malvina's subservient, self-adapting, soothing, semi-seductive system had certainly taken effect on Alfred. He was not likely ever again to be in love with her; but he was very well disposed towards her. He felt grateful to her for her sympathy, which never manifested itself in verbal expressions of sympathy. She was as agreeable as she could be without making herself too agreeable; and he felt constantly that he had amends to make to her for having treated her very heartlessly, and for having, as he now saw more clearly every day, entirely misjudged her.

The third day was passed much like the second and the first; and at the end of a week, and again at the end of a fortnight, Alfred found that he had breakfasted every morning and dined nearly every evening with Malvina.

When he had not dined with Malvina, Malvina had dined with him. One day they had driven out to Chillon, and dined at the Hôtel Byron. Another day they went by the steamer to Geneva, and dined at the Hôtel des Bergues. From Geneva Alfred took Malvina to see Voltaire's house (much she cared for Voltaire !) and showed her one of his large collections of canes, one of the numerous pens with which his numerous works were written, and the church with *Deo erexit Voltaire* inscribed on the portico. The church rather puzzled her, for she had always heard that Voltaire was an atheist.

At last they had visited all that is holy ground in the neighbourhood of the lake, sacred to the memory of "Voltaire and Rousseau, Gibbon and De Stael," and of the poet who wrote that line. In making these excursions, they of course never hurried themselves. Fancy going on a pilgrimage at express speed, with no stoppages by the wayside !

One day they crossed over to Evian, where Malvina was interested, but at the same time rather shocked, at seeing the game of roulette in full activity.

Often they went nowhere in particular, but wandered about the garden and along the shores of the lake, indulging in a simple interchange of ideas. In this seemingly reciprocal process Malvina got the best of it. That is to say, she exercised an influence which she did not receive. Alfred gave utterance to what he really thought and felt, but Malvina only listened to him in order to be able to reply ; and her own ideas were all selected and prepared to suit the situation.

Five weeks had now passed since the day when Alfred paid his visit of ceremony to the Princess Karabassoff, to find that the said Princess was his old friend, and something more than his friend, Malvina Gribble transformed. The servants at the hotel had got into the habit of laying Malvina's table regularly for two, and no longer waited for orders on the subject. Minna took Alfred up a cup of tea regularly every morning at seven o'clock (with improved health he had taken to earlier hours); and Marie, when she exercised her assumed right of receiving it at the door and taking it in to him, used to look at him with astonished eyes, and sometimes, when he was not observing her, shake her head doubtfully at him.

"*Vous ne fumez pas vous, Monsieur?*" she said to him one day.

"I, Marie? I have not smoked since I have been ill ; but I used to smoke. Have you cigars for me?"

"No," said Marie. "I was only thinking. So many gentlemen smoke, and some ladies. If I were a lady I don't think I should smoke."

"I am sure you would not, Marie. And you would not bring me my tea in the morning; so, on the whole, I am glad that you are not what you call a lady."

"As for bringing you your tea, there are plenty of ladies who wouldn't mind doing that." * * * She wished to add, only she was afraid, that was nothing compared to breakfasting and dining with him, making excursions with him, and remaining with him all day, until very late at night; and what she wanted most particularly to tell him was, that after he had gone to bed the Princess was in the habit of smoking cigarettes. She had further a very great desire to inform him of the fact that the Princess had recently boxed Minna's ears, and, in short, that she had one set of manners for Alfred, and another, of very inferior quality, for her own private domestic circle.

The poor girl wished to prevent Alfred's falling into bad hands, and would, perhaps, not have been sorry to prevent his getting married at all.

"I have a great mind to tell you something," said Marie, as she arranged the flowers in the vase—Malvina still sent them punctually to Alfred every morning—"only I am afraid it will annoy you. Were you ever at Homburgh?"

"Never."

"Ah! Then you don't know what sort of a place it is. It is a place where a great deal of gambling goes on."

"Oh, I know that!"

"One of the girls here used to see the Princess at Homburgh. The Princess lived in the hotel, where she was chambermaid, before she came here. She says the Princess was not so calm, so melancholy as she is now. That was some years ago."

"Yes, Marie," said Alfred, bent on his own destruction; "she has had much grief since then."

"Does grief make her smoke?" asked Marie.

"She never does smoke," replied Alfred.

"She did at Homburgh."

"That was before her great misfortunes. She lost her mother, her father, and her husband—all in little more than a year."

"They must have died after she was at Homburgh," said Marie, "for she was very lively indeed then."

"Poor Malvina!" reflected Alfred; "how she has changed!"

"I could tell him something more," said Marie to herself; "but he doesn't want to hear it, and perhaps he wouldn't believe me. I wish I had been Minna the other day, and she had tried to box *my* ears! I should have known what to say to her. *Je lui aurais dit bien vite son mot.*"

The other servants at the hotel, accustomed to see strange things without staring, did not trouble themselves as to the relations existing between the English gentleman and the Russian Princess. That these relations were intimate was obvious. What the intimacy was based upon, what the exact nature of the intimacy might be, were very different questions, which in no way concerned them.

They always spoke to Alfred, however, as though Malvina belonged to him, and he to Malvina. If they saw him walking about alone, they would tell him that the Princess had gone out, or that she had come in, or that she was in the garden, as the case might be. Once or twice he found himself addressed to his face as "Monsieur le Prince," and the servants always spoke of him as "Le petit Prince" among themselves.

It had struck him when it was already too late that he had made a great mistake in dining day after day in Malvina's rooms. Even for the most ordinary matter-of-fact reasons it was awkward. Thus, when, about a week after his recovery, he asked for his bill, he found, naturally, that his breakfasts and dinners had been charged to her. He could not explain to the director of the hotel that when he dined with the Princess he liked what he ate and drank to be put down to his own separate account; nor could he, without compromising her, take upon himself the payment of breakfasts and dinners served in her apartments.

He begged Malvina to let him pay all the restaurant charges, but she, of course, would not hear of it, and cried out once more against his ceremoniousness. She even felt hurt. Was there any other lady of his acquaintance whose hospitality he would accept, and afterwards propose to pay for it?

Alfred said he had never known a lady before who had asked him to breakfast and dine with her every day for a week; and Malvina said that she hoped he never would know one again, for he didn't deserve it. In the meanwhile, as dinner was being brought in, he might as well sit down.

The next morning Malvina sent him up the usual cup of tea; and when Minna came to his room an hour or so afterwards to say that the Princess was waiting breakfast, and wished to know whether he

would be ready to go out for a drive immediately afterwards, what was he to do?

Marie, finding that all she said was in vain, took Alfred's cup, and, casting a look of pity at him, disappeared.

Then it was that as a sort of acknowledgment of her hospitality, and to relieve himself from the position of a pensioner, he took her on a number of little literary and poetical excursions, which generally lasted until the evening, and often until late at night.

One day when he was dining with her at the hotel, Malvina, seeing that he was uneasy about something, and guessing the cause, said to him, "Look here, Alfred; take your dinner in peace. We will halve the expenses in future if you like. You have been spending a great deal of money in taking me about and familiarising me with all the literary associations of the Lake of Geneva, and you would have felt very much aggrieved if I had insisted on paying half the travelling expenses. Never mind! In future I will have the restaurant bill made out separately, and we will share it. Such old friends as we are, Alfred, I don't think you need have made such a fuss!"

Malvina had now at least attached him, with his own consent, to her table—*ad mensam*. The rest was only a question of time, provided she only did not allow too long a time to elapse before extending the contract, and making it binding for ever.

Alfred had been eight weeks at Ouchy when this promising arrangement was entered into. Three weeks of that time he had passed in bed, and what Malvina called his "convalescence" had lasted five weeks, and was still going on.

For a convalescent he looked well. Nevertheless, he was not quite strong. It must be remembered that he had had a six weeks' illness at St. Ouen in May and June, and a three weeks' illness at Ouchy in the month of July. It was now the second week in September; but Dr. Bertall still said to him that though he would now, in all probability, get on well anywhere, yet he would still advise him to remain where he was; in the first place, because he *was* there—a great point; in the second place, because he was getting on in so flourishing a style that it was evident transplantation to another soil could not benefit him. He was not robust enough to make excursions in the mountains, and it was already getting late for mountain travelling. Why not stay a few weeks longer at Ouchy, where he would have pure and sufficiently bracing air, with all necessary domestic comforts?

Alfred said that it was absolutely indifferent to him where he

remained, and that Ouchy would suit him as well as any other place. The doctor thought it would suit him much better. In any case Alfred remained.

The season was now at an end. Residents in the hotel were astonished to find that the waiters in the coffee-room came when they were called, and that the chambermaids answered the bell before it had been rung more than twice. The grapes in the vineyard had been gathered; the trees in the garden were fast losing their leaves, and the magnificent chestnut, less fortunate than its neighbour, the evergreen cedar, had become nearly bald. A very few residents, a certain number of belated tourists, and one or two of those eccentric travellers who are to be met with in season and out of season wherever you may go, were still at the hotel. But the garden had lost its characteristic physiognomy, and even when the moon shone, its walks, no longer shady, were peopled no more at night.

The residents had, no doubt, exhausted the attractions of the place, and the casual visitors were hungry sight-seers, who took a town once a day, swallowed a ruin before breakfast, and devoured a couple of cathedrals and a picture-gallery between lunch and dinner—men who were overloading their mental stomachs with an indigestible mass of sights and sensations, who would be afflicted for the rest of their lives with a sort of tourists' nightmare, and who already began to fancy that the Righi was a river, and that they had gone up Lucerne on horseback.

Those victims of "places of interest," restless travelling inspectors who see everything and perceive nothing, would, if they were capable of tranquil enjoyment, consider that in giving themselves up to it, for however short a period, they were losing time. However, they gave very little trouble to Alfred and Malvina, who never defied the gaze of the public at the *table d'hôte*, and, in fact, seemed to live altogether one for the other, to the exclusion of all society but their own.

Alfred had asked himself more than once how he was to take leave of Malvina, and Malvina had already said to herself that now he was not likely to take leave of her at all. She had found him helpless and suffering as a wounded bird. She had tended him, cherished him, made him perfectly accustomed to her presence, to the sound of her voice. He came to her regularly twice a day to be fed. She had taught him, metaphorically, to eat out of her hand; and now was it likely that he would fly away?

When, one of the last days in September, Alfred told Malvina that he wanted to go to Lucerne, she did not ask him whether he was coming back to Ouchy, and she made a point of not putting any inquiry to him as to the object of his journey. She knew that no living person attracted him to Lucerne, and she was not jealous of the memory of the "green-and-white school-girl." She felt, moreover, that if she made the least difficulty about his going he would go all the same, and think all the more of his Sophie while he was away.

"Let him have it out," she said to herself; and even if he had not told her that he should be back in a few days she would have known perfectly well that he would be sure to return to her. On the whole, she rather liked the idea of his going to Lucerne. It looked as though he had some intention of making up accounts with the past.

"Before you make your excursion to Lucerne," she said to him one evening, "I should like to go to Clarens again. I have been reading the '*Nouvelle Héloïse*' since we were there before, and I should take a much greater interest in the place now."

"Reading the '*Nouvelle Héloïse*!' Didn't you find it rather long?"

"No, I found it very beautiful; that was the only impression it left upon me."

"Yes," said Alfred; "Rousseau could write prose. But I should not have thought the story would have interested you."

"I suppose it ought not to have done so. According to the preface, it is not a book which can do a woman any harm, because a woman must already be lost who can read it. I had skipped the preface, and when I, by chance, turned to it, after finishing the book, the announcement rather surprised me."

"I should think so," said Alfred. "But in the '*Confessions*' Rousseau calls God to witness that no man placed in the circumstances in which he was placed could have behaved better, which is either an impious piece of arrogance, or, if he means no man of identical qualities, temperament, and education, a mere platitude. The '*Nouvelle Héloïse*' is not so bad as he pretended, nor was Rousseau himself so good. Let us go to Clarens to-morrow morning."

They went to Clarens in a boat. The waters of the lake were very blue, and the talk was sentimental.

When they got back to Ouchy it was late in the afternoon. It had been arranged that Alfred should start for Lucerne the next day. He found all his things packed up, except his travelling clothes and

a couple of shirts. The diplomatist had been at work, instructed, of course, by Malvina.

"How kind of you, Malvina!" Alfred said when he went down to dinner. Malvina replied, through one of her speaking smiles, "What else could you possibly expect from *me*?"

On one of the side-tables lay Malvina's "*Nouvelle Héloïse*."

"Alfred!" she exclaimed, when she saw him take it up.

But she was too late—just in time, that is to say. He had opened the book in the place where the leaves were kept apart by the lock of hair. He had seen it, and, looking at it by the light of Malvina's emotion, could not fail to recognise it.

"Oh, Alfred!" she exclaimed, sinking on to the sofa and covering her face with her hands, "I thought you were dying then! I obtained it secretly. You must not be angry!"

"Malvina, my dear Malvina," he said, going to her and taking her by the hand, "how can you say such a thing! It is cruel of you! I shall never forget the affection you showed me when I was so much, so very much in need of it; and I feel grateful to you beyond expression. I have a great deal to say to you, Malvina, but I will not say it now. You are a good girl, and I never can repay the kindness you have showered upon me."

The dinner was eaten in sadness, and almost in silence; at least Alfred was sad, and Malvina took her note from him.

Later in the evening Malvina succeeded, little by little, and quite imperceptibly, in raising the pitch, so that the conversation at least ceased to be gloomy.

"I shall not see you in the morning," said Alfred, as he wished her good night; "the train starts at eight."

"On the contrary," answered Malvina, "I mean to drive you to the station. You know for one thing that I am always up at seven."

CHAPTER XXXIX.

TRIUMPH OF THE PRINCESS.

AT Lucerne Alfred went to the cemetery, and gazed once more at the monument erected in memory of Sophie. The grave was already covered with grass. Alfred covered it with flowers.

One day he strolled along the banks of the river; another day he wandered by the shores of the lake. Had it not been for the pestering of the guides, he would probably have ascended the Righi.

But wherever he went he always returned more than once in the day to the grave where his illusions lay buried.

At last he said to himself that happiness was not the only nor the principal object in life—a reflection which generally occurs to us when happiness is evidently unattainable. He had duties to perform, and he reflected on what Sophie herself had said to him when, in her father's garden at St. Ouen, he had confessed to her all that was most important in the history of his early relations with Malvina.

"*In short, you made love to her, and, when you had gained her affections, abandoned her, and went away to India;*" and again—

"*You ought to have married her!*"

He had no *wish* to marry Malvina, and he could never love her as he had loved Sophie. But she was a good girl, she was devoted to him, she had suffered terribly through his heartlessness, or at best his inconsiderateness; and he had now an opportunity of making honourable amends to her. Even during the last few weeks he had been behaving to her almost like a husband, and she had behaved to him with what he fancied must be rather more than the affection of an ordinary wife.

He was determined, however, not to deceive her in any one respect. He would be feeble no longer, either for good or for bad. He would say to her that he offered her his protection, his constant solicitude, his entire regard; that he felt for her the affection of a devoted friend; that he would study her happiness in all things. More than that he would not say.

That, however, was enough, and more than enough, for Malvina. All she wanted him to do was to marry her. The rest was her affair.

Malvina had taken advantage of Alfred's absence to go over to Evian once or twice for a little roulette. She lost some money, but she did not mind that; it was at least better than not playing at all.

She had now discarded white and green—the cauliflower costume, as she called it; and she appeared at Evian in gorgeous colours. The effect was superb, but Malvina would not take advantage of it. Alfred had only gone away for three or four days, and he was sure to make her an offer of marriage on his return. At least the chances were so very great indeed, that it would be folly to do anything that could diminish them.

At Evian Malvina dined at the *table d'hôte*. It was so much more amusing, she thought, dining at the *table d'hôte*, where there was life, movement, and gaiety, than taking one's dinner alone in a private room, or, worse still, in company with an aged youth in a moral

decline, who had left his liver in India, and had never had a heart at all.

The aged youth had been gone four days, and Malvina was at Ouchy, anxiously expecting him back, when, on the fifth day, about five in the afternoon, Alfred presented himself.

"How do you do, Malvina? I am so glad to see you. Can you give me some dinner?" was all he said.

It was not sentimental; it did not touch the heart. But it looked like business, it smacked of the household; and Malvina was satisfied.

"What a time you have been away! I have missed you so much," she said. "I will order dinner directly."

"You have not ordered it?"

"How could I? Something told me you would return to-day, but I did not know at what time."

"Malvina," said Alfred, hurriedly, and as though he had something weighing on his mind which he wanted to get rid of as soon as possible, "I told you before I went to—to Lucerne that I had something to say to you—something important."

Malvina was silent, but she looked moved, as though she anticipated what was coming.

"I cannot tell you how much I have been touched by your kindness—kindness which I, of all men, so little deserved."

"Alfred!" she exclaimed in a tender accent of appeal.

"Yes, Malvina, it is true! and I feel that I have no right to ask what I am now going to beg of you."

Malvina felt triumphant. The hour of victory was at hand. She trembled with emotion.

"I will make no vain protestations. You know what I have suffered, and you have shown your sympathy for me in my distress in the most delicate manner. I will only ask you to have confidence in me. Will you entrust your happiness to me? Will you let me devote the rest of my life to you?"

Malvina was in such an ecstasy of delight that she could no longer restrain her tears.

"Do not weep, Malvina! Only say you will be mine!" continued Alfred.

Malvina, holding her handkerchief to her eyes with one hand, clasped Alfred's hand with the other in token of assent.

"My dear Malvina!" exclaimed Alfred. He kissed her on the forehead, and it was understood on both sides that the marriage was a settled affair.

CHAPTER XL.

QUESTIONS OF FINANCE.

IF Alfred felt relieved when he had made the offer of marriage, what did Malvina feel when she had received and accepted it !

Alfred had left the room almost immediately afterwards, and Malvina, finding herself alone, felt inclined to offer up a thanksgiving in the form of a dance. But there was no music ; so, after the faintest indication of a *pas seul*, she lighted a cigarette and had a good smoke. The door was locked, the windows were open, and she had plenty of pastilles.

"If he were likely to kiss me," she said to herself, "it would be different. But he won't, nor I him. To think of his making his offer in that style ! As if he were conferring a favour ! I don't think I should have relented in any case ; but he deserves it now more than ever. 'I will make no vain protestations !' Protestations, indeed ! Much value I should attach to his protestations ! I *did* love him as a young girl, and would have done anything for him. But because I threw myself at him, he rejected me ; now that he condescends to throw himself away upon *me*, I do not return the compliment. I accept him. I'm sure he ought to feel very grateful ; but we shall see !"

There was a knock at the door. It was the waiter with the *carte*. Malvina ordered the dinner.

"Madame la Princesse has not ordered any fish," said the man. "Shall I bring some *ferras* fried, or *à la maitre d'hôtel* ?"

"No ; I can't bear the sight of them. Does your lake produce no fish but those eternal *ferras* ?"

"Certainly, Madame la Princesse, it produces fish of various kinds."

"Well, anything except *ferras*. I have declared war against the *ferra*. And before you go downstairs, tell Mr. Leighton—he is in his room—that dinner will be ready at half-past six o'clock ; and mind, it must be served to the minute."

Malvina told Minna to put out her cherry-coloured silk dress, and to get ready to do her hair.

"No, not that way," she said, when Minna, after brushing it, began to comb it back from the forehead. "I am tired of that style. In *bandeaux*, as I wore it formerly."

"Take that thing out of the way," she said, kicking the white

dress which she had just taken off. "You may have it, and the other white dresses also."

Minna was profuse in her thanks.

"And you can take this rag," she added, pointing to the green silk sash. "There is another one like it in one of the drawers; you can have that, too. Don't let me see either of them lying about."

When Malvina was dressed and ready to receive Alfred at dinner, she looked more like the Malvina whom he had seen for a moment (without recognising her) at Baden-Baden, than like Sophie or the portrait of Sophie.

Alfred, on his side, looked grave and pale; and Malvina said to herself that he seemed to grow older every five minutes.

"Nothing has happened, dear?" she asked. "No bad news, is there?"

"No," said Alfred. "There were several letters waiting for me. One from my father at Hillsborough, another from a man you don't know—Captain Thornton, out in India—and a third from Captain Fludyer."

"The gentleman with the red nose?" suggested Malvina.

"Yes, he has a red nose; but he was very kind to me when I was ill."

"L'un n'empêche pas l'autre," she said.

"I propose that we go from here as soon as you like to Paris," continued Alfred. "The banns must be published three Sundays running, which will occupy a fortnight. It is now Tuesday. We can easily be in Paris before Saturday, so that we can get married as quickly there as we could here. Or shall we go to England first, and be married down at Hillsborough?"

"No," said Malvina. "I think Paris would be the best. I should say nothing about it until it is over, if I were you. Why make a fuss? Why make a solemn ceremony, which concerns two persons only—and concerns them more than all things else in the world—an occasion for a gathering of friends, a banquet, toasts, commonplace speeches, and all the rest of the nonsense that goes to make up the barbarous entertainment called a wedding breakfast? In my opinion, a wedding cannot be too private."

"As long as it is not kept secret," added Alfred.

"Secret? No. We will send out cards the same day. So it is settled that we are to be married at Paris, and that we start—when?"

"Well, to-morrow, I think. It is no good tiring ourselves. Let us go on to Dijon to-morrow, and from Dijon to Paris on Thursday."

"Very well. I shall surrender Pierre to you. He will be of

more use to you than he has been to me, though he attends to the door beautifully, and he is *so* gentlemanly. What do you do for servants?"

"I do without them. When I am at an hotel, I give my clothes to the waiter to brush."

"Put them outside on a chair? I have heard of that. Count Molodietzky did that at some outlandish place in Austria, when his own servant was ill. Some one confiscated them, and he found himself a hundred miles from Vienna without a thing to put on. Pierre will save you a great deal of money."

"Talking of money," said Alfred, "you know that I am far from rich."

"No, but I am; that is the same thing. I have at least eighty thousand pounds. I haven't it with me, but it is all in my name. I will show you the documents when I get to Paris."

"How shall you like living in India?"

"India! I shouldn't like to live in India at all. Why do you talk about such a thing?"

"Because my appointment is in India."

"But you can give it up. The Government will not insist on your retaining it."

"I do not wish to live an idle life."

"No, Alfred," pleaded Malvina, "you must not talk of going to India. The very name distresses me. Besides, think what a career is open to you in England! Go into Parliament as an educated Radical, or an enlightened Tory, or an intellectual Conservative, or something of that kind. You might make India your great subject. You know plenty of Indian names, do you not?"

"Yes," answered Alfred, with a smile, "I know plenty of Indian names, but I cannot improvise a set of political opinions. I have not paid much attention to politics, and I never had the most distant idea of going into Parliament. I am afraid it is not so easy to get returned as you think."

"Why, Alfred, you used to say it was the easiest thing in the world! Don't you remember the pump, the set of lectures, the mechanics' institute, the public meetings, the drinking fountain? You used to have the machinery quite complete when we were at Hillsborough. If you could have got papa elected, how simple a matter it would be for you yourself, with your superior education and knowledge of the world."

"Well, we must think about it, Malvina."

"Oh, you must really go into Parliament, for my sake as much as

your own ! And to begin with, I shall give you no rest until you have thrown up that horrible Indian appointment. How much does it bring you in ? ”

“ Eight hundred a year ? ”

“ Eight hundred a year ! Give it up at once ! Which is best, to have four thousand eight hundred a year in India, or four thousand a year in England ? Write to the Governor-General, or whoever it is, to-night, and tell him that you regret to cause a gap in his system of administration, but that you must resign. ”

“ I will think about it. ”

“ No, Alfred, really we can have no India ; the thing is too absurd. But I have been talking to you all dinner-time, and you have eaten nothing. ”

“ It is you who have eaten nothing, Malvina. I have eaten immensely. Now I must write some letters ; I have at least three to send off. ”

“ Without counting the Indian one ? ”

“ Without counting the Indian one. ”

“ I will tell you what I must do, Alfred, if you are so perverse. I must buy the place of you. What is it worth in ready money ? ”

“ Malvina, don't talk nonsense. ”

“ Then promise to give it up. All I want is to be quite sure that you will not go to India, that you will not think of going there. Oh, how I do hate the name of that country ! . . . If I only suspected that you were ashamed to owe anything to *me*, I don't know what I should do. Come, Alfred, you must give up India. What is it about Carthage ? *Delenda Carthago* ! India must be abandoned. Do you abandon it ? ”

“ I do, ” said Alfred, still with some reluctance.

“ Word of honour ? ”

“ Yes, word of honour. ”

“ *Parole d'honneur la plus sacrée ?* ”

“ I have not two words of honour. ”

“ It is well said. Excuse me ! ”

She made him a semi-burlesque curtsy.

“ We had better order the bill, ” said Alfred. “ When was the last paid ? ”

“ About a month ago. But that is my affair. ”

“ Now I must ask you to excuse *me*. Yesterday it might have been your affair ; to-day I have certainly a right to make it mine. ”

“ Well, Alfred, these little disputes would be childish if they were

persisted in. What is mine is yours to the last farthing. That you know."

That might have been true in regard to the interest of Malvina's money, but could not be true as far as the principal was concerned. Poor old Gribble was too much of a man of business to allow his daughter to get married to a foreigner of whom he knew next to nothing, and that little not to his advantage, without having every farthing of her money settled strictly upon her. His great consolation, when he was on his death-bed at Vichy, had been that whatever happened to Malvina, or to the Prince her husband, no one could touch her eighty thousand pounds.

It had been cunningly invested in three per cents., three and a-half per cents., Indian railways, bank shares, houses and building land about Hillsborough, and brought in altogether a clear and safe five per cent.

Against these magnificent resources Alfred had next to nothing to put. It was, of course, absurd for him to suppose that Malvina would go out with him to India for the sake of his eight hundred a year, or rather for the sake of his ideas on the subject of personal independence. He saw, on reflection, that he must accept his position as the penniless husband of a rich woman, or give it up altogether, and for that it was too late; of that he could not even think.

The hotel bill for the month came to nearly seventy pounds, for which Alfred offered a cheque on his bankers.

However, his cheque had never been seen before at the hotel, he had only circular notes for about twenty pounds, and he had no ready money at all.

The cashier did not refuse the cheque, but he uttered platitudes about it; said it was for a large amount, that he did not know where to change it or what to do with it, and ended by asking whether Madame la Princesse, whose signature was known at the bankers' in the town, would mind putting her name on the back.

Malvina backed her betrothed's cheque with alacrity, but she at the same time seized the occasion to tell Alfred that it was very absurd that they should have two accounts.

"I will write to my bankers," she said, "and tell them to honour your signature equally with mine. I must have I don't know how much standing in my name. I have not spent half my income for the last two years."

There was further a bill of thirty pounds for the carriage and

horses, for which Alfred felt that it would be ridiculous now to offer his cheque. Malvina gave one of her own, and then handed the cheque-book to Alfred, begging him to keep it, and to take upon himself, in future, the trouble of making out and signing cheques as they were wanted.

She promised to write to her bankers, and did so that very night, requesting them to honour the signature of Alfred Leighton to the amount of whatever sum might be standing to her credit. She showed Alfred the contents of the letter before sending it to the post, and Alfred, not to be outdone in generosity, wrote his letter of resignation, and enclosed it to his agents, with a request that they would forward it.

He at the same time asked them to let him know how his account stood. The answer was to be forwarded to the Hôtel du Rhin, Paris.

(To be continued.)



TABLE TALK.

"HERE we are again!" It is impossible not to welcome Christmas; and yet, after a few years, how the feeling is apt to creep over most of us that Christmas, as the season of stereotyped geniality, is a bit of a humbug! You enjoy it thoroughly, as a rule, up to twenty; but from twenty to twenty-five the suspicion comes creeping over you year by year with increasing conviction, first that most of its customs are a little *passé*, that you have seen enough of pantomimes, that mince pies are a mistake, balls a weariness of the flesh, Christmas stories a pest, and the institution itself, socially, a bit of a bore. Here and there I know there are men, like the late Mark Lemon, whose spirits effervesce and sparkle afresh at the first glimpse of the holly and the mistletoe and the blue fire. But these men, after all, are the exception; and most of us after forty, I suspect, sigh on Christmas Eve for a quiet corner of the world, where we can sit down to a quiet dinner of herbs, or to a mutton chop and a glass of claret, wish all our friends the compliments of the season by proxy, and reappear with the New Year with a sweet temper, a clear conscience, a vigorous digestion, and with a mind as guiltless of charades as Dr. Pusey's or a Patagonian's. These men are cynics, of course, as most of us are after forty; but the *Gentleman*, with his 120 years clustering around his head, wishes, like his accomplished contemporary under St. Dunstan's Tower, to assert his superiority to the foibles of his younger rivals in the press, and to exemplify his attachment to the yule log by taking off his hat to all his subscribers, and wishing them, one and all, the compliments of the season—and, shall I add, none of its horrors?

"May good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both!"

I OUGHT, I know, according to ancient and laudable custom, to follow up this expression of courtesy and good wishes by plunging at a dash into the thoughts that associate themselves with the season, festive, metaphysical, and philosophical. But I have a disagreeable impression that most people are apt to skip these sort of reflections, as they do those reviews of the year by which the *Times* has added one more horror to the season. Yet if I were to venture once more to throw out the superfluous suggestion that those who wish to enjoy their own Christmas should give a second thought to the poor around them, to whom this season of the harmonies and the domestic affections and all that is nothing more than a name, I

think I should accompany it with the supplementary hint not to compound with your conscience, as too many of us do now, by subscribing an extra guinea to a blanket or coal club or a benevolent association of some sort or other, and then forget all about it ; but to select two or three poor families at your own door—it is very seldom necessary to go far to find them—sending your own girls round with a basket of trifles and a good word, and thus knowing for yourself to whose pleasure and happiness it is that you have contributed. It is easier, I know, to do this in a village than it is in a town. But even in towns it is not impossible ; and as the population of towns increases, and the poor are thrust more and more out of sight, they are apt more and more to be left either to their own poverty or to the professional almoner ; and of all our social parasites *this* middle man is, to my thinking, the worst. He has robbed charity of all its tenderness, by divorcing it from all its personal associations. The rich look upon him as a sleek personification of all the social vices which will have one of these days to be extirpated by Act of Parliament. What the poor think of him I cannot say, and do not wish to say what I think. But these professional almoners themselves will not, I believe, dispute the assertion that the only gratitude the poor feel for alms distributed by proxy is that equivocal species which, according to Rochefoucault, arises from a sense of favours to come.

I HATE this system of administering alms by proxy : and yet there is a worse habit even than this, and that is the habit of distributing doles in the streets—like a small-change caliph. The first is a counterfeit of charity. This is a vice, and ought to be treated as a vice. It arises, I believe, in the generality of cases, not from anything like a peculiarly keen appreciation of the sufferings of the poor, but from a sort of relaxation of the sympathies. The men and women who throw about their coppers and threepenny bits in the streets to every sturdy beggar whom they meet in their path, are not a whit more charitable than the witty archbishop who thanked God at seventy that he could still lay his hand on his heart and say with a clear conscience that he had never given away a fourpenny bit in the street ; but they are simply people who have not the nerve to say “No !” What is to be done with them ? Fine them upon the first offence double the amount of their dole ? Put buttons on their pockets, as one of the wittiest of our Poor Law inspectors suggests ? Establish an asylum for them upon the plan of that which Dr. Dalrymple is proposing for tipplers ? Or found a chair of political economy at the Royal Institution or Gresham Hall, appoint Professor Fawcett or Professor Rogers to deliver a series of lectures on the Theory of Population, empower the magistrates to sentence every one found giving alms in the streets to attend a course of these lectures, and afterwards present themselves to Mr. Goschen at Gwyder House, to pass an examination in Malthus and the principles of the Poor Law Amendment Act ? It will not do to go on as we are at present, that’s clear. I wish the rest was.

I HAVE been puzzling my wits lately about the Permissive Bill ; and I think I have hit upon a compromise that will be satisfactory and agreeable to all. It is this. Let us have a poll all round—water or whiskey?—every New Year's Day. If the whiskey-drinkers lose they must make the best of their lot, and drink water for the rest of the year ; but if the water-drinkers lose, they must pay the penalty by drinking whiskey or brandy-and-water till the next election. At present the Alliance people are a little too one-sided. They argue the question too much on the "heads I win, tails you lose" principle. This compromise of mine will make the game fair.

How ought Prince Gortschakoff's name to be spelt—with the s or without it, with one f or two? To the Prince, personally, the question is probably a matter of very little consequence ; but as two or three of our contemporaries have taken upon themselves to call him the barbarous minister of a barbarous power, and to honour him with other complimentary epithets of that description, perhaps it may be as well, before we get deeper into the mire of this vituperative eloquence, to settle among ourselves at all events how his name is to be spelt ; for it is hardly fair to abuse him and misspell his name too. Yet this is what we have been doing of late. The *Times* allots him all the letters of our alphabet that can be impressed into his name to make it an ample equivalent of his own Slavonic title—Prince Gortschakoff ; and the *Pall Mall* and the *Globe*, though contriving very ingeniously to disagree upon every other point, agree promiscuous-like, as Mrs. Brown might say, in upholding the authority of the *Times* upon this matter. But the *Daily News* strikes out the s, and the *Echo* proposes to strip the Prince of the apparently superfluous f, which gives such an aristocratic flourish to his aristocratic huff. The Yellow Dwarf ventured one day even to transform the characteristic huff of the higher ranks of the Russian aristocracy into Gortschakow. Of course this was simply malicious ; but it shows how hazy we are apt to get in our ideas of spelling when we begin to discuss in a passion the policy of

" This new and polished nation,
Whose names want nothing but—pronunciation."

Yet it may be some slight consolation to the Prince to know that the course of chaotic criticism which it is his fate to pass through now has been the fate of nearly all his distinguished countrymen—Prince Mentschikoff, for instance ; and that our Slavonic scholars are by no means agreed as to whether the name of his imperial master ought to be written Tsar or Czar. We pronounce it Zar. But with us pronunciation is no guide to the spelling ; and indeed in many cases our pronunciation is avowedly governed by the *lucus a non lucendo* principle—Czech, to wit, which we call *chek*. We shall, I hope, get over this little diplomatic difficulty without much more correspondence. But if we are to cultivate those friendly sentiments which Prince Gortschakoff wishes to develop

out of this quarrel, we must, before we shake hands, ask M. Turgenieff when he meets Sir John Bowring or Mr. W. R. Ralston at dinner, as we hope he will in the course of his visit, to put us right as to the spelling and pronunciation of the names of those distinguished countrymen of his which we contrive to get through at present in an unsatisfactory sort of way by the aid of a cough and a sneeze,—

“Strongenoff, and Strokonoff, and Meknoff,
Tschitsshakoff, and Roguenoff, and Chokenoff,
And others of twelve consonants apiece,
Ending in ischskin, ousckin, iffkschy, ouski.”

In the meantime, if we cannot be right, at least let us contrive to be wrong with precision.

APROPOS—of newspapers, of course—how the *Times* has been eclipsed in its correspondence all through this war! In the Crimea, in India, in Italy, in America, in the Ten Days' War, Dr. Russell and the rest of the representatives of the *Times* overstepped all their rivals; but in this war they have been foiled at their own weapons, and the *Times* has been put into the shade by its contemporaries all round. It began well by publishing M. Benedetti's Secret Treaty. But concurrently with the publication of this State paper from the archives of Berlin, the *Daily Telegraph* gave us its interesting notes of an interview with Napoleon by one of its specials at the Tuileries. Mr. Holt White anticipated Dr. Russell with his account of the Battle of Sedan in the *Pall Mall*, although in this case the fault was not that of the *Times'* special, for had the notes which he wrote on the field been delivered in Printing House Square, as they ought to have been, the *Times* must have been first and the rest nowhere. In announcing the capitulation of Metz, the *Daily News* anticipated its contemporaries all round. But even the *Daily News* must share the honours which it has won by this part of its correspondence with the *Manchester Guardian*. Nothing can be more striking and life-like than the *Guardian's* account of the inner life of Metz during the seventy days' siege. The latest achievement that calls for a note is the publication of Prince Gortschakoff's reply to Lord Granville's despatch; and the credit of that again must be set down to the *Daily News*. Our own Government put the reply under lock and key, and refused to publish it till their own answer was in the hands of Prince Gortschakoff. The *Daily News* telegraphed for it to St. Petersburg, and at a stroke outwitted at once the *Times* and the Government. It is not often that a paper is able to distinguish itself so brilliantly. It is still rarer to find the *Times* in eclipse, as it has been all through this war.

WHAT a heap of money must be spent if we want to bribe Nature to reveal her secrets! Just think of the hard cash and valuable time which is being expended as these sheets are printing just to see the sun “put out” by the moon for two minutes and a quarter. The American

Government voted £6,000 in cash, and detached from their offices for about three months some eight or ten of her highest astronomical professors, merely to come to Europe and see the eclipse that has just occurred. The value of the time here devoted cannot be set down at less than £2,000. Our own Government gave £2,000, lent a troop ship for a month to carry observers to the vantage grounds of observation, and otherwise gave material assistance, which altogether we assess very lowly at £1,000. About forty English astronomers, of all ranks, from tyros to professionals, from beginners to old stagers, have given their time, each man a month at least, and spent money in preparing instruments, and packing and transporting them. At the very lowest estimate, the time given and money disbursed by this company must be worth £1,000. And two of our learned societies clubbed together £500 to increase the Government grant. The time that great men have spent who take no part in the actual observations we do not attempt to value. Without that, and a multitude of minor sacrifices, we have £12,500 exchanged—for what? For the opportunity of seeing the sun's disc covered by the moon's, and of studying, for only two minutes, the nature of the light of a glowing, hazy atmosphere that envelopes the solar globe, to ascertain if possible whether this gaseous-looking shell is burning-hot matter or only a mist lit up by the sun. This is the simple fact that was put in question. The price looks high; but to reach Nature's riches we must pay for the key the value of the whole contents of the coffer. In that brief two minutes may be learnt lessons concerning the nature and source of the sun's light and heat that centuries of thought and labour have failed to teach. And what is £12,000 in comparison with the glory of teaching posterity why the sun shines?

IF there be a carper who would grumble at such a payment for a secret, let him be told that the Prussian Government lately gave £5,555 sterling to a Berlin cook for a secret he held of making pease-pudding sausages that will not turn sour. Seventy-five thousand of these delicacies, which are strengthened with bacon and flavoured with onions, are being made daily for the Prussian army. Each sausage weighs a pound, and is a day's ration for one man. The lucky cook's name is Grünberg—but he cannot be very green; with his heap of money he might now change his name to Guldenberg.


THE
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE

FEBRUARY, 1871.

BYGONE CELEBRITIES.

BY R. H. HORNE, AUTHOR OF "ORION," &c.

I.—THE GUILD OF LITERATURE AND ART
AT CHATSWORTH.

 HERE are certain events and seasons when the over-anxiety of the mind to write worthily concerning them almost puts what is understood by literary folks as "good writing" out of the question. At such times men cannot write as they think, or wish to think; they can only record, with more or less coherence, what they feel and remember. And this record—these memories—are often liable to be somewhat confused by the mist which is occasioned by inward tears—the mourning heart, the bewildered brain—the thoughts that "puzzle the will" and cause us to be dubious of our course, as of the realities of life. We read of certain men's deaths as so many "words" which do not represent any such actual fact; and when we seek to meet, and measure, and cope with the truth, it makes us vaguely speculate upon the uncertainties of all the moving lives around us, as though they were so many representations of "the dance of death" in which we ourselves would shortly have to join. And the latter thought may well glance through the brain—and return to renew the look of destiny with a more fixed regard—when it breaks upon the mind of one of the very few survivors of such a group as that of the once brilliant "Guild of Literature and Art."

This Guild, which commenced with the highest prospects of
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success, was founded (though the idea had been originated years before by the writer of the present paper), by Lord Lytton and Charles Dickens. The former, at that time, Sir E. L. Bulwer Lytton, proposed to give land upon one of his estates in a locality suitable for the erection of a college, and to write a comedy, to be acted with a view to raising a preliminary fund in aid of the object in question; and, in the first instances the performers were to be celebrated authors and artists. All this was undertaken by Mr. Charles Dickens, and the following—shall we say melancholy list. It would be painful to put the record in a gloomy light. Neither would this be wise or necessary. Let us suppose the figures to gleam forth upon the richly-painted windows of some beautiful old cathedral, with the organ softly and deeply breathing consecrating strains, as if from a distant cloud, while the spectator beholds the bright images of those who will never more appear upon this earthly scene.

The artists who were engaged on Lord Lytton's comedy of "Not so Bad as We Seem," or "Many Sides to a Character," were Daniel Maclise, R.A., Clarkson Stanfield, R.A., John Leech, Augustus Egg, R.A., Mr. Topham, Mr. Frank Stone, and Mr. Tenniel. The authors were Charles Dickens, Mark Lemon, Dudley Costello, Robert Bell, Douglas Jerrold (all gone!) and Mr. John Forster, Mr. Charles Knight, and the writer of the present brief chronicle. Mr. Wilkie Collins and two or three others were engaged in subsequent performances; but the above list comprises, I think, all those who appeared in the first instance, when the play was represented at Devonshire House. The stage architect and machinist was Sir Joseph Paxton; and to his name among the "past and gone" we have to add that of our most kind and munificent patron, the late Duke of Devonshire. It will hence appear that the only survivors of those who inaugurated the Guild, are Lord Lytton, and the three authors previously indicated.

The Duke gave us the use of his large Picture Gallery, to be fitted up with seats for the audience; and his Library adjoining for the erection of the Theatre. The latter room being larger than required for the stage and its scenery, the back portion of it was screened off for a "green room." Sir Joseph Paxton was most assiduous and careful in the erection of the theatre and seats. There was a special box for the Queen. None of the valuable paintings in the picture gallery (arranged for the auditorium) were removed, but all of them were faced with planks, and covered with crimson velvet draperies. In the erection of the theatre, not a nail was allowed to be hammered into the floor or walls, the lateral supports being by the pressure from end to end, of padded beams; and the uprights, or stanchions, were

fitted with iron feet, firmly fixed to the floor by copper screws. The lamps and their oil were well considered, so that the smoke should not be offensive or injurious,—in fact, I think the oil was slightly scented; and there was a profusion of wax candles. Sir Joseph Paxton also arranged the ventilation in the most skilful manner; and with some assistance from a theatrical machinist, he put up all the scenes, curtains, and flies. Mr. Dickens was unanimously dubbed general manager, and Mr. Mark Lemon stage manager. We had a professional gentleman for prompter, as none of the amateurs could be entrusted with so technical, tactical, ticklish, and momentous a series of duties.

Never in the world of theatres was a better manager than Charles Dickens. Without, of course, questioning the superiority of Goethe (in the Weimar theatre) as a manager in all matters of high-class dramatic literature, one cannot think he could have been so excellent in all general requirements, stage effects, and practical details of acting, and of theatrical business. Equally assiduous and unwearying as Dickens, surely very few men ever were, or could possibly be. He appeared almost ubiquitous and sleepless. We had many (I really think, thirteen) rehearsals, six or seven of them after everybody knew his part, letter perfect.

Nothing could surpass the princely munificence of the Duke of Devonshire throughout this occasion, unless, indeed, it were his extreme kindness, and delicate consideration for the feelings of all the authors and artists engaged in the matter. The gates of Devonshire House were open to our hackneys and cabriolets with all the ceremony of porters and footmen, precisely as though our vehicles had been the usual classes of courtly equipage. A profuse and elegant cold collation, comprising every delicacy in, and out of, season, and the choicest wines, was always served for the “company,” behind whose chairs the Duke’s own footmen in full livery (“uniform” would seem to be a more literal term, as they all wore double silver-bullion epaulettes); and at most of those twelve or thirteen luxurious luncheons, or *déjeûners à la fourchette*, his Grace sat down with us, apologising for the state of his health, which limited him to a very spare indulgence. Some of the scenes would not have been out of place in “Lothair,” had its author witnessed them.

The principal scenes were painted by Clarkson Stanfield; but some of them, I think, were the work of Maclise; indeed, it appeared that Mr. Egg, as well as Topham and Tenniel, gave frequent assistance, as they were all continually on the stage during the touching-up and arrangement of the scenery.

Mr. Planché was consulted about the costumes; and it was agreed that the wigs and "make-up" of faces should be as good and characteristic as possible. One military "character" not considering himself sufficiently tall for the part, had a pair of thigh boots made with cork heels four inches high.

Several amusing incidents occurred in the course of the rehearsals. The first (one can only speak of what one knows) was during the preparation of the scenic arrangements, some alteration in which was required. Sir Joseph Paxton gave his directions, and went away for a time. The hour for rehearsal had not yet come, and we were conning our parts in the green-room. Meanwhile, a tall, elderly gentleman, very plainly dressed in a suit of what looked like rather rusty black, had got upon the stage, and was lurking among the wings, now in one place, now in another, with an amiable smile upon his countenance, denoting the interest he took in the proceedings. The heavy roller of a scene was now being hoisted, and the tall gentleman in black became confused as to his whereabouts. "Now, sir!" exclaimed a voice, "do for heaven's sake keep out of the way! Do you want to get your back broke?" The elderly gentleman apologised with a deprecating bow, and immediately retired. "Who was that?" somebody inquired: but nobody on the stage at that moment knew. It was the Duke! This direful *contretemps*, was speedily put to rights by the ready tact and proper feeling of our manager, and was the source of much amusement to the amiable nobleman, who warmly and humorously expressed his thanks for the timely warning. It was "set about" that the blunder had been committed by one of the stage-carpenters; but there was good reason to be afraid that it was one of *nous autres*.

Another incident, which will be regarded as rather odd and unique, may serve as material for some curious speculations as to the force of imagination, and also of the sympathy between our visual and olfactory organs. Colonel Flint, of the guards, a bully and duellist, described in the "dramatis personæ" as a "fire-eater," was to stand with his back to the red glowing chimney-piece in "Will's Coffee House." The period is that of George the First, when it was fashionable for great bloods and bucks of the day to smoke long pipes, designated as a "yard of clay." With such a pipe Colonel Flint had duly provided himself for rehearsal; and to make his stage-business more perfect, soft-rolling clouds of smoke began to issue from the bowl, and float over the once famous coffee-room. In no time came the Manager, speaking quickly, "My dear H—— on *no*

account attempt to smoke ! The Queen detests tobacco, and would leave the box immediately."

"But there's no tobacco in the pipe ;" replied the Colonel.

"Oh—come—nonsense,"

"Look here !"—and the Colonel took out of his waistcoat pocket, a handful of dried herbs. "I got them in Covent Garden market this morning, on the way to rehearsal."

"Well—we smelt tobacco the moment we came within sight of the stage," said Mr. Dickens : "the pipe must be foul."

"It is quite a new pipe !"

Mark Lemon now came up, and protesting that he also had smelt tobacco, and that the pipe must have been an old one re-burnt, to look clean, the offending clay was flung aside.

Before the next rehearsal, however, another pipe, warranted new and pure, was obtained, independent of which it was placed in the fire, and kept there at white-heat long enough to purify it ten times over, even had it been one of the unclean. Again the cloud began to unfold its volumes over "Will's Coffee-room ;" and this time Sir Joseph Paxton came running from the seats in the front to the stage, declaring that the Queen so detested the smell of tobacco, that smoking must really not be attempted. Once again the Colonel protested the innocence of his pipe, in proof of which he produced a handful of dried thyme and rose-leaves from his waistcoat pocket. In vain. Sir Joseph insisted that he had smelt tobacco !—"They all smelt it !" So this second yard of clay was sent to shivers.

But the Colonel had chanced to see a "Model of the Battle of Waterloo" exhibited some years before in Leicester Square, in which the various miniature platoons of infantry, as well as the brigades of artillery, were supposed to be firing volleys, the clouds and wreaths of smoke being fragile fixtures. These capital imitations of clouds and wreaths of smoke were discovered, on very close examination, to be composed of extremely fine and thinly drawn out webs of cotton, supported on rings and long twirls of almost invisible wire, and attached at one end to the mouths and muzzles of the miniature cannon and musketry. This model for a triumph in the art of smoking a pipe in the presence of a Queen who abhorred tobacco, was now adopted by Colonel Flint, but held in reserve for the morning rehearsal of the full-dress rehearsal of the same night, when there would be a preliminary audience.

He ventured to flatter himself that all these delicate considerations and assiduities would be much applauded and complimented, both by the accomplished author and the management. Far from it. No

sooner was the cloud of apparent smoke perceived to issue from the pipe, than the Manager, Stage-manager, and Sir Joseph Paxton hurried together to the too assiduous Guardsman, begging him on *no* account to persist in this smoking!—this smoke—or this (on examining the smoke) appearance of smoking. It would be most injudicious. Her Majesty would *think* she smelt tobacco, and this would be as bad as if Her Majesty really smelt it; at the same time, they added, collectively, that they themselves *had* smelt tobacco, no matter from what source, or what cause! Of course there was an end of the matter, as we were all anxious to be harmonious; and the discomfited “fire-eater” of the comedy did the best he could to bully the company in “Will’s Coffee-room” with his empty-bowled and immaculate yard of clay. These minute details, however, will serve to show the pains that were taken even with the slightest parts of this performance; pains that were worthy of the *Comédie Française*.

But with regard to the supposed tobacco smoke, “there’s more in that than meets the eye.” For, query—did they not really get a faint effect of tobacco, though no such thing had been there? By the force of imagination, it will be said. Yes; but not only by that, but by some subtile power of memory and association, reproducing such an effect on the senses. It is easy to smile; but who knows? With which adventurous but very pregnant problem, we will leave the subject.

At the full-dress rehearsal, the audience was composed exclusively of the relatives, friends, and acquaintance of the Duke of Devonshire, and of the authors and artists engaged in the performance. All went well, and the “first night” was announced. The tickets were five guineas each, and Her Majesty sent a hundred guineas for her box. This night—our first—our all-important night—went off most satisfactorily. Only one little accident occurred. Every gentleman of the period, of any rank, wore a sword; the manager, therefore, intimated that as our stage was small, and would be nearly filled up with side tables and tables in front, in the conspiracy scene in “Will’s Coffee House,” it would be prudent and important that the swords of the *dramatis personæ* should be most carefully considered in passing down the centre, and round one of the tables in front. At this table sat the Duke of Middlesex (Mr. Frank Stone) and the Earl of Loftus (Mr. Dudley Costello), in a private and high-treasonous conversation. On the table were decanters, glasses, plates of fruit, &c. At the other table, in front, sat Mr. David Fallen (Mr. Augustus Egg), the half-starved Grub Street author and political pamphleteer, with some bread and cheese, and a little mug

of ale. The eventful moment came, when Mr. Shadowly Softhead (Douglas Jerrold), Colonel Flint, and others, had to pass down the narrow space in the middle of the stage, to be presented to the Duke of Middlesex, and then, as there was not room enough to enable them to turn about and retire up the stage, each one was to pass round the corner of the table, and make his exit at the left first entrance. This was done by all with safety, and reasonably good grace, except one gentleman, who shall not be named; for as he rose from his courtly bowing, to advance and pass round, the tip of his jutting-out sword went rigidly across the surface of the table, and swept off the whole of the "properties" and realities! Decanters, glasses, grapes, a pine-apple, a painted pound cake, and several fine wooden peaches, rolled pell-mell upon the stage, and, as usual, made for the foot-lights! A considerable "sensation" passed over the audience; amidst which the Queen (to judge by the shaking of the handkerchief in front of the royal face) by no means remained unmoved. But Mr. Dickens, who, as Lord Wilmot, happened to be close in front, with admirable promptitude and tact, instantly called out with a jaunty air of command, "Here, drawer! come and clear away this wreck!" as though the disaster had been a part of the business of the scene, while the others *on* the stage so well managed their bye-play that many of the audience were in some doubt about the accident. When inquiry was instituted as to the culprit on this occasion, who had failed to carry his sword with due circumspection, as every one of the "Guild" protested his innocence of the awkward fact in question, it was presently discovered that the guilty individual was a supernumerary lord for that scene, enacted by a gentleman who was one of the Duke's suite.

Two other amusing incidents occurred. A number of bedrooms had been placed at our disposal for dressing-rooms. A certain gentleman of the "company" (the portly and genial M—— L—— it was whispered) had been somewhat too long over the buttoning of a long-flapped and stiffly embroidered waistcoat, and the call-boy had been sent up stairs a second time from the prompter below, to inform him that the stage would immediately be "waiting" for him! Away ran the boy, and vanished round a corner. In his haste, the "character" in question took a wrong turn, and coming upon a steep flight of stairs, down he hurried, and then down another long flight, and presently found that he was close upon the kitchens. Up he rushed again, and scuttled along the gallery, till he turned into a still longer gallery, well lighted, but vacant and hopeless. Once more he made a turn, now wild with the thought of the stage being kept waiting, and

seeing a tall, dark figure passing the further end, he rushed towards it—wiggled, powdered, buckled, ruffled, perspiring, maddened, and gasping out “Where—where’s the stage?” He was barely able to recognise the Duke, who with a most delighted and delightful urbanity, at once put him upon his right course. Another miscalculation of time occurred, in consequence of Sir Joseph Paxton remarking in the green-room, just after the conclusion of the performance, that he had arranged the Queen’s chair in the supper-room, in a peculiar manner, with exotic and other rare flowers, which had arrived that evening fresh from the Duke’s gardens at Chatsworth. Colonel Flint hearing this, requested permission to see the floral throne, before Her Majesty’s entrance to the supper-room.

“By all means,” said Sir Joseph, “but you must be very quick.” Away hurried the applicant, and was speedily in the supper-room, and made his way, his stage costume notwithstanding, through a number of gentlemen in waiting, officers attired in a very different sort of uniform, footmen, &c., to their no small surprise and amusement. But the sight well rewarded the effort.

At the top of the table and furthest from the door, there was a richly-carved and cushioned chair, raised a few inches above the other chairs. It had large padded arms of figured satin and velvet, and a high back that had a carved gothic arch at the top. But very little of the chair could be clearly seen, and its outline was only indicated here and there. The whole of the back was devoted to roses, red and white, chiefly for their odour, mingled with magnolias, jasmine, honeysuckle, and tuberoses; but the high arch and sides of the chair were overhung with festoons and long dripping falls and tangles of the most lovely orchidaceous and other exotic plants, and by fine trickling tendrils and dangling lines, bearing little starry flowers, and very minute and curiously-striped leaves, leaflets, and tiny fairy buds; and some of the creepers displaying little flowers and leaves that resembled a sort of floral jewellery. At the top of the arched chair back, there was a large night-flowering ceres, of most delicious and recondite perfume. (No wonder Sir Joseph was alarmed at tobacco!) The predominating colours were snow white and apple green, with a little soft azure, and a few scarlet buds, and here and there a dark Tuscan rose or two for *shadows*; the whole having been carefully selected and arranged by Sir Joseph as a suitable back ground for the dress worn by Her Majesty on this, we may say unprecedented occasion. An imitation of dew drops was achieved to a degree of perfect illusion, by means of opals and glass as it seemed; a piece of refined ingenuity which was about to undergo a close inspection

by Flint, when suddenly it was announced that the Queen was approaching the supper-room! Instantly the awakened Colonel made a dash for the open door, but it was only to encounter the bowing backs and elegant embroidered coat-tails of gentlemen and lords in waiting, who were ushering in Her Majesty! There was nothing for it but to spring aside, and range in line with the officers and gentlemen in attendance, and to "stand attention" as if on grand parade. He trusted, in the confusion of the moment, that his guardsman's uniform of the time of George I., notwithstanding the polished thigh boots and towering powdered wig, would not be observed by the Queen, with Prince Albert, the Duke, and suite attending, or following. Vain hope! The gleaming glances that passed told all; and with long rapid strides, the instant Her Majesty was seated, the anachronistic uniform made its exit at the rear of the line in which it had so unseasonably appeared *en militaire*.

Various other incidents, no doubt, transpired with respect to different individuals, but did not chance to come under the present writer's observation.

After the performance, and before leaving the box, Her Majesty had sent to the manager to express her gratification, coupled with the remark, "They act very well indeed." This was duly announced to the Company, when assembled for supper, and was received with great satisfaction, modest and otherwise; but Dickens went on, drily adding—"But the Queen is very kind—and was sure to say *that*;"—which very much straightened the complacent faces round the table, till they laughed at each other. Nevertheless, a few more words may be said on the subject. They really *did* act well; some, very well. When it is remembered the studious sort of men they all were, and the time, together with the great pains bestowed in all respects,—why not? The principal character, as matter of elocution, was that of *Hardman*, and the gentleman personating this rising young statesman was unquestionably one of the best private readers of the day. Then, as to acting, most of the company were practised amateurs long before this event, more especially Douglas Jerrold and Mark Lemon, who, in parts that suited them, were first-rate actors, almost equal to Dickens. The two latter were matchless in the after-piece, but the parts they played in the comedy were not in accordance with their peculiar talents. It has been said that Mr. Dickens, in private life, had very much the appearance of a sea-faring man. This is quite true; and his long daily walks about London and the environs, or at the sea-side, caused him to have a very sun-burnt weather-beaten face. His full-length portrait might

readily be mistaken for the captain of an East Indiaman, if truthfully painted. But the character and costume of "Lord Wilmot, a young man *at the head of the Mode*, more than a century ago," did not suit him, and was in fact against the grain of his nature. His bearing on the stage, and the tone of his voice, were too rigid, hard and quarter-deck-like, for such "rank and fashion," and his make-up, with the three-cornered gold-laced cockt-hat, black curled wig, huge sleeve-cuffs, long flapped waistcoat, knee-breeches and great shoe-buckles, were not carried off with the proper air; so that he presented a figure that would have made a good portrait of a captain of a Dutch privateer,* after having taken a capital prize. When he shouted in praise of the wine of Burgundy, it far rather suggested fine kegs of Schiedam. It was in "Mr. Nightingale's Diary," which followed, that he was inimitable. The late Miss Mitford, being present at the performance of this some time afterwards, pronounced certain parts of his acting in this piece as something wonderful. Neither can it be said that Mr. Mark Lemon was quite at home in his part in the comedy, *viz.*, that of "Sir Geoffrey Thorside, a gentleman of good family and estate." He looked far more like a burly, wealthy Yorkshire brewer, who had retired upon something handsome. In the after-piece he could hardly have been surpassed. Yet both the last-named parts in the comedy were fairly acted. Jerrold also (a capital actor in certain parts) was hardly in his right element. The head and face of Jerrold were a good illustration of the saying that most people are like one or another of our "dumb fellow creatures," for he certainly had a remarkable resemblance, in several respects, to a lion, chiefly for his very large, clear, round, undaunted, straightforward looking eyes; the structure of the forehead; and his rough, unkempt, uplifted flourish of tawny hair. It was difficult to make such a face look like the foolish, half-scared, country gentleman, "Mr. Shadowly Softhead;" but he enacted the part very well, notwithstanding. As a contrast to these, Mr. Frank Stone, the painter, presented a very grave, tall, stately full-length of the proud "Duke of Middlesex," whose dignity was astonished at his wife daring to take "such a liberty" as to give him a kiss; while the "Earl Loftus" of Mr. Dudley Costello, was far too elegant for a nobleman of the court of George I., and rather resembled a highly-polished French marquis of the age of Louis Quatorze. The make-up of Mr. Egg as "David Fallen," the Grub Street author, &c., was

* A celebrated painter is said to have made a similar remark. What would he have thought of Mr. Dickens in the above costume?

such as only a fine painter could well have effected. Intellectual and refined amidst his seedy clothing; resentful of his hard lot, yet saddened by disappointment and semi-starvation, his thoughts appearing to oscillate between independence of character—his political hiring—and his hungry family in their miserable attic; such a countenance was presented as the stage has seldom seen, and is very unlikely to see again, except at rare and exceptional intervals. The Irish landlord of Mr. Fallen (Paddy O'Sullivan) was represented to perfection by Mr. Robert Bell, whose gigantic stature, long frieze coat, little bit of a hat, ragged-red wig, and highly-painted smiling visage (reminding one of the *Somnour* in the "Canterbury Tales") gave a picture that even surpassed the effect of the rich brogue in which he blurted out the few words allotted to him. The minor parts, however, of this play have all been reduced to mere shreds in the acting copies since published. No professional actors would be at all likely to take such pains with them as were exhibited on this occasion.

Any formal critique on the comedy of "Not so Bad as we Seem; or Many Sides to a Character," would here be out of place; but as the play is now little known and never acted, a few extracts and passing comments may be interesting, as showing the difference between the wit and humour of Lord Lytton's legitimate high comedy, and the dreadful punning stuff and "sensational" tricks of the period. We will look at two or three extracts taken at random.

ACT II.—SCENE I.

Library in the house of SIR GEOFFREY THORNSIDE—At the back a large window opening nearly to the ground—Side-door to an adjoining room—Style of decoration, that introduced from the Dutch in the reign of William III. (old-fashioned, therefore, at the date assigned to the Play), rich and heavy; oak panels, partly gilt; high-backed chairs, &c.

Enter SIR GEOFFREY and HODGE.

Sir Geof. But I say the dog did howl last night, and it is a most suspicious circumstance.

Hodge. Fegs, my dear Maester, if you'se think that these Lunnon thieves have found out that your honour's rents were paid last woik, mayhap I'd best sleep here in the loibery.

Sir Geof. [*Aside.* How does he know I keep my moneys here?]

Hodge. Zooks! I'se the old blunderbuss, and that will boite better than any dog, I'se warrant!

Sir Geof. [*Aside.* I begin to suspect him. For ten years have I nursed that viper at my hearth, and now he wants to sleep in my library, with a loaded blunderbuss, in case I should come in and detect him. I

see murder in his very face. How blind I've been !] Hodge, you are very good—very ; come closer. [*Aside.* What a felon step he has !] But I don't keep my rents here, they're all gone to the banker's,

Hodge. Mayhap I'd best go and lock up the plate ; or will you send that to the banker's ?

Sir Geof. [*Aside.* I wonder if he has got an accomplice at the banker's ! It looks uncommonly like it.] No, I'll not send the plate to the banker's, I'll—consider, You've not detected the miscreant who has been flinging flowers into the library the last four days?—or observed any one watching your master when he walks in his garden, from the window of that ugly old house in Deadman's Lane ?

Hodge. With the sign of the Crown and Poor Culley ! Why, it maun be very leately. 'Tint a week ago 'sin it war empty.

Sir Geof. [*Aside.* How he evades the question !—just as they do at the Old Bailey.] Get along with you and feed the house-dog—he's honest !

Hodge. Yes, your honour.

[*Exit.*

Sir Geof. I'm a very unhappy man, very. Never did harm to any one—done good to many. And ever since I was a babe in the cradle, all the world have been conspiring and plotting against me. It certainly is an exceedingly wicked world ; and what its attraction can be to the other worlds, that they should have kept it spinning through space for six thousand years, I can't possibly conceive—unless they are as bad as itself ; I should not wonder. That new theory of attraction is a very suspicious circumstance against the planets—there's a gang of 'em ! [*A bunch of flowers is thrown in at the window.*] Heaven defend me ! There it is again ! This is the fifth bunch of flowers that's been thrown at me through the window—what can it possibly mean?—the most alarming circumstance,

[*Cautiously poking at the flowers with his sword.*

Lord Wilmot (Charles Dickens) being in love with Lucy, the daughter of Sir Geoffrey Thornside (Mark Lemon), and being unable to obtain an interview, is continually throwing bouquets into one or other of the windows. Mr. Goodenough Easy (Mr. Topham) now enters, with “How d'ye do, my hearty?”

Sir Geof. Ugh ! hearty, indeed !

Easy. Why, what's the matter ? What are you poking at those flowers for?—is there a snake in them ?

Sir Geof. Worse than that, I suspect ! Hem ! Goodenough Easy, I believe I may trust you——

Easy. You trusted me once with five thousand pounds.

Sir Geof. Dear, dear, I forgot that. But you paid me back, Easy ?

Easy. Of course ; but the loan saved my credit, and made my fortune : so the favour's the same.

Sir Geof. Ugh ! Don't say that ; favours and perfidy go together ! a truth I learned early in life. What favours I heaped on my foster-

brother. And did not he conspire with my cousin to set my own father against me ; and trick me out of my heritage ?

Easy. But you've heaped favours as great on the son of that scamp of a foster-brother ; and he——

Sir Geof. Ay ! but he don't know of them. And then there was my——that girl's mother——

* * * * *

Easy. Well—well ! we agreed never to talk upon that subject. Come, come, what of the nosegay ?

Sir Geof. Yes, yes, the nosegay ! Hark ! I suspect some design on my life. The dog howled last night. When I walk in the garden, somebody or something (can't see what it is) seems at the watch in a window in Deadman's Lane—pleasant name for a street at the back of one's premises ! And what looks blacker than all, for five days running, has been thrown in at me, yonder, surreptitiously and anonymously, what you call—a nosegay !

Easy. Ha ! ha ! you lucky dog !—you are still not bad-looking ! Depend on it the flowers come from a woman.

Sir Geof. A woman !—my worst fears are confirmed ! In the small city of Placentia, in one year, there were no less than seven hundred cases of slow poisoning, and all by women. Flowers were among the instruments they employed, steeped in laurel water and other mephitic preparations. Those flowers are poisoned. Not a doubt of it !—how very awful !

Easy. But why should any one take the trouble to poison you, Geoffrey ?

Sir Geof. I don't know. But I don't know why seven hundred people in one year were poisoned in Placentia. Hodge ! Hodge !

Enter HODGE.

Sweep away those flowers !—lock 'em up with the rest in the coal-hole. I'll examine them all chemically, by and by, with precaution. [*Exit HODGE.*] Don't smell at 'em ; and, above all, don't let the house-dog smell at 'em.

Easy. Ha ! ha !

Sir Geof. [*Aside.* Ugh !—that brute's laughing !—no more feeling than a brick-bat !] Goodenough Easy, you are a very happy man.

Easy. Happy, yes. I could be happy on bread and water.

Sir Geof. And would toast your bread at a conflagration, and fill your jug from a deluge ! Ugh ! I've a trouble you are more likely to feel for, as you've a girl of your own to keep out of mischief. A man named Wilmot, and styled "my Lord," has called here a great many times ; he pretends he saved Lucy from footpads, when she was coming home from your house in a sedan chair. And I suspect that man means to make love to her !——

Easy. Egad ! that's the only likely suspicion you've hit on this many a day. I've heard of Lord Wilmot. Softhead professes to copy him. Softhead, the son of a trader ! *he* be a loungee at White's and Will's, and dine with wits and fine gentlemen ! *He* live with lords !—*he* mimic

fashion ! No ! I've respect for even the faults of a man ; but I've none for the tricks of a monkey.

Mr. Shadowly Softhead, it will be remembered, was played by Douglas Jerrold. By a peculiarly fine tact, and what we may designate as personal *finesse* combined with dramatic instinct, Lord Lytton has put into the next speech of Sir Geoffrey, when speaking of Softhead, a remark peculiarly like some of Jerrold's own pungent wit ; as if, though almost unconsciously, to make amends to Jerrold for the weak-minded part he enacted :—

Sir Geof. Ugh ! you're so savage on Softhead, I suspect 'tis from envy. Man and monkey, indeed ! *If a ribbon is tied to the tail of a monkey, it is not the man it enrages ; it is some other monkey whose tail has no ribbon !*

Easy [*angrily*]. I disdain your insinuations. Do you mean to imply that I am a monkey ? I will not praise myself ; but at least a more steady, respectable, sober—

Sir Geof. Ugh ! sober !—I suspect you'd get as drunk as a lord, if a lord passed the bottle.

Easy. Now, now, now ! Take care :—you'll put me in a passion.

Sir Geof. There—there—beg pardon. But I fear you've a sneaking respect for a lord.

Easy. Sir, I respect the British Constitution and the House of Peers as a part of it ; but as for a lord in himself, with a mere handle to his name, a paltry title ! *That* can have no effect on a Briton of independence and sense. And that's just the difference between Softhead and me.

We can only spare room for one extract from the serious scenes, and the reader may then take his choice between Lord Lytton's writing and that of the playwright's trade of the day, which managers—thank heaven !—are at length discovering to be unprofitable. The scene is between Lord Wilmot (Mr. Dickens) and Hardman (Mr. John Forster), who also is in love with Lucy :—

Hard. I know that between us two there is a strife, and I am come to decide it ; you love Lucy Thorside.

Wil. Well ! I told you so.

Hard. You told it, my Lord, to a rival. Ay, smile. You have wealth, rank, fashion, and wit ; I have none of these, and I need them not. But I say to you—that ere the hand on this dial moves to that near point in time, your love will be hopeless and your suit be withdrawn.

Wil. The man's mad. Unless, sir, you wish me to believe that my life hangs on your sword, I cannot quite comprehend why my love should go by your watch.

Hard. I command you, Lord Wilmot, to change this tone of levity : I command it in the name of a life which, I think, you prize more than your

own ; a life that is now in my hands. You told me to sound your father. I have not done so—I have detected——

Wil. Detected ! Hold, sir ! that word implies crime.

Hard. Ay, the crime of the great. History calls it ZEAL. Law styles it HIGH TREASON.

Wil. What do I hear ? Heavens !—my father ! Sir, your word is no proof ?

Hard. But *this* is ! [*Producing the Requisition to the Pretender.*] 'Tis high treason, conspiring to levy arms against the King on the throne—here called the Usurper. High treason to promise to greet with banner and trump a pretender—here called James the Third. Such is the purport of the paper I hold—and here is the name of your father.

Wil. [*Aside.* Both are armed, and alone.]

[*Locks the outer door by which he is standing.*]

Hard. [*Aside.* So, I guess his intention.] [*Opens the window and looks out.*] Good, the officers are come.

Wil. What the law calls high-treason I know not ; what the honest call treason I know. Traitor, thou who hast used the confidence of a son against the life of a father, thou shalt not quit these walls with that life in thy grasp—yield the proof thou hast plundered or forged. [*Seizes him.*]

Hardman immediately thrusts his hand out of the window, ready to drop the papers into the street, where the Officers of Justice are waiting below.

Wil. [*recoiling*]. Foiled ! Foiled ! How act ! what do ? And thy son set yon bloodhound on thy track, O my father ! Sir, you say you are my rival ; I guess the terms you now come to impose !

Hard. I impose no terms. What needs the demand ? Have you an option ? I think better of you. We both love the same woman ; I have loved her a year, you a week ; you have her father's dislike, I his consent. One must yield—why should I ? Rude son of the people though I be, why must I be thrust from the sunshine because you cross my path as the fair and the high-born ? What have I owed to your order or you ? Listen still ; I schemed to save your father, not to injure. Had you rather this scroll had fallen into the hands of a spy ? And now, if I place it in yours—save your name from attainder, your fortunes from confiscation, your father from the axe of the headsman—why should I ask terms ? Would it be possible for you to say, "Sir, I thank you ; and in return I would do my best to rob your life of the woman you love, and whom I have just known a week ?" Could you, peer's son, and gentleman, thus reply—when, if I know aught of this grand people of England, not a mechanic who walks thro' yon streets, from the loom to the hovel, but what would cry "Shame !" on such answer !

Wil. Sir, I cannot argue with, I cannot rival the man who has my father's life at his will, whether to offer it as a barter, or to yield it as a boon. Either way, rivalry between us is henceforth impossible. Fear mine no more. Give me the scroll—I depart.

Hard. [*Aside.* His manliness moves me !] Nay, let me pray your

permission to give it myself to your father, and with such words as will save him, and others whose names are hereto attached, from such perilous hazards in future.

Wil. In this too I fear that you leave me no choice ; I must trust as I may to your honour ! but heed well if——


Hard. Menace not ; you doubt, then, my honour ?

Wil. [*with suppressed passion*]. Plainly, I do ; our characters differ. I had held myself dishonoured for ever if our positions had been reversed,—if I had taken such confidence as was placed in you,—concealed the rivalry,—prepared the scheme,—timed the moment,—forced the condition in the guise of benefit. No, sir, no ; that may be talent, it is not honour.

This is dramatic writing ; this is the true drama of the class that has been smothered for the last twenty years by costly scenes, costly dresses, licentious dancing, and costly decorations ; and by vile burlesques and clap-traps, which are an insult to the human understanding, and have proved the well-merited ruin of so many deluded managements. The public never craved for such stuff ; it was forced upon them, till they came to believe that the British stage was intended to hold the mirror up to Folly and Vulgarity, as the most attractive representations of Art and Nature.

Some account of the after-piece, entitled “Mr. Nightingale’s Diary,” written jointly by Mr. Dickens and Mr. Mark Lemon, but never published, together with the subsequent performances of the “Guild” at the Hanover Square rooms, at Manchester, Liverpool, Bath, Bristol, &c., must be deferred to a future number.

IRON AND IRONWORKERS.

HE history of ironworking, from the days of Tubal Cain, the inspired artificer, down to these stirring times of Bessemer and Fairbairn, means little less than the history of national life and civilisation. It is interwoven with the progress of art and science and agriculture all the world over. It has triumphed alike in works of peace and works of war. It is lauded in the pastorals of Virgil and the epics of Homer, and by its wonders in this later age the dreams of the hoary alchemist are outdone.

Oddly enough we are indebted to a poet for our earliest description of iron making. Homer represents Hephæstus as throwing the materials from which the shield of Achilles was to be forged into a furnace urged by twenty pair of bellows. This simple description gives us some clue to the date of what Mr. Fairbairn has somewhere called the first epoch in iron manufacture, viz.—the employment of an artificial blast to accelerate combustion.* The shores of the Black Sea, Laconia, Spain, Africa, and Damascus are among the most ancient sources of iron produce of which we have any authentic record. From Laconia the Greeks obtained, through the Phœnician merchants their first supplies of this material, and the African shores yielded to the Romans argosies of iron ore at a period of remote antiquity.

On the invasion of Britain by Cæsar (B.C. 55) the Roman legions were astonished to find our savage ancestors armed with swords, spears, and chariots of war, but there is no evidence to show that these were of native manufacture. The probability is that they had been brought by the Phœnicians from Southern Europe in exchange for the produce of the Cornish mines. It is, however, almost certain that the Roman occupation of Britain was immediately followed by the establishment of ironworks in various parts of the island. Evidences of this have been abundantly furnished by archæological research. Not only have immense beds of cinders been discovered

* It is said that in Madagascar iron is still smelted much in the same way, except that the blowing apparatus consists of hollow trunks of trees, with loosely fitting pistons worked by hand.

containing Roman coins and pottery, but ruins of altars to Jupiter Dolichenus have further attested this generally accepted fact.* The process of smelting employed by the Romans in Britain was a slight modification of that described by Homer. On an open hearth layers of charcoal and ironstone were placed alternately, and fire being applied, it was urged by men treading upon huge bellows. This was called the "foot-blast," and it prevailed in all the iron-making districts for several hundreds of years.

As to the extent of iron manufacture in England, even for some centuries after the Conquest, the records are too few and meagre to warrant anything like a satisfactory estimate. An authentic document quoted in Rudder's "*History of Gloucestershire*" leads to the supposition that the Forest of Dean was the first iron-making district of any importance in this country. In the year 1282, according to this generally-received authority, there were in this forest seventy-two "moveable forges,"† established by special licence from the king, and yielding to the Crown an annual tribute. Many of these forges were in connection with abbeys and priories, the monks of the Abbey of Flaxley being iron makers of considerable repute. The ironworkers of this period undoubtedly possessed great skill in the manipulation of "Mars' metal," as the defensive armour and church fittings still in existence abundantly testify; but the processes of manufacture were both tedious and expensive, and the aggregate yield of the country at this time must have been comparatively insignificant. Camden, in his "*Britannica*," speaks of England as being "full of iron mines everywhere, for the casting of which there are furnaces up and down the country." Sussex, Yorkshire, and Staffordshire are especially mentioned as iron-producing districts. All the old chronicles agree that down to the time of Queen Elizabeth the processes of iron making had undergone little or no improvement since the days of Cæsar. To the reign of the Virgin Queen may be assigned the invention of the blast furnace, one of the most important steps of progress in the entire history of the trade.

From this period the manufacture of iron occupied an important

* Andrew Yarranton, writing in 1698, relates that he himself saw dug up, near the walls of the city of Worcester, the hearth of one of the Roman foot-blast iron furnaces, which was seven feet deep in the ground, and by its side was an earthen vessel containing about a peck of Roman coins.

† Various theories have been advanced as to the meaning of this term, but the most natural one is that the forges were so constructed that they could be removed without difficulty to such parts of the forest as afforded the best timber, the consumption of which for making charcoal must have been very considerable.

position among the national industries ; but, oddly enough, its very prosperity soon began to threaten its decay, if not its complete annihilation. The use of timber became so enormous that the whole country was alarmed at the prospect of the land being completely deforested. Patriots cried out that the "wooden walls" of old England were in danger, builders and carpenters groaned under the heavy prices of oak and elm, and poets and other lovers of the beautiful in nature joined in the general lament. Evelyn and Fuller were especially vehement, the latter in his "*Worthies of England*" offering a suggestion, which, by its realisation long afterwards, may almost be regarded as a confirmation of the old saying that poetry is akin to prophecy. "It is to be hoped," he says, poetising in the guise of prose, "that a way may be found out to char sea coal in such a manner as to render it useful for the making of iron. All things are not found out in one age as reserved for future discovery, and that perchance may be easy for the next which seems impossible to this generation." The upshot of the agitation was an Act of Parliament forbidding timber to be felled to make coals for burning iron ; and the employment of timber trees of a given size was prohibited within certain districts, exceptions being made for the county of Sussex, the Weald of Kent, and some other centres of the iron trade in Surrey.*

Before the close of Elizabeth's reign blast furnaces capable of producing twenty-one tons per week had been established in such parts of the country as had an abundant supply of water-power to work the huge bellows then employed. The demand for iron was great, there was no lack of enterprise on the part of the masters or of skill on the part of the workmen, and nothing seemed to stand in the way of great prosperity to this industry save the growing scarcity of fuel. The solution of the latter difficulty had, however, now become of vital importance, and would admit of no further delay. In the year 1612 Simon Sturtevant patented a process for manufacturing iron with pit coal, but it did not succeed, and he surrendered his right to the exclusive use of the invention in the following year. Three other adventurers—by name, Robinson, Gambleton, and Jordans—successively patented inventions in the same direction, and with similar result. Seven years after Sturtevant's failure Dud Dudley, an Oxford student, was called from Balliol before he had attained his majority to undertake the management of his father's ironworks in the Chase of Pensnett, near Dudley. One of

* In the parish of Buxted, Surrey, in 1547, Peter Band, a Frenchman, cast the first cannon ever so made in England.

his first enterprises was an attempt to utilise the excellent pit coal with which the neighbourhood abounded for the smelting of iron ore. After a series of experiments he succeeded, and obtained a patent from King James. His success was, however, dearly purchased. Jealous rivals harassed him by disputing the validity of his patent, riotous workpeople cut his furnace-bellows, a great flood swept away his works, and subsequently his allegiance to the Royalist party during the Civil Wars led to a confiscation of his property. Under the weight of these calamities he was forced to succumb, but not until he had been able by his invention to make iron "more sufficient, more cheap, and more excellent." Dud Dudley's reverses appear to have discouraged subsequent ironmasters for a time, and the industry so far languished that the greater part of the pig iron used in the country was imported from Spain and Sweden. About the year 1750 Abraham Darby, of Coalbrookdale, invented the process of transforming coal into coke for use in the furnace, and this led in a short time to charcoal being entirely superseded by coal as a fuel for all the processes of iron manufacture.

Immediately following the success of this invention bellows were substituted by large cylinders with closely-fitting pistons,* and presently the steam engine lent its powerful aid to the blowing of the blast. But so greatly had the industry suffered by the tardy application of inventions which were, in truth, the offspring of necessity, that in the year 1788 there were only seventy-seven blast furnaces throughout the kingdom, and the aggregate produce of iron was actually less than it had been before the Commonwealth. During the last ten years of the eighteenth century, however, the iron trade experienced a wonderful impetus, and, with the exception of the newly-developed North of England districts, it assumed its present geographical limits. In the year 1806, when an unsuccessful attempt was made to impose a tax of 20s. per ton on pig iron, there were 222 blast furnaces in Great Britain. The year 1829 was an important era in the iron trade, owing to the application by Neilson, of Glasgow, of the hot blast in the process of smelting. To this invention Scotland owes much of its present fame as a great iron-producing centre.

Meanwhile, efforts had not been wanting to improve the processes of iron manufacture in its subsequent stages. In this direction the labours of Foley and Cort are especially noticeable, the former as the introducer of slitting mills into this country from Sweden, and

* The first of any magnitude were erected by Smeaton at the Carron Ironworks in 1760.

the latter as the inventor of the now indispensable processes of puddling and rolling. Of Foley's enterprise a romantic story is told. He commenced life about two centuries ago as an itinerant musician in Stourbridge, and was familiarly known as "Foley the fiddler." Hearing that the Swedish ironmasters had a machine for slitting iron into bars, a process which in this country was most laboriously performed by hand, and that the construction of this machine was a secret jealously guarded, Foley set off one morning on a bold and ingenious expedition. He fiddled his way to Hull, worked his passage across to Stockholm, and thence by the aid of his fiddle penetrated the Swedish iron district. Here like a true disciple of Orpheus, he so charmed the ironworkers that they admitted him to the very mills he had gone expressly to see, and while his fingers were busy with his fiddle, his eyes and head were at work in mastering all the details of the machine. In due time the long-lost fiddler again turned up in Stourbridge, and by the prudent use of the secret he had thus stealthily won, he effected almost a revolution in the English iron trade, accumulated a large fortune, and founded a family. Cort, who resided at Gosport, introduced the processes of puddling and rolling in 1773-4. His first patent comprised methods of "faggoting bars for various uses, the hammer and anvil being employed, and the faggots brought to a welding heat in a balling furnace instead of one with a blast. By passing faggots through rollers all the earthy particles are pressed out, and the iron compressed into a tough and fibrous state." The reverberatory furnace he also introduced, into which the fluid metal was run from the smelting furnace, and he demonstrated how by a process of puddling while exposed to the oxidising current of flame and air, the cast metal could be rendered malleable. In short, the germ of all the existing processes in the production of finished iron are to be found in the records of the patient labour and far-seeing enterprise of this great but luckless inventor. Mr. Fairbairn tells us that Henry Cort expended a fortune of £20,000 in perfecting his inventions for puddling iron and rolling it into bars and plates; that he was robbed of the fruit of his discoveries by the knavery of officials in a high department of the Government, and that he was ultimately left—like poor Snider—to starve, by the apathy and selfishness of an ungrateful country. The invention by James Watt of the steam engine, soon after Cort's death, inaugurated a new era in the iron trade, and old methods were at once superseded by its immense power, economy, and convenience of application.

Among the comparatively recent improvements in the manufacture

of iron, from the smelting of the ore, to its perfected condition, the following are the most important, viz. :—the direct production of wrought iron from rich ores in a reverberatory furnace accomplished by Mr. Clay in 1840; the introduction of anthracite, stone coal, or culm in smelting, by Mr. Crane and Mr. Budd, about the same period; the invention of the steam hammer by Mr. Nasmyth in 1842; the utilisation of waste gases by Teague, Meckenheim, and many subsequent inventors—Mr. Cochrane being of the number; the application of steam to puddling by Guest and Evans, Nasmyth, Martien, Bessemer, and Talabot; the conversion of cast metal into steel by granulating it in water, and decarbonising it by fusion with spathose ore; the “boiling” process in puddling, an improvement on Cort’s principle, by the late Mr. Joseph Hall, of Tipton; and last, but by no means least, the simple transformation of iron into steel by the patented process of Mr. Henry Bessemer.

The centres of the English iron trade have undergone great changes as regards their relative extent and importance during the last hundred years, the industry having, since the disuse of charcoal for fuel, principally been developed in the richest coal districts of the country. About the middle of the last century Gloucestershire was the largest iron-producing county in Great Britain. Sussex had the greatest number of furnaces, and there were a few in Kent, in the Midland counties, and along the Welsh borders. In regard to these localities, the tables have been completely turned; the two former districts having long since been eclipsed by Staffordshire and South Wales, and these latter in their turn are now being outrivalled by the newer centres of Cleveland and other districts in the north country.

Nor are the changes less striking in the results of the various processes and the aggregate proportions of the industry within the same period. A century ago the average weekly yield of a blast furnace was 5 tons. Now the produce ranges from 150 to 200 tons. At the former period there were only fifty-nine furnaces in the whole country, and the total yield was little more than 17,000 tons. There are now in the United Kingdom not less than 912 blast furnaces, and although not more than two-thirds of them are in operation, the present yield is at the rate of 5,000,000 tons per annum. It need scarcely be added that the progress has been proportionately great in the manufacture of finished iron, the puddling furnaces now numbering 5,950, and the rolling mills 850.

England has no longer a monopoly of the iron trade, Belgium, France, Sweden, and the United States having within a comparatively few years developed this branch of industry to a remarkable degree.

The rivalry of Belgium has perhaps been most largely felt by English ironmasters, the comparative cheapness of labour, together with the commendable enterprise displayed by the leading ironmakers, having given Belgium an advantage, which it has not been slow in turning to the best account. Some years ago it was estimated that the annual consumption of iron in Great Britain was equal to 25 lbs. per head upon the entire population; while at the same period America was taking 16 lbs.; Belgium, 12 lbs.; Prussia, 10 lbs.; France, 8 lbs.; Italy, Russia, and Turkey, 6 lbs. At the present time, at the lowest computation, the annual produce is at the rate of above 1 cwt. per head for Great Britain.


Yorkshire yields more iron ore than any other English county, its annual produce being over three and a half millions of tons. Scotland ranks next with 1,250,000 tons; and ranging from 500,000 to 1,000,000 tons are Staffordshire, Cumberland, Lancashire, and South Wales. To Yorkshire also belongs the distinction of being the greatest pig-iron producing county, its 120 furnaces yielding over 800,000 tons per annum. South Staffordshire, with considerably more furnaces, yields only about 600,000 tons, the furnaces in this district being of much less capacity than those in the famous Cleveland district of Yorkshire. Durham, Monmouth, Glamorgan, and Lanarkshire are the other important centres of iron smelting, their respective produce varying from 350,000 to 500,000 tons. In the production of finished iron South Staffordshire is pre-eminent, having 111 distinct establishments, comprising 1,695 puddling furnaces and 280 rolling mills. Yorkshire stands next, with thirty-three establishments, in which are included 983 puddling furnaces and 151 rolling mills. Durham has 726 puddling furnaces and fifty-one rolling mills, and Glamorgan and Monmouth have respectively 557 and 540 puddling furnaces; and the former has ninety-four, and the latter fifty, rolling mills. The lesser iron-producing districts in this country are Northumberland, Cumberland, Shropshire, Derbyshire, North Staffordshire, Northamptonshire, Lincolnshire, Wiltshire, Denbighshire, Brecknockshire, Ayrshire, Stirlingshire, and Fifeshire. For the rapidity of its growth and the boldness of its enterprise, the Cleveland district is unrivalled. A quarter of a century ago this now busy centre of the iron trade presented but a dreary landscape of hill and moorland. An observant sportsman in quest of feathered game chanced in his rambles to espy a piece of iron ore, which he carefully "bagged," and subsequently analysed. This chance discovery speedily led to further investigations, and Cleveland was forthwith pronounced "a land whose stones are iron, and out of whose hills thou mayest dig brass"

—the latter term being used, however, in a conventional rather than a literal sense. Within a few years the banks of the Tees have become as famous for iron as those of the Tyne are for coal ; and, as an example of Cleveland enterprise, it is stated that iron ore lying in the famous hills of that district is within six weeks extracted, smelted, rolled into plates, and launched in the shape of an iron steamship on the turbulent bosom of the Tees ! The approximate value of the iron annually produced in the United Kingdom is £35,000,000 sterling, and the number of workpeople directly employed in its production cannot be far short of 250,000. Scarcely one-half of the iron produced in England is exported in its raw state, but is worked up into finished goods ranging through myriad forms and sizes, from a needle to a steam engine, and affording employment to an untold number of mechanics and artisans.

The social condition of the ironworkers varies somewhat in the different districts, those of the North country being perhaps the most advanced in thrift and intelligence. As a class, however, they are improvident, and more or less the slaves of pleasure and self-indulgence. The strain upon their physical energies leads to extravagance in diet, and to excess in stimulants. The daintiest viands are secured very often at the expense of the commonest household comforts. Saint Monday is the patron saint of ironworkers, and his weekly advent is dutifully if not devoutly honoured. The wages of ironworkers vary in each department. A furnace-man earns 25s. to 30s. per week, a puddler 30s. to 34s., while a millman will realise 50s. to 75s. in the same period. This inequality is the source of much dissension and periodical disturbance, and an equalisation is much to be desired. There are however many redeeming features in the character of the ironworkers. They are extremely hospitable, and kind to distressed comrades ; they are generally well conducted, and they take a pride in the education of their children. With the present rate of progress there is reason to hope that in a few years at most “strikes” and “lock-outs” will be superseded by intelligent argument in an improvised Court of Arbitration whenever disputes arise. In such an event, the labours of Mr. Mundella and Mr. Rupert Kettle in this direction will be gratefully acknowledged by all intelligent Englishmen.

J. C. TILDESLEY.

SONNET.

OW evening, daughter of the day and night,
Spreads over meadow-land a dusky shroud :
The sun, retreating, floods the west with light,
And hangs a golden lamp on every cloud.

The fairy-butterflies have shut their wings—

From secret places moths come out to flit,
Or wait in windows till the cricket sings—

Till doors are closed and cottage candles lit.

Nan, in a pretty cap and simple frock,

Takes in the snow-white linen from the hedge
To damp and iron by the kitchen clock,

And think of Ned, who swings the smithy sledge.

The farmer over supper falls asleep,

And, snoring, dreams of turnip crops and sheep.

GUY ROSLYN.



THE ROYAL MARRIAGE ACT.



THE approaching marriage of the Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne has recalled the provisions of the Royal Marriage enactment, and it may not be uninteresting at the present moment to inquire into the circumstances that gave rise to this celebrated statute, and the mode in which it was passed. Perhaps those who are disposed to envy too much the lot of Princes and Princesses, and to think that their position of itself secures perfect felicity, may derive consolation from the knowledge that there are some disadvantages attendant even upon those who live

“ In the fierce blaze that beats upon the throne.”

The constant publicity under which it moves, the uniformity of attention and manner shown to it, the absence of those shadows of life which to ordinary mortals make the light brighter, the difficulty it must experience in distinguishing the true from the false friend, are obvious and inevitable drawbacks to Royalty. To these must be added an Act which restricts its liberty and restrains its power in those relations of life in which, perhaps, human nature can least bear restraint.

By the common law the right of disposing of his children, in marriage, was always vested in the father; but several Kings of England had considered it their prerogative to prohibit such marriages of their relations as were *infra dig.* or otherwise displeasing to themselves. Thus Henry VIII. made it high treason for any man to marry any of the King's near relations without the Royal licence, and when Lady Arabella Stuart, first cousin of James I., married William Seymour, she was imprisoned for the offence, and her husband committed to the Tower. They both, however, escaped, and the Countess of Shrewsbury (Lady Arabella's aunt) was afterwards taken into custody for aiding and abetting their flight. In 1718, George I., who had quarrelled with his son, submitted to the judges the question,—whether the education and care of the King's grandchildren, and the appointment of their instructors and servants, and the care and approbation of their marriages when grown up, belonged of right to His Majesty, as King of the realm, or not? At this time, Frederick, the King's eldest grandson, was only eleven, and it was chiefly

with a view to his education that the King claimed the right to appoint his instructors as against the boy's father. Ten of the judges consulted answered the King in the affirmative. They based this answer, in a great measure, on the idea that all the Royal Family were public personages, that the Prince of Wales was one and the same with the King, and they deduced from this that the King, to whom the executive power is entrusted, had the care and command in the marriages of his grandchildren, as well as of his children, for the good of the whole nation. They quoted the case of Lady Arabella Seymour, and urged the fact that both the daughters of the Duke of York had been married with the consent of Charles II. alone. Two, however, of the judges thought otherwise. They declared that the father alone had entrusted to him the education of his children, and although they were of opinion that the care and approbation of the marriage of his grandchildren belonged to the Sovereign, they qualified this avowal by stating that they did not thereby mean to exclude their father. They said, too, that although they found such marriages as had been contracted without Royal assent looked upon as contempts of the Royal authority, they could find no instance where the father's consent had not been previously sought by the reigning monarch. This opinion has always been considered to be the sound one, although the unanimity of the other ten judges is surprising. Indeed, as Mr. Stephen says, in the notes to his edition of Blackstone, "if the question had arisen before the judges were independent of the Crown, we would have been inclined to have suspected their sincerity and the authority of their decision."

In 1753, was passed Lord Hardwicke's Act (subsequently repealed) for the prevention of clandestine marriages; but from this, at the express command of George II., the Royal Family were exempted. "I will not have my family," said the Royal potentate, "laid under these restraints."

The immediate cause of the Royal Marriage Act of 1772, was the marriage of the profligate Duke of Cumberland with Mrs. Horton. What gave additional sting to the blow inflicted by this event on George III., was the fact that the lady was sister to Colonel Luttrell, whom the Court party, after ejecting Wilkes from his seat for Middlesex, had thrust into his place. We can fancy how the arch-demagogue rubbed his hands as he repeated, or might have repeated, the lines :

"Neque enim lex justior ulla
Quam necis artifices arte perire suâ."

But there was a constitutional passion for contracting *mésalliances* in

the children of Frederick, Prince of Wales. The Duke of Gloucester had secretly married Lady Waldegrave, the Duke of York had been on the point of marrying Lady Mary Coke, and the King himself had in early life been almost overcome by the charms of Lady Sarah Lennox; indeed, but for the intervention of his mother and Lord Bute, she would probably have been his queen. But he took to heart very much the Duke of Cumberland's wedding; and when, shortly after, his favourite brother the Duke of Gloucester publicly announced his own marriage, the King could bear it no longer. Though the mischief was done, George III. resolved that in future such *mésalliances* should not disgrace any of his descendants. Accordingly, on the 20th of February, 1772, a message was presented to both Houses of Parliament, stating that the King was desirous that the right of approving all marriages in the Royal Family, which had belonged to the Kings of the realm, should be made effectual, and recommending them to take the matter into their consideration. A Bill was shortly afterwards introduced into the House of Lords, very much in the form in which it was made law. It, however, encountered considerable opposition, both with the Lords and Commons. The opinions of the judges were again taken as to the truth of the inducement stated in the Royal message, and they answered that the King had the care and approbation of the marriages of his children and grandchildren, and presumptive heir; but whether he had such care in the case of other branches of the royal family they did not determine. But the provisions of the Bill went much further than this, for they enacted that all the descendants of George II., other than the issue of princesses married into foreign families, should be incapable of contracting marriage without the consent of the reigning Sovereign. There was, however, a proviso that a marriage contracted after the age of twenty-five should be valid, if twelve months' notice was given to the Privy Council and neither House of Parliament interfered during the time.

The most bitter and conspicuous of the adversaries of the Bill was Charles Fox, who resigned his office at the Admiralty, in order to oppose it. He protested against it as vigorously as his father Lord Holland had formerly protested against Lord Hardwicke's Marriage Act. The proviso with reference to marriages of those above twenty-five, is said by Horace Walpole, to have been inserted in order to soothe the wrath of the young Whig. Walpole equally detested the Bill—"never," says he, "was an Act passed against which so much and for which so little could be said." He cannot, however, be regarded as an unprejudiced witness, for Lady Waldegrave, the Duke of Gloucester's wife, was his own niece, being the natural

daughter of his younger brother Edward. Every part of the Bill was keenly contested, the chief objections urged to its principle being that it was contrary to the natural rights inherent in mankind, and that the prerogative claimed by the King was not founded in law or supported by the opinion of the ten judges in 1718. It was gravely urged too, that there were about 30,000 persons in the kingdom computed to have some royal blood in their veins, and that if the Bill became law, in course of time the whole of its subjects would be in a state of wardship to the Crown. The two chief amendments moved, were that the King's power should be limited to the care of his children and grandchildren, and presumptive heir, and that the age when marriage could be contracted independent of the King, should be twenty-one instead of twenty-five. This late period seemed unreasonable, when the law permitted the King to reign at the age of eighteen. This was urged in the well-known *jeu d'esprit*, that appeared at the time.

“ Quoth Dick to Tom, this Act appears
 Absurd, as I'm alive,
 To take the Crown at eighteen years,
 The wife at twenty-five !
 The mystery how shall we explain,
 For sure as Dowdeswell said,*
 Thus early if they're fit to reign
 They must be fit to wed !
 Quoth Tom to Dick, thou art a fool,
 And little know'st of life,
 Alas ! 'tis easier far to rule
 A kingdom than a wife.”

But George III. was determined that the Bill should become law. He wrote as follows to his Prime Minister, Lord North. “ I expect every nerve to be strained to carry the Bill. It is not a question relating to the Administration, but personally to myself—therefore, I have a right to expect a hearty support from every one in my service, and I shall remember defaulters.” He kept his promise according to Walpole, and showed by his implacability to the opposers of the Bill, how much his heart had been set upon it.

The Bill accordingly passed by a majority of 165 to 115, and has ever since remained law. In 1820, Lord Holland, true to the traditions of his house, endeavoured to get it repealed, chiefly on the ground that the marriages of the descendants of George II. had been unhappy ones, but his Bill did not get beyond a first reading.

* Mr. Dowdeswell opposed the Bill in Parliament.

The policy of the Royal Marriage Act is certainly open to much discussion. Lord Stanhope in his History rejoices that it has continued to be the law, but that it was formed upon an exaggerated view of the royal prerogative cannot be doubted. The opinions extorted by George I. from his judges, had reference only to his children and grandchildren, and the judges consulted by George III. were silent as to the King's power over other members of his family. That some restraint should be exercised over the marriages of the King's lineal descendants is no doubt wise. The heir to the Throne is like Hamlet.

“ He may not as unvalued persons do
Carve for himself, for on his choice depends
The safety and the health of the whole State ;”

and his marriage with one in an inferior rank of society would, as long as monarchy is regarded with favour in England, be a public misfortune. But to compel the King's brothers and uncles, his nephews and cousins, to obtain the Royal consent to marry, seems not only unnecessary but even conducive to immorality. A Royal libertine may safely go through any forms that his ignorant and credulous victim may demand, and if of late years we have been spared the scandals that formerly disgraced the Court, it is due to a higher tone of morality, and a greater fear of outraging public opinion in spite of the temptations to evil afforded by the Act.

No doubt as the branches of our Royal Family spread and multiply throughout the land, as they seem likely to do, it will be absolutely necessary to alter the Act in its present form and adopt other measures. In the meantime, however, to recur to the opening words of our article, the marriage shortly to be solemnised at Windsor, although it has awakened the subject, has not in any way interfered with or been interfered with by the Act, and the path before the young couple seems as smooth as any human path can be.

W. E. H. F.



THE STORY OF THE IRISH REPORTER.

BY COLONEL A. B. RICHARDS.



NE example of the beautiful contradictions of modern British civilisation and enlightened government in the nineteenth century appears to me, the narrator of the following true story, to be the seizure for poor-rates of the goods and chattels of a man too poor to pay them. "Then he has no business to live in a house," says some stern political economist of the day. "What!" I reply, "with a dozen children, an aged mother, a sick wife, who can't go out charing by reason of her illness—a poor hard-working woman, 'charing-crossed' after a manner the rich and genteel do not dream of?" "My dear Sir," replies the votary of Mill, "he ought not to have had those children; the aged mother has her resource in the workhouse, and should not be a burden to her son. There are remedies"—I think of baby-farming and Towers (in China), and become indignant. "I suppose, Sir," I interrupt hotly, "that he ought to pay poor-rates towards the support of his own mother in the workhouse." I then get into an argument about British pauperism generally. I express my wonder that a nation working harder than any people in the world, with the vast resources afforded by our Colonies, with till lately something like the command of the seas, should starve by millions. "Frenchmen," I observe, "play at dominoes half their time, Spaniards lounge and smoke cigarettes, Germans get muddled on beer, Americans loaf in bars, and Russians are frozen up half the year; but we work, work, work for ever, and our labouring classes cannot lay by a sufficiency to keep them out of the workhouse. How is it?" He replies that it is drink and trade unions. I know it isn't. Desperation drives the poor to drunkenness, and oppression of the trade-unions of employers to reprisals in that respect. Well, well, this is not an essay on political economy, but a tale; so I will not argue, or be tempted into a discussion on the equalisation of poor-rates, but simply state two things. One is that there is something very rotten in our laws—monetary, commercial, and social—or these things could not be; and another, that a short time ago there were so many distresses in poor

men's houses in London that there was not a sufficiency of professionals to put in possession, so the authorities employed lightermen and other such characters out of work to do the supplementary duty. What a picture ! A man with an execution in his own house put in by the broker into another poor wretch's dwelling-place ! But this is no fanciful picture of modern distresses and distress. I was talking of these and kindred subjects with a veteran Irish Reporter—never mind where—when he said, "I'll tell you a little of my experience of such things ;" and so saying, he commenced :—

"Some twenty years ago I was living in a little place at Kennington with my wife and five children. I had been doing pretty well up to within about six months of that time, but had a long illness, and had consequently done little or nothing for many weeks. I sat on the only chair in the sitting-room near the only table in the house. Our beds were on the floor, for we had eaten the bedsteads long before, and should have eaten the table had it been saleable. As we had not, I could not say, as in Virgil,—

"Heus, etiam mensas consumimus inquit Iulus."

But I could say that our ravages had been like those of an army of white ants in a tropical dwelling. We had devoured all the books, most of the linen, and very nearly all the furniture. Nay, we had gone beyond the power of the ants, for we had swallowed the plates and dishes, and cups and saucers and spoons, and knives and forks—the last as if we had been Indian jugglers, only that we could not repeat the act—and we had left but a minimum of anything in the house. My children were huddled in a corner, my wife was weeping her eyes out, as the saying is, and I was very sad, as I sat smoking my last half-pipeful of tobacco, and ruminating on the shadowy expectation of the next meal. The truth is I was getting desperate, and fell a-thinking it would be no great sin to rob a bishop, if I could meet one in a lonely place. I thought also of plans for reducing the National Debt, and of the vast sums in specie stated by a last week's newspaper, which I had just been reading, to have been lately brought from California. In fact, I was thinking, as people do under similar circumstances, when a loud knock at the street door was heard. Ours was a five-roomed house, but the parlour below was empty, the only things left in it being some broken toys of the children, who played there—play?—ha ! ha ! We were sitting in the front bedroom. 'Whisht, now, go and see who it is,' says I to my wife. 'Mayhap it's the editor of the *Times*, or Miss Burdett Coutts, or some one from *Blackwood's Magazine* about my article.' I think I should

have jested had it been Death himself, but 'not merry.' So the poor woman sighed and wiped her tears away with the corner of her dress, and went down stairs. I heard her faint replies to a gruff voice, and soon after the sound of heavy footsteps coming up stairs. A tall, fat, florid personage, with a note-book and pencil and a paper in his hand, appeared, followed by a short, sharp, sour-looking man. 'Good afternoon, gentlemen,' says I; 'excuse my rising, I'm an invalid. Take a seat, and make yourself at home; you're welcome to the best in this house.' 'We've come to levy the poor-rate,' says the tall, fat man, looking round. 'Divil a rate will ye levy here,' says I; 'if your name's Levy, *mine* is Lazarus. What will you take to drink?' And then, looking steadfastly at the fat, rosy man, who appeared good-natured enough, I must say, I burst into such a fit of uncontrollable laughter that the two men looked bothered entirely, and apparently didn't know what to say at all. 'Don't be after crying there,' I said to the wife, 'but see to these Christian gentlemen, and show them the house and furniture.' And maybe I didn't put a little emphasis on the word Christian. 'I perceive,' says I, 'gentlemen, that you are a deputation from the Poor Law Board, with a portion of the Executive Committee; do your duty like Englishmen.' They went and looked into the other rooms, and very shortly came back. 'Now,' says I, 'business being, I presume, concluded, what will you take to drink, and will you smoke a pipe of tobacco? You seem a couple of mighty civil, decent, well-informed gentlemen, and may be able to give me a little information on the subject of stock or securities, with a view to future investments. I'm about to make a fortune,' says I. My poor wife looked at me when I spoke of the drink and tobacco. 'What are you stopping for?' I asked. 'Don't you see the gentlemen are waiting?' 'Oh!' cried she, 'how can you—?' 'Whisht, now, darling,' says I. 'My good friend,' I continued, addressing the tall man, 'do you happen to have a florin handy? If so, lend it to me, for divil a hap'orth of change have we got in the house; and in this poor neighbourhood they won't melt anything over a five-pound note, I assure you.' With that he put his hand in his waistcoat pocket, and pulled out half-a-crown. 'Thank you,' says I, handing it to the wife; 'whiskey and tobacco, or mayhap the gentlemen prefer beer. Do you prefer beer?' The tall man said they preferred a drop of something short, and I added, 'You may get a trifle to amuse the children—a cake or two; or stop, they'd like penny loaves better, my dear—one a piece. It's better for the health of them any how, and if they prefer it—' The little man looked very impatient, but the tall one was evidently both curious and amused.

‘Don’t get the tobacco at the publichouse,’ I called after my wife, who, to speak truth, was in a hurry to go ; for, as she afterwards said, she thought that the tall man was only playing with us, and would change his mind. ‘Well,’ he remarked, as soon as she was gone, ‘I’ve seen some cool cards, but you beat all I ever did see.’ I replied in a manner calculated to increase his wonder, if not his respect. ‘Did you never see an Irish gentleman at home before? Do you know whom you are addressing? You see before you a lineal descendant of the Irish kings. Perhaps you never heard of Tully-na-bogue?’ ‘Can’t say as ever I did,’ answered the short man testily. ‘It’s there any how that stood the princely residence of my forefathers eight hundred years ago.’ ‘That’s a long time,’ said the tall man good-humouredly. ‘It was in the year 1051,’ replied I, ‘that Donach Cinel E Ogan, Prince of Tyrone, my direct ancestor, stood a siege in his own palace on the marshes for five months. He and his followers were on that occasion so pressed for victuals that they first ate all the babies in the garrison, and then the bodies of the slain, and it is said that cannibalism has existed in the family at intervals ever since.’ The short man touched his forehead significantly. The tall man simply said, ‘I’ve read such things of savages in the I. O. U. Islands, or some such place.’ ‘O. Y. E. ye mane, probably,’ I replied with dignity. ‘Maybe ye’ve confounded it with Fiji.’ ‘Never mind, Mr. O’Ferall,’ says the tall man ; ‘I dare say you know more about such things than I do. A gent as writes in the papers ought to. My governor here,’ pointing to the short man, ‘knows a sight of larning, he does, and he ought to, he ought. He was twenty year porter to the Marybone Hinstitution, he was.’ The short man smiled for the first time. ‘Bless you,’ continued the tall man, ‘he knows a sight about books and langwidges, he do.’ ‘Then,’ said I, ‘he must know something about the Irish kings. You ought to know, Sir, that you see before you, not *Mister* O’Ferall, miserable Saxon misnomer of gentility, but *THE* O’Ferall, the sole lineal representative of a line of monarchs. Have you ever read the “Annals of the Four Masters?” Sir,’ I continued, turning to him, ‘do you know “Pymar’s Survey of Ulster,” or “Lewis’s Topographical Dictionary ;” have you studied the “History of the Round Towers of Ireland,” the ancient boundaries of the noble races, from one of which I spring, and of one of which my ancestors were the haughty and imperious rulers?’ ‘As for dictionaries,’ replied the short man, beginning to be overawed, ‘we had a good many in the library of our Institution, and I’ve heard say that Johnson’s was the best of the lot.’ ‘Walker!’ I interrupted, waving my hand in a dignified manner ; ‘Walker has superseded Johnson.’

'Well,' says the tall man, 'all I can say is, that if I'd had *h*ancestors, as you call 'em, as was put to it to eat babies, I should keep it dark. That's what I should do.' 'Hush!' I replied; 'you don't know what you say. You are on delicate ground. But here comes the material anyhow.' At this moment my wife returned. She had a bottle containing half a pint of whiskey, half an ounce of tobacco, and the loaves, which my children preferred unquestionably at that moment to any sugar-plums that ever were made. 'One and fourpence whiskey, twopence tobacco, fivepence bread—there's sevenpence left anyhow for tea and sugar,' was my rapid survey of the situation. 'Come, gentlemen,' I said aloud, 'will you take it neat or diluted? Glasses, Mrs. O'Ferall, if you please.' My wife looked at me, and placed one cracked tumbler and two teacups without handles on the table in silence. They took it neat, and so did I. We lit our pipes, and the tall man balanced himself on the table, while the short man seated himself on the beds, which my wife, poor woman! had doubled up for the purpose. 'Come here, my little man,' says the tall man to my eldest boy, who was just seven years old. 'They are very well-behaved children,' he observed. I thought of what made them silent, and only bowed in answer to the compliment. 'If I was to give you a penny,' continues the tall man to my eldest-born, 'what would you do with it?' 'I'd buy a sword to kill the clumsy great man who run over my papa's foot with the cab-wheel,' replied the youngster. 'And I'd kill all the naughty taxes,' cried little Kathleen, my five-year old daughter. 'Here's a penny for each of you,' says the tall man, laughing heartily. My wife burst into tears, and led them out of the room, and into the empty parlour—to play. They were very quiet for about a quarter of an hour, and then we heard them making noise enough, as children ought to do. 'Mrs. O'Ferall,' I said, 'gentlemen, is a very estimable woman, an excellent housekeeper and mother, but she has a complaint on the nerves just now. Do me the favour to excuse her agitation.' 'Perhaps,' says the short man, 'she takes too much tea.' 'She does,' I replied; 'between ourselves, she has hardly been prevailed on to take anything else for a fortnight, though the family physician orders port wine and beef tea.' The tall man coughed, as if his whiskey didn't agree with him. Perhaps it was the tobacco smoke that had gone the wrong way. The short man took up a note-book, or rather some leaves gummed in an old cover, which lay on the top of a pile of torn books and manuscripts. 'What language is this in?' he asked. It was my last notes in shorthand, containing the account of a fire in Bermondsey. 'Oh! that,' I answered, 'that is Syro-Phœnician. There's

not a man living in England understands that but myself.' The last was true enough, seeing that it was a phonetic system of my own, which I brought to great perfection, and in which I could take down the sound of any language.* 'And what is this?' continued my querist, pointing to another page. 'Vernacular Turkish,' I answered, 'chiefly understood by the gentlemen on the staff of the *Athenæum* newspaper, when they review foreign books.' 'And this?' pointing to another. 'That's simple Hindostanee,' I replied. 'And do you mean to say,' rejoined he, 'that with this learning, you—you are in this condition?' 'Gentlemen,' says I, 'the most learned and gifted men have been occasionally in difficulties like me. The greater the gifts, the more chance of it, if they are not born to fortune. Besides, I have been very, very ill. Allow me,' and I filled up the cracked glass and the broken teacups. 'I drink to your health. You seem two very decent fellows. May you never know what sickness is, especially in circumstances like mine. In solemn silence, if you please.' And neither of them spoke for a full minute after. 'I thought you was up to a thing or two in larning,' says the tall man to the other, after a pause; 'but I'm blest if he don't take the shine out of you. I suppose you've travelled a good bit, now,' he said to me. 'I've voyaged,' I replied emphatically, 'from Ballinafad to Tanderagee.' 'It's wonderful, aint it?' resumed the tall man. 'I dare say, now, if it hadn't been for this illness, you could earn a good penny.' 'I was making four pounds a week, with the prospect of immediate increase, when my foot was crushed by a cab-wheel,' I replied, 'and I caught a severe cold the same night. But I'm better now, thank God; and if I could get out—but I'm not exactly dressed as a gentleman of my calling should be.' The fact was my coat had been pawned some ten days before for five shillings. It would have brought fifteen had we been better off, but the poorer people are the less they get for anything, and the more they have to give. I have reckoned that half a hundred of coals, that require a deal of persuasion to burn at all when you've

* Jim O'Ferall became the ablest reporter of his day, and has convulsed many an audience with laughter at his inimitable stories told with infinite humour and wit. He was once invited to a Welsh dinner in London to celebrate the Eisteddfod. "Just repeat to me a short speech in Welsh," he said to a gentleman from the Principality who sat next to him on the occasion. The gentleman complied, and Jim took down the sounds in shorthand on a card, which he placed before him against the decanter. In due time it was announced that Mr. O'Ferall would address the company in Welsh. He did so, and with such success that after dinner he was complimented by the chairman, who said, "I had no idea that you spoke Welsh so perfectly, Mr. O'Ferall." "Nor I, my Lord, before to-night," was the answer of the Irish Reporter.

got them, stand the poor in about the rate of about £3 10s. a ton, when the rich get the best Wallsend screened at 26s. 'I see,' says the tall man, puffing away at his pipe. 'Will you answer me one question? It's something I'm very curious to know.' 'With pleasure,' I replied. 'Whatever was it,' he asked, 'that set you off laughing at such a rate when I came in? I noticed it was me you was a-looking at in perticular, and not him,' jerking the stem of his pipe over his shoulder in the direction of the short man. 'Do you really want to know?' I asked. 'That I do, mister,' he replied, 'and no mistake.' 'Well, then,' said I, 'you shall know. The last book I read was on cannibalism in savage countries. It is a subject in which I take great interest, owing, perhaps, partly to the circumstances I told you which attended the siege of my ancestor, Donach Cinel E Ogan in his palace of Tulachog by Ardh-Rea-Fearghail, and the propensity since diplayed by several members of my family at various epochs. When you came in,' I proceeded, regarding him fiercely, 'I thought how fat and wholesome you looked, and that before my children, the descendants of the regal Donach, should die for want of food, I'd like to kill and eat you—that's all.' The short man got up and edged towards the door, and the tall man put down the cup he was raising to his lips, and the pipe he was smoking on the table, from which he also rose. 'Yes,' I continued, taking up a rusty carving knife from the floor, as if accidentally, 'that's what I thought, and that's what made me laugh; but don't be alarmed, gentlemen, you've smoked and drunk with me, and you're quite safe now.' 'I've an appointment at half-past six, Tomkins,' said the short man, 'and we shall be late, as it is. Let us wish this party good evening, and better luck the next time we look in upon him.' 'Stop!' I said; 'listen to me. 'Tis you, or those that sent you—for you are good fellows, after all, and I dare say have children of your own, and I thank you for your kindness,' turning to the tall man—'it's the authorities that are worse than cannibals, and more savage than the inhabitants of any islands over the sea, that would grind my bones, for I've little else to take, to pay their taxes, and murder my innocent children with their inhuman laws. And do you wonder at my thoughts?' and I laughed as if I could not stop myself—a long and bitter laugh. 'There, God bless you both,' I said. 'Good night, and may you never know the dark thoughts of sickness and despair, when they are mocked by demands like these;' and I handed his book and paper to the tall man, whose face was working all the time, as I've seen a soldier's at the front-seats in a theatre, ashamed to own Nature, yet unable to suppress her, when old Farren played Grandfather

Whitehead, about the very time of which I speak. 'Dash it !' said the tall fellow, after a pause ; ' mine aint a lively trade, or one as makes much money, and it's for the sake of them that's at home I'm here to-day ; but if this is any use '—and he felt in his waistcoat pocket—' take it, governor, and may it do you some good. You can pay me when you're all right again, you know.' And he pressed a half-sovereign into my hand. It was my turn to cry now, but I didn't. I took down his name and address in 'Syro-Phœnician,' and I grasped his honest hand, and the pair went off. The short man felt in his pocket, too, and muttered something about having given change at the last place he called at. That half-sovereign saved us all ; it was the turning-point in my life. The next day I got my coat back, and went out and obtained work. I paid the half-sovereign back almost directly, and added handsome interest too, when my fat benefactor had lost his rosy colour and some two stone of his weight with fever and trouble some three years after that distress for poor-rates was put in. Excuse me, but the tears that would not come then will find their way now, when I think of that little affair, though it was twenty years ago ; but I've never told the story to a living soul before, as I have now to you. And now you must have a glass with me ; it's pretty near my time in the 'Lords.'"

CHARLES LAMB AT HIS DESK.



F CHARLES LAMB personally, of his dress, his style, his conversation, we know more than we know of any of his contemporaries. His slight, spare figure, his spindle legs—Tom Hood said they were immaterial—

his head, which Leigh Hunt said was worthy of Aristotle, his pile of forehead, his curved nose, his hazel eye, sparkling with wit, and his half playful, half melancholy smile, have been noted in a dozen sketches; and with the help of these nothing is easier than to picture to ourselves the author of the "Essays of *Elia*," in his black dress, the proper costume, as he thought, of an author, with his shuffling gait—"a compound of the Jew, the gentleman, and the angel"—hurrying along Cheapside and Fleet Street from the India House to the Temple, between four and five in the afternoon, looking in at the office of Barry Cornwall or of Talfourd to stutter out an invitation to supper, to play a rubber of whist, to smoke a pipe, and to hear Coleridge talk metaphysics over a glass of grog, or Wordsworth recite his poetry, under the inspiration of a glass of water. And those pleasant social gatherings of his in his Temple Chambers, how vividly they reproduce themselves as we glance through the pages of *Elia*! His low-roofed rooms, in Inner Temple Lane, with their smoke-begrimed ceilings, their prints of Titian, Leonardo da Vinci, and Hogarth in black frames, his old high-backed chairs, and his long plain book cases filled with moth-eaten folios of Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, all tossed together, are as well known to us as the furniture, books, and pictures of our own rooms; and the imagination, without an effort, repeoples these rooms with the old familiar forms,—Coleridge with his splendid head, his large grey eyes, and his musical voice, looking, as Lamb said, like an archangel a little damaged; the tall gaunt form of Wordsworth, with a green shade over his eyes; Godwin, the author of the most sensational works of his day, with his thin voice and finical manners, but with a head that Phidias might have chiselled; Tom Barnes, the Editor of the *Times*; Hazlitt, with his critical contentious tongue, and his slouching gait; Leigh Hunt, with his flowing locks and his benevolent smile; the gaunt form of George Dyer; Charles Kemble, with his majestic air, Talfourd, The Crabb, Liston, Burney—the Burney whom Lamb has immortalised by his

mot—"If dirt was trumps, what a hand you would have, Michael!"—and Mary Lamb, with her old-fashioned dress, and her capacious cap, the very soul of good nature, looking with a half-humorous, half-reproachful expression at her brother as he lays down his cards to mix his second tumbler.

But of Charles Lamb as an author, of Charles Lamb at his desk, we know less than we know even of Coleridge.

Here and there in his letters we come across a hint as to when and where this or that sonnet was written. Thus the verses "To my Sister" were written, as he tells Coleridge, in one of his lucid intervals in the course of six weeks which he "spent very agreeably in a mad house at Hoxton" about the beginning of 1796. The verses opening with the line "The Lord of Light shakes off his drowsy-hed" were written during a walk down into Hertfordshire; and

"When last I roved these winding wood-walks green"

was written "within a day or two of the last, on revisiting a spot where the scene was laid of my first sonnet, 'that mocked my step with many a lonely glade!'"

The sonnet, "We were two pretty babies," a sonnet that he valued more than any of these trifles which were thrown off under the inspiration of Cowley in his summer strolls, was composed in "that very wood I had in mind when I wrote 'Methinks how dainty sweet;'" and Cowley's exquisite "Elegy on the death of his friend Harvey" suggested the phrase of "we two."

"Was there a tree that did not know
The love betwixt us two?"

Most of these sonnets were inspired partly by the recollection of Coleridge's eloquence in the quiet little sanded parlour at the "Salutation and Cat," and partly by Lamb's own passion for "the fair-haired maid" of Islington, whose shadow now and then flits across the page of Lamb's correspondence; and apart from any merits of their own, every lover of Charles Lamb will prize these versicles, as we prize those of Shakespeare and of Milton, because in them, more than in any other of his writings, we have the reflection of the man, of his thoughts, and his feelings, and the dream of his passions in the dawn of his life. It was on this account, and indeed on this account alone, that Lamb thought them worth preservation. "I love my sonnets," he says, protesting against some of Coleridge's emendations, "I love my sonnets because they are the reflected images of my own feelings at different times. To

instance, in the thirteenth—'How reason reeled,' &c.—are good lines, but must spoil the whole with me, who know it is only a fiction of yours, and that the 'rude dashings' in fact did not 'rock me to repose.' I grant the same objection applies not to the former sonnet; but still I love my own feelings; they are dear to memory, though they now and then wake a sigh or a tear."

But with the exception of hints like these it is surprising how little we can trace the hand of Charles Lamb in his essays and farces. We know all his favourite books as well as we know our own. We can take down one by one all those "ragged veterans" which he treasured so affectionately. We can turn to the open page in the *Life* of Sir Philip Sydney where he laid down his book, with the corner of the leaf doubled down, "for ever." But where are the MSS. of his contributions to the *Reflector* and the *London Magazine*? When, where, and how did he write the *Essays of Elia*? Questions like these we ask and ask in vain; for Lamb, like Handel, kept a lock and key on his desk, shut himself up when he was at work, gave orders to his maid that he was not at home, and, unlike Sheridan, guarded against the inquisitive eye of his biographer by burning all his rough drafts, if he had any, all his first attempts, and all his unfinished essays and plays.

We have, however, one compensation for this loss, and that is the article on "Newspapers Thirty-five years Ago." That article contains a striking and vivid sketch of Charles Lamb at work, when—to use his own expression—he was making his "first callow flights in authorship," writing "John Woodvil;" "hitting off a few lines almost extempore" in imitation of Burton; and conjuring "visionary guineas, the deceitful wages of unborn scandal," by scribbling pasquinades on "Mr. Pitt, Mr. Wilberforce, Mrs. Fitzherbert, the Devil, &c.," to add a trifle to an income then barely sufficient for the decent support of himself and his sister, in their Chancery Lane garret. "In those days," says Lamb, speaking of the first years of the century, "every Morning Paper, as an essential retainer to its establishment, kept an author, who was bound to furnish daily a quantum of witty paragraphs. Sixpence a joke—and it was thought pretty high too—was Dan Stuart's settled remuneration in these cases. The chat of the day, scandal, but above all, dress, furnished the material. The length of no paragraph was to exceed seven lines. Shorter they might be, but they must be poignant." Through the influence of Coleridge with Dan Stuart, "one of the finest tempered of editors, frank, plain, and English all over," Charles Lamb had been installed as Chief Jester of the *Morning Post*. It was his duty in that capa-

city to send in half-a-dozen jokes a day; and a fashion of flesh, or rather pink-coloured hose for the ladies, luckily coming up at the juncture when Lamb entered upon his probation, established his reputation at once in that line. He was pronounced "a capital hand." "Oh, the conceits which we varied upon *red* in all its prismatic differences! from the trite and obvious flower of Cytherea, to the flaming costume of the lady that has her sitting upon 'many waters.' Then there was the collateral topic of ankles. What an occasion to a truly chaste writer, like ourself, of touching that nice brink, and yet never tumbling over it, of a seemingly ever approximating something 'not quite proper;' while, like a skilful posture-master, balancing betwixt decorums and their opposites, he keeps the line, from which a hair's-breadth deviation is destruction; hovering in the confines of light and darkness, or where 'both seem either;' a hazy uncertain delicacy; Autolycus-like in the play, still putting off his expectant auditory with—"Whoop, do me no harm, good man!" The fashion, however, did not last. "The ankles of our fair friends in a few weeks began to reassume their whiteness, and left us scarce a leg to stand upon. Other female whims followed, but none as pregnant, so invitational of shrewd conceits, and more than single meanings;" and when pink stockings ceased to be worn, even Charles Lamb's coy sprightliness lost the touch of piquancy that had given point to his wit. But the morning tale of *bon mots* had still to be sent in. They did not cease with the fashion. Lamb compares his irksome task to the slavery of Egypt; and considering that the wit often found himself driven to play with some "rugged intractable subject; some topic impossible to be contorted into the risible; some feature, upon which no smile could play; some flint, from which no process of ingenuity could procure a scintillation," the task of the Jews was fool's play in comparison. "Half-a-dozen jests a day (bating Sundays, too) why, it seems nothing! We make twice the number every day in our lives, as a matter of course, and claim no Sabbatical exemptions. But then," as Lamb adds, "they come into our head. But when the head has to go out to them—when the mountain must go to Mahomet!"

What, however, made this toil of easy writing all the harder in the case of Charles Lamb, was the fact that he spent nine hours a day at this time at the India House, that is, from eight till five, and that his father insisted upon his playing cribbage with him after dinner in the evening, and that, consequently, the only time that Lamb could thus spare for the concoction of jokes, his supplementary livelihood, that supplied him in every want beyond mere bread and cheese—was exactly that part of the day, which (as we have heard of No Man's

Land) may be fitly denominated No Man's Time ; that is, no time in which a man ought to be up and awake in ; the odd hour and half in which a man, whose occasions call him up so preposterously, has to wait for his breakfast. "O those headaches at the dawn of day, when at five, or half-past five in summer, and not much later in the dark seasons, we were compelled to rise, curtailed of half our fair sleep, fasting, with only a dim vista of refreshing bohea in the distance—to be necessitated to rouse ourselves at the detestable rap of an old hag of a domestic, who seemed to take a diabolical pleasure in her announcement that it was 'time to rise ;' and whose chappy knuckles we have often yearned to amputate, and string them up at our chamber door, to be a terror to all such unseasonable rest-breakers in future."

But poor Lamb's engagement on the *Morning Post* did not last long, not more probably than a year or eighteen months ; for turning to his correspondence, I find him writing to his friend Manning in February, 1803, that the best and worst that has happened to him is that he has given up two guineas a week at the *Post*, and regained his health and spirits, which were upon the wane. "I grew sick and Stuart unsatisfied." He transferred his services to the office of the *Albion* newspaper, late Rackstrow's Museum, in Fleet Street. "And what a transition," he says, musing over the change in his matter-of-life style—"from a handsome apartment, from rosewood desks, and silver inkstands, to an office—no office, but a *den* rather, but just redeemed from the occupation of dead monsters, of which it seemed redolent,—from the centre of loyalty and fashion, to a focus of vulgarity and sedition ! Here in murky closet, inadequate from its square contents to the receipt of the two bodies of editor and humble paragraph-maker, together at one time, sat in the discharge of his new editorial functions (the 'Bigod' of *Elia*), the redoubted John Fenwick." Charles Lamb's occupation here was to write treason, to insinuate, rather than recommend, possible abdications ; and in these contributions of his to the *Albion*, "blocks, axes, Whitehall tribunals, were covered with flowers of so cunning a periphrasis"—as Mr. Bayes says—"never naming the *thing* directly—that the keen eye of an Attorney-General was insufficient to detect the lurking snake among them." Two or three of his paragraphs were marked at the Home Office, but a lucky squib against Sir James Mackintosh broke up the establishment by annoying Lord Stanhope, the last of their patrons, and left Lamb and his friend Fenwick, with hardly a guinea between them, "to the safe but somewhat mortifying neglect of the Crown lawyers." This ended Lamb's newspaper career.

The year 1804 is a blank in Lamb's literary history. None of his letters have been preserved under that date; and writing to Wordsworth in November, 1805, he says he has done nothing since the beginning of last year, "when he lost his newspaper job." "I must do something," however, he adds, "or we shall get very poor. Sometimes I think of a farce, but hitherto all schemes have gone off; an idle bray or two of an evening, vapouring out of a pipe, and going off in the morning; but now I have bid farewell to my 'sweet enemy,' tobacco, I shall perhaps set nobly to work. Hang work! I wish that all the year were holiday; I am sure that indolence—indefeasible indolence—is the true state of man, and business the invention of the old Teazer, whose interference doomed Adam to an apron and set him a-hoeing. Pen and ink, and clerks and desks, were the refinements of this old torturer some thousand years after, under pretence of 'commerce allying distant shores, promoting and diffusing knowledge, good,' &c." I need hardly add that he postponed his farewell to tobacco for some years afterwards, on the plea that it was a very difficult task to cure anything of smoking. But the farce which he was vapouring over with his pipe, soon after took form and shape; for in a postscript to a letter addressed to Hazlitt in February, 1806, we find him intimating that he had taken a room at three shillings a week, to be in between five and eight at night, to avoid his *nocturnal* alias *knock-eternal* visitors. "The first fruits of my retirement has been a farce, which goes to the manager to-morrow." This was "Mr. H." The MS. was sent to the manager of Drury Lane Theatre, and accepted in a complimentary note almost at once. This was Lamb's first dramatic success; and the prospect of seeing his play brought upon the stage naturally put him in high spirits. "I shall get 200*l.* from the theatre if 'Mr. H.' has a good run, and I hope 100*l.* for the copyright. Nothing if it fails; and there never was a more ticklish thing. The whole depends on the manner in which the name is brought out, which I value myself on, as a *chef-d'œuvre*." In anticipation of its success, he amused himself by drawing forms of orders for the admission of his friends to the pit and boxes. Here is one of his devices:—

<p style="text-align: center;">ADMIT TO BOXES.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">MR. H.</p> <p><i>Ninth Night.</i></p> <p style="text-align: right;">CHARLES LAMB.</p>

"I think this will be as good a pattern for orders as I can think of," he says, writing to the poet of Rydal Mount. "A little thin flowery border, round, neat, not gaudy, and the Drury Lane Apollo with the harp at the top. Or shall I have no Apollo?—simply nothing? Or perhaps the comic muse? The same form, only I think without the Apollo, will serve for the pit and galleries. I think it will be best to write my name at full length; but then if I give away a great many, that will be tedious. Perhaps *Ch. Lamb* will do. BOXES, now I think on it, I'll have in capitals. The rest, in a neat Italian hand. Or better, perhaps *Gothic*, in old English characters, like 'Madoc' or 'Thalaba'?" "Mr. H." was not put into rehearsal till the close of the year 1806. It was produced on the 10th of December, and in a single night all Lamb's anticipations of his 200*l.* or 300*l.*, his franking privileges, and the compliments of the press, were dissipated into thin air. The piece was damned beyond hope of redemption. Lamb sat with his sister in the front row of the pit, and joined with the house at the outset in encoring his epilogue, and afterwards when the tide turned, took his part with great gusto in hissing and hooting his own play and its actors off the stage. "Hang 'em! how they hissed," he says, giving his friend Manning an account of the evening's diversions. "It was not a hiss neither, but a sort of frantic yell, like a congregation of mad geese, with roaring something like bears, mows and mops like apes, sometime snakes, that hiss'd me into madness. The noise still rings in my ears. Were you ever in the pillory? Being damned is something like that."

Except that hiss, Charles Lamb soon forgot all about "Mr. H." and its failure, and turned with fresh vigour to "The Adventures of Ulysses" then on the stocks, and to the preparation of his "Specimens of English Dramatic Poets who lived about the time of Shakespeare," for Longman. And these works were hardly out of hand, when we find him entering into an agreement with Tom Sheridan over a bottle of claret, to write some scenes in what Miss Lamb calls "a speaking pantomime," for Drury Lane Theatre. Whether this speaking pantomime was ever produced on the stage, I cannot say. It is written upon the model of *The Duenna*; and the MS., now lying in the British Museum, is all through in the handwriting of Lamb.

The establishment of the *Reflector* under the auspices of Leigh Hunt, in 1810, opened a fresh and congenial sphere for the pen of Charles Lamb; and in writing his Essays on Hogarth, and his criticisms on Shakespeare for the publication of his old school companion, the

East India Office clerk found where his strength lay. It is not a very high compliment to a man's genius, to say that he has distinguished himself as a critic ; for, with one or two exceptions, I know no critic, however distinguished he may have been in his own time as a writer, whose works the world will care to preserve a single day, except perhaps as a contemporary commentary on those great works of genius which form the noblest part of our heritage. Criticism, as a rule, is poor trash, to be read as it is generally written, off-hand, and thrown aside without a second thought. But with Lamb, criticism was not cavil by the rule of line and plummet. It represented what all criticism that deserves the name of criticism ought to represent, the reflections and suggestions of a man who entered into the spirit of his author with the sympathetic insight of a man of genius ; and his criticism on Shakespeare is equal to anything that I know in our literature. The paper on "Lear" is alone worth half the criticism that has been written by Jeffrey and Gifford ; and it is the only piece of criticism that one can take up and read with pleasure after laying down the play itself.

In this criticism on Shakespeare and Hogarth, and in the riper Essays of *Elia*, which were published ten or twelve years afterwards, we have Charles Lamb at his best—Charles Lamb in his happiest moments, in those moments when, surrounded by his friends at his pleasant gatherings in the Temple or in Great Russell Street, he filled his second glass, lit his pipe, and ran over his recollections of Christ's Hospital and its *autos da fe*, of its little square Bedlam cells, where for the most trifling offences boys were locked up with a handful of straw and a blanket for a week or ten days together ; of his half-holidays spent in listlessly prowling about the streets, shivering at the cold windows of print shops to extract a little amusement, and returning home at nightfall, faint and languid, half rejoicing and half reluctant that the hours of his uneasy liberty had expired ; of his evenings with Coleridge in the little sanded parlour of the "Salutation and Cat," where they talked of poetry and metaphysics, and dreamt of the future ; of the Temple and its old Benchers,—Coventry, with his leonine face, the scarecrow of his inferiors, the browbeater of his equals and superiors, who made a solitude for children wherever he came ; Salt, with his air of pensive gentility ; Peter Pierson, with that peculiar expression of his, which, if not unhappiness itself, implied an incapacity of being happy ; of the South Sea House, with its cloisters and pillars, with its beadles and doorkeepers, its few straggling clerks, and its Board of Directors seated in form on solemn days, to proclaim a dead dividend, at long worm-eaten tables ;—

Charles Lamb, in those moments when, as Hazlitt pictures him for us, he stammered out those fine, piquant, deep, eloquent things, in half-a-dozen sentences, which his friends loved to treasure up in their recollection, and probed a question with a play upon words ;—Charles Lamb discussing the traits of men famous in history that one would wish to see again,—Pontius Pilate, Sir Thomas Browne, and Dr. Faustus ; or closing a long tirade against vice and crime from one of his visitors, by asking, in his solemnest tone, “Whether he meant to say that a thief was not a good man ?” answering a bore who was boasting that he was a matter-of-fact man, “Now, I value myself on being a matter-of-lie man ;” asking one of his guests who annoyed Coleridge and Edward Irving, by his flippant remarks upon Christianity, whether he had come in a hat or a turban ; and tranquillising Leigh Hunt about some particularly emphatic religious expressions of Coleridge, “Ne-ne-ver mind what Coleridge says, he’s full of fun ;” and Charles Lamb, as he is preserved in one of his pen-and-ink portraits, with one of his tattered folios tilted up before him, Donne, or Beaumont and Fletcher, or perhaps Sir Philip Sidney, with his pipe and his glass of gin and water by his side, turning over their most crabbed passages on his palate, “as epicures taste olives,” and pronouncing them delicious ; or strolling out in the lanes and fields of Enfield and chatting over Hogarth’s prints, Claude’s landscapes, or the cartoons at Hampton Court. In these hours of social ease, Charles Lamb was one of the most delightful of companions, the most suggestive and often the wittiest of talkers. And what Lamb was in these hours of ease, he is in the *Essays of Elia*. They are the mirror of his conversation. “In reading over these old essays,” says Barry Cornwall, “I seem to import into them the very feeling with which he wrote them ; his looks and movements are transfigured, and communicated to me by the poor art of the printer. His voice, so sincere and earnest, rings in my ear again.” Talfourd, too, says there is hardly a note of Lamb’s that has not some tinge of the quaint sweetness, some hint of that peculiar union of kindness and whim, which distinguishes him from all other poets and humourists. And this is peculiarly true of his *Essays*. They are prose sonnets, and they bring out Lamb’s genius, all the qualities of his mind and his heart, in their most vivid light.

Charles Lamb was one of those men who are marked out by nature for an essayist. He belonged to that order of imperfect intellects which he has described in his essay on “Imperfect Sympathies,” to an order of intellects which is suggestive rather than comprehensive. “The owners of these sort of faculties,” he says, “have no pretence

to much clearness or precision in their ideas, or in their manner of expressing them. Their intellectual wardrobe (to confess fairly) has few whole pieces in it. They are content with fragments and scattered pieces of Truth. She presents no full front to them—a feature or side-face at the most. Hints and glimpses, germs and crude essays of a system, is the utmost they pretend to. They beat up a little game, peradventure, and leave it to knottier heads, more robust constitutions, to run it down. The light that lights them is not steady and polar, but mutable and shifting: waxing, and again waning. Their conversation is accordingly. They will throw out a random word in or out of season, and be content to let it pass for what it is worth. They cannot speak always as if they were upon their oath—but must be understood, speaking or writing, with some abatement. They seldom wait to mature a proposition, but e'en bring it to market in the green ear. They delight to impart their defective discoveries as they arise, without waiting for their full development. They are no systematizers, and would but err more by attempting it." That sketch was drawn from the depths of Lamb's own consciousness. It marks the man with discrimination and delicacy, and forms the intellectual diagnosis of *Elia*.

Of constructive power Charles Lamb did not possess a spark. "I have no art for playmaking," he says, when pondering over one of his dramas, "I can do the dialogue, and that's all." He had no genius for plots and plans; and the germs of most of Lamb's writings, the germ thoughts even of some of his "*Essays of Elia*," may be traced in his "midnight companions." The ballad, for instance, of

"An old woman clothed in grey,
Whose daughter was charming and young,
And she was deluded away
By Roger's false flattering tongue,"—

put him upon scribbling "*Rosamund Gray*," and it bears traces throughout of the recent perusal of "*The Man of Feeling*" and "*Julia de Roubigne*." "*The Wife's Trial*" is founded on Crabbe's tale of "*The Confidant*." "*John Woodvil*" smacks strongly of the Elizabethan dramatists. The papers on "*Popular Fallacies*" were suggested by Sir Thomas Browne's "*Vulgar Errors*." "*Mr. H.*" was an adaptation of the story of the "*Strasburg Dames*" and "*The Man with a Great Nose*." His poetry was thin and vapid; and most of his attempts at creation were failures. When he is drawing from memory he touches off his characters with the picturesque power of Scott. How Bigod, and Comberbatch, and Dyer, and Mrs. Battle,

and his sister Bridget, stand out on his page ! But when, instead of etching the portraits of his friends, Lamb tried to create, he failed. All his fictitious characters are shadows. No one ever thinks of quoting them.

"My brain is always desultory," he says, writing to Wordsworth, "and snatches off hints from things, but can seldom follow a work methodically ;" and composition, in which methodising is required, he tells Coleridge is beyond his faculties. And this was apparently the fact.

Yet with all these flaws in his intellect, Charles Lamb possessed, and possessed in a high degree, most of the qualities which distinguished Addison and Montaigne, Cowley and Goldsmith. He had wit ; he had humour ; he had imagination ; he had a good heart. Add to this that he possessed rare powers of observation, a quick eye for the picturesque, sympathies that covered the whole field of thought and feeling ; that he had browsed upon our old English authors, essayists, poets, and dramatists—Sir Philip Sidney, Cowley, Donne, and Isaac Walton, Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, and Beaumont and Fletcher—till he had made their spirit his own, and had coloured with their thoughts every fibre of his own intellect ; that he looked at everything from his own point of view, was free from everything like artifice and cant, and that pen in hand he jotted down his thoughts in the terse, chatty, and suggestive style in which he scribbled a note to Manning, or Coleridge, or Barnard Barton, at the India House, with clerks chatting around him of the price of indigo or the rate of exchange in Calcutta, or talked at his own fireside ; and we have *Elia*—the *Elia* of our library shelves, and the Charles Lamb of the Temple.

I have been beating about for a phrase to describe the charm of his style. To say that it is pleasant, genial, chatty, that it sparkles with epigram, is intensely personal, rich in paradox and fancy, is to say nothing. It is all this ; and yet when you have said this, you feel that, after all, you have not hit the exact mark between wind and water. There is a soul in Lamb's writing which you feel, and yet cannot describe by any simple expression. Its antique simplicity, its mingled gravity and humour, its fantastic turns of thought and expression, the sweet and benevolent spirit that breathes through every sentence, even the occasional perversity of the train of thought, give the "*Essays of Elia*" a charm which, like the charm of his conversation, every one feels, and no one can hit off in a characteristic phrase. How he set himself in opposition to every principle of political economy and social morality in his chapter on "Beggars !" And yet

what a halo of sentiment and fancy he throws around the Blind Tobits of the Strand and Fleet-street. You disagree with his theory; you know that theory to be based on a false and mischievous conception, and yet how that theory fits in with all Lamb's thoughts and sentiments. There *is* that way of looking at Beggars, and you feel at once that that is Lamb's way. He takes a side view of Beggars, and refuses to trouble himself with "withering theories of population."

Many of Lamb's writings bear marks of the file; and it is notorious that he generally wrote with great labour. His Essays on "Books" and on "Poor Relations" are wrought like a piece of tapestry; and yet when we compare even essays like these with the best of his letters—those to Manning, for instance, which are as terse and as rich in thought, and whim, and fancy, as anything that he wrote for the press, and which we know were written in the main at his desk in Leadenhall-street on invoices and bills of lading—it is not easy to say off-hand how much of this terseness and compression is the result of labour and how much the consequence of habit. Run through the Essay on the "Superannuated Man," and then turn to his letters to Manning and Barton upon his sensations when walking home "for ever." The letters are superior (infinitely superior, to my thinking) to the essay, and his fictitious "Life of Liston" falls far below his letters to Manning. But of his habits of composition we know next to nothing; for he kept no diary, and he is curiously reticent in his correspondence with his friends about all his compositions, with the exception of his Sonnets, and they generally speak for themselves. But from the hints which he drops here and there in his Essays and in his correspondence it is plain that he wrote very slowly, revised and corrected endlessly, and generally preferred to write by candle-light. Extolling the invention of "long sixes," in his whimsical essay on the fallacy "that we should lie down with the lamb," *Elia* says he loves to read, talk, sit silent, eat, drink, sleep, by candle-light. "By the midnight taper the writer digests his meditations; by the same light we must approach to their perusal, if we would catch the flame, the odour. It is a mockery all that is reported of the influential Phœbus; no true poem ever owed its birth to the sun's light. They are abstracted works—

‘ Things that were born when none but the still night
And his dumb candle saw his pinching throes.’

Marry! daylight—daylight might furnish the images, the crude material; but for the fine shapings, the true turning and filing (as mine author hath it), they must be content to hold their inspiration of the candle.

The mild internal light that reveals them, like fires on the domestic hearth, goes out in the sunshine. Night and silence call out the starry fancies. Milton's 'Morning Hymn in Paradise,' we would hold a good wager, was penned at midnight; and Taylor's rich description of a sunrise smells decidedly of the taper. Even ourself (Lamb adds), in these our humbler lucubrations, tune our best-measured cadences (Prose has her cadences) not unfrequently to the charm of the drowsier watchman 'blessing the doors,' or the wild sweep of winds at midnight." That he wrote slowly we have his own direct acknowledgment in more than one instance. Writing to Southey, for instance, when "John Woodvil" was on hand, Lamb hints his doubt whether it will ever be finished; "for," he says, "I am as slow as a Flemish painter when I compose anything." When writing blank verse, again, he complains that he is dismally slow and sterile of ideas; and we have more than one hint as to the recasting of his essays. "I write with great difficulty," he says, when at work upon his review of "The Excursion" for the *Quarterly*. "I can scarce command my resolution to sit at writing an hour together." And his sister, in a letter recently brought to light by the *Pall Mall Gazette*, gives us an interesting glimpse of Charles Lamb when at work, I believe, upon this notable review. "Last winter," she says, writing in Nov. 1814, "my brother being unable to pursue a work he had begun, owing to the kind interruptions of friends who were more at leisure than himself, I persuaded him that he might write at his ease in one of these rooms (a suite of tenantless garrets which they had discovered by breaking through the panel of their own apartments), as he could not then hear the door knock, or hear himself denied to be at home, which was sure to make him call out and convict the poor maid in a fib. Here, I said, he might be almost really not at home. So I put in an old grate, and made him a fire in the largest of these garrets, and carried in one table and one chair, and bid him write away, and consider himself as much alone as if he were in some lodging on the midst of Salisbury Plain, or any other wide unfrequented place where he could expect few visitors to break in upon his solitude. I left him quite delighted with his new acquisition, but in a few hours he came down again with a sadly dismal face. He could do nothing, he said, with those bare whitewashed walls before his eyes. He could not write in that dull unfurnished prison. The next day, before he came home from his office, I had gathered up various bits of old carpeting to cover the floor; and to a little break the blank look of the bare walls, I hung up a few old prints that used to ornament the kitchen; and after dinner, with great boast of what an improvement I had


made, I took Charles once more into his new study. A week of busy labours followed, in which I think you would not have disliked to have been our assistant. My brother and I almost covered the walls with prints, for which purpose he cut out every print from every book in his old library ;” and there Lamb spent many hours at his desk in the evening.

His MS. was precise and clerkly, but neither particularly elegant nor fluent. He called it a sort of deputy Grecian’s hand, a little better and more of a worldly hand than a Grecian’s, but still remote from the mercantile ; and Barry Cornwall says Lamb’s hands were wanting in pliancy, and therefore never good, neither text nor running hand. The MS. of his Pantomime in the British Museum is apparently a fair copy. It is as neat and legible as his correspondence. Of his original drafts we know nothing ; but if he revised his own compositions in the severe and critical spirit that he dissected Coleridge’s poems and Barton’s, his MS. must have been as full of alterations and interlineations as that of any of his contemporaries ; and that was an age when few men wrote—as most men do now—*currente calamo*.

CHARLES PEBODY.

ENGLAND AND HER OCEAN EMPIRE.

BY A NAVAL ARCHITECT.

HE conviction has become general that England may not only have to fight, in order to maintain her position, but to fight without much warning. The question of the hour is, in fact, are we ready to defend ourselves, and to attack our foes? Answers to this question are not wanting. Their name is legion, and they are of the most diverse character. To enumerate, much less to discuss, them does not fall within the province of this article. It will suffice to say that while there is a general doubtfulness respecting the efficiency of our military organisation, there exists a deep and widespread confidence in the power of our naval force. In speaking thus no discredit is cast upon the army, which would do all, or more than all, that could be expected of it; but the fact remains, and is strongly felt by the nation, that while we cannot match our military forces against the mighty armies of the Continent, we can dare a conflict on the ocean with any foe. Not that our navy is faultless, or that the faults existing are unrecognised. In this matter we ourselves are the severest critics, as successive Boards of Admiralty can feelingly testify. But, taken as it stands, with all its faults, our navy is a grand force, both as regards *personnel* and *materiel*; and we can still hope that, with its aid,—

“Britannia rules the waves.”

In maintaining this empire of the sea during the last half century we have had no easy task to perform. Within that period have been comprised at least three reconstructions, each involving great outlay and the introduction of considerable changes. The first of these, connected with the improvement of our sailing ships by the late Sir William Symonds, need only be mentioned. The second, consequent on the introduction of steam propulsion, was of far greater importance, for it gave us that splendid fleet of wooden line-of-battle ships and frigates which was the country's pride twelve years ago. This fleet had only reached its full development when it was rendered

useless, or almost so, in consequence of the introduction of armour-plating ; and during the last twelve years the production of iron-clad ships has taxed the energies of our shipbuilders most thoroughly.

Ever since steamships began to be used for warlike purposes we have been engaged, too, in close competition with our neighbours across the Channel. They readily grasped at the opportunities afforded by the enforced replacement of our numerous sailing ships by steam-ships, and of our unarmoured vessels by iron-clads, and did their best to overturn our naval supremacy. For a time they kept the lead, in fact, in both steam and iron-clad ship construction ; but we are hard to beat in anything connected with naval affairs, and may congratulate ourselves on having won a well-contested battle, in which no blood has been shed, but on which much depended, and much treasure has been spent.

In this great race for precedence the professional men amongst us have united in efforts which are certainly deserving of gratitude. There have, of course, been differences of opinion as to the best plans to adopt and systems to follow ; but the long and loud discussions on such points have not prevented action, and, as a result, progress has been made in all the departments of naval construction and equipment such as will always be memorable. In the structural arrangements of ships, in their armour, their guns, their engines, their speeds, and other important features, the practice of to-day differs most strikingly from that of twelve years ago. Then, wood war ships were almost universal ; now, iron ships are in the ascendant. Then, it was thought wonderful to procure from the ironmasters of the country armour-plates six inches thick ; now, plates thrice as thick can be produced. Then, guns weighing five tons were thought the heaviest that could be used with safety on shipboard ; now, guns weighing seven times as much are being made for our turret-ships. Then, there was not a single turret ship in existence, and but little probability of the adoption of the turret system ; now, the system is an acknowledged success, and the most powerful vessels in our navy, or in the world, are so constructed. Then, engines developing five times their nominal horse-power were thought most successful ; now, engines develop seven or eight times the nominal power. Then, the swiftest war ships did not exceed a speed of thirteen knots an hour ; now, ponderous iron-clads of far greater dimensions are driven along at a speed of nearly fifteen knots per hour. And all these changes in war-ship construction, depending, as they have done, so much upon private enterprise for their success, have reacted upon the private trade most beneficially, and given an impulse to our iron

manufacture and iron shipbuilding, which has kept us, in these branches at least, far in the front of the nations of Europe.

It has been no light task, amid the whirl and confusion of such a period as this, to wisely direct and properly choose the course to be followed; and it is no difficult matter, by the light of matured experience, to find fault with the policy of those who have had the conduct of naval affairs. The Admiralty is, perhaps, one of the best abused of our great departments, and it cannot be denied that there has often been good reason for complaint of its administration; but it must be admitted also that our naval policy, during the last twelve or fifteen years, compares most favourably with that of any of our rivals, and that we have had no such egregious blunders as the Americans, or such a sacrifice of efficiency to uniformity as the French. It is no exaggeration to say that at present we lead the world in war-ship construction; and it is equally true that not so very long ago we were being led in that department by both the French and the Americans. The change is, undoubtedly, for the better, and it augurs well for our future.

Let us now take a hasty glance at the present state of our Navy, so far as the character of the ships comprised in it is concerned. Our Navy has two great services to perform—home service for the defence of the British Islands; and foreign service for the protection of our colonies, dependencies, and commerce, from the attacks of an enemy's fleets. How are these services now provided for? For the latter—service abroad—we have sea-going iron-clads, equipped for sailing as well as steaming, and capable of forming squadrons superior in force to any that could be brought to meet them; swift unarmoured cruisers, capable of playing the part of *Alabamas*, or of protecting our mercantile marine from similar dangers; the remnants of our wooden steam-fleet, of which the frigates are especially useful, as the recent voyage of the “flying squadron” amply proves; and, lastly, the small fry of corvettes, sloops, gun vessels, &c., which do such useful and economical service on distant stations in time of peace, and constitute no mean protection to our commerce against lightly-armed cruisers in time of war.

In each and all of these classes of ships we can fairly claim superiority to all rivals. The French rank next to us in the possession of rigged iron-clad ships, but they have of late years given up the competition to a very great extent. In the matter of unarmoured cruisers, the American navy probably stands nearest our own; but it has no iron-clad sea-going ships, and consequently could not compete with our fleet—a fact which the highest American authorities fully admit, and greatly deplore. We borrowed from them the idea of building

very fast cruisers, carrying heavy guns but having no armour—"Alabama" of the future," as they have been termed; but whereas their vessels proved failures, ours have proved most successful, and they are fain to admit themselves beaten at their own game. Long may it be before British and American seamen meet in battle, but if the day should come we need not fear the result, so long as the relative forces of the two navies remain unchanged. Blockading the American ports with our armoured fleet, and sweeping the sea with our swift cruisers, it would be in our power to cripple American commerce to a very great extent, and to protect our own from serious reprisals. May such a necessity never arise!

It may not be out of place to refer, in passing, to a matter which attracted considerable attention a few weeks ago, when the Eastern Question was before the public. We were threatened, in case of a war with Russia, with a swarm of privateers, which were to be equipped in American ports and to prey on British commerce. Whether such a danger will have to be run or not, it is, of course, impossible to say; but one thing seems certain, viz., that while no nation would have more to fear from this mode of attack, on account of our world-embracing commerce, none would have anything like the resources to meet the danger that we possess. Our numerous unarmoured war-ships would be most dangerous to any privateers of the kind; and we could, in case of need, arm and equip a large number of our splendid mail steamers as rival cruisers, which our foes would find it difficult to escape and by no means pleasant to encounter. That we should suffer some loss is certain; that we should suffer anything like as much as many persons would have us believe is, we venture to think, very doubtful. At the same time the possibility of such losses renders it clear that while bending our greatest efforts towards the production of armoured ships, we should not neglect the efficiency of our unarmoured cruisers.

Not less important than foreign service is the home service which our navy has to perform. Under the old *régime*, when sail was the only propeller available, it was usual, and in fact necessary, to use the same classes of ships for both services. Since armour-plating has come into vogue another plan has been followed, and vessels without masts and sails have been built for channel and coast service. To describe these would be out of place here, especially as they have already been described in the pages of this magazine. It may be stated, however, that they consist of monitor and ram vessels, strongly armoured, carrying the heaviest guns, and having no "top-hamper," as sailors term it, of masts and rigging to cause danger when in action.

Such vessels can go to sea with safety, and two of the class are now in the Indian Ocean on their way to Bombay. But they cannot make very long voyages without re-coaling. This precludes them from being employed for cruising purposes, but it does not interfere with their fitness for Channel Service ; and some of the larger vessels will carry enough coal to proceed to the Mediterranean, or even across the Atlantic, in any case of emergency. We have eight or ten such vessels now—most of them being unfinished, however—but if we want to be safer from invasion we must have more. In face of the resistance offered by such ships, it would be no easy task to force a passage even with war-ships alone, much less to convoy the numerous fleet of transports, which would be required for the conveyance of the invading army. Much has been said, of late, of the necessity for a great military organisation in this country, in order to prevent such an army from making head, supposing it to have landed, and most persons are agreed that the idea is, in principle, a good one. But there is as yet nothing like agreement as to the method of carrying the principle into practice, nor is there any immediate prospect of a conclusion being arrived at. No one will dispute, however, that while this is a good plan it is a better one to prevent an enemy from landing at all, or at least in any considerable force, and this may be done, we think, by multiplying our coast-defence vessels and strengthening our Channel Squadrons. Nothing but advantage can result from such a policy, and its adoption would greatly enhance the feeling of security in the country during the period that the military organisation was being perfected.

A special interest attaches to these remarks on account of the rumours of a possible German invasion which have recently been in circulation, and which some people appear to think possible. Ignorance alone, it seems to us, can lead to such an opinion, seeing that at present the German fleet cannot venture out to face the French, and would be far less likely to dare an encounter with the squadrons we could send to their coast at short notice. Such squadrons would undoubtedly embrace both the most powerful of our sailing iron-clads, and the special unmasted vessels to which reference has been made, which by their comparatively shallow draught of water and great fighting capabilities, would prove most valuable aids in maintaining a blockade or in attacking the enemy's ports. The French iron-clads drew too much water for such services last autumn ; but some of our ships would not be similarly incapacitated for service, and if our squadrons should ever be despatched to the North Sea and the Baltic, there will probably be another tale to tell.

Much has been made, too, of the report that in all probability peace will be accompanied by a cession of part of the French fleet to Germany, and of the danger which would result to us therefrom. Now supposing the cession to be total, instead of partial, there need be no ground of fear, for it is no exaggeration to say that our fleet could meet the combined French and German fleets with more than a fair chance of victory. In fact, it may fairly be doubted whether the cession would not be a positive gain to us, as France would then be less formidable, while Germany would possess a fleet of but moderate quality, far inferior both to our own and to that which the necessities of her position would compel her to construct, before long, if no cession took place. Just before the outbreak of the war German agents were busy in this country attempting to collect skilled workmen and artificers for their ship-yards, in order to proceed with the construction of iron-clads, and there is little doubt that further efforts in this direction are only postponed on account of the pressing emergency of the struggle in which they are engaged.

To sum up; our system of home defence stands thus :—In the first line, our rigged or cruising iron-clads backed by a few of the special unmasted ships, forming blockading squadrons off the enemy's coasts. Behind this a second line of monitors and rams, aided by the mosquito fleet of diminutive gunboats, armed with very heavy guns, which we have been recently building. To effect a passage through the first line would be no mean undertaking, and it ought to be far more difficult to effect the disembarkation of an army with its *materiel* in face of the opposition of the second line. It is hard to believe that such an attempt will be made, so long as we maintain anything like the same relative position in our naval force. We do not say it is impossible, but it certainly is most improbable.

Many other matters connected with our navy might be touched upon did space permit. We might refer to the policy recently adopted by the Admiralty of reducing the number of the dockyards, and diminishing the reserve of stores; to the excellent arrangements by which our seamen are produced, tracing the various stages by which they are educated from mere boys up to their perfect "man-of-war's man" condition; to the special training in gunnery and other duties now commonly given to seamen; to the practice of despatching "flying squadrons" on voyages round the world, and thus establishing schools of seamanship which would gladden the heart of one of Nelson's comrades and remind him of the "good old times;" as well as to many other matters. But we must rest satisfied

with the remark, that there is good reason to believe that our ships were never better manned than now, and that their superior qualities will doubtless be turned to the best account in action by seamen who possess the old dash and spirit of the service, in combination with a degree of intelligence and skilfulness in warlike arts, which their predecessors never attained.

The period of transition consequent on the construction of iron-clad ships has now extended over twelve years, and the end has not yet come. In fact, no sufficient test of the capabilities of such ships has yet been made, and the only actions which have occurred—at Lissa and during the Civil War in America—have not added so much to our knowledge as the costly experiments made at Shoeburyness and elsewhere. Many points at first doubtful are now settled; very great progress has, as we have seen, been made; yet greater progress both in guns and armour is seen to be possible; and the long-standing duel will still go on unless some further change takes place. But many points remain unsettled, chief among which stands the question whether under-water attacks by torpedoes will not do much towards rendering armour-plating of less value. Many eminent authorities think that this is the case, and that we may yet revert to unarmoured ships, constructed specially to meet this danger. We need not venture an opinion, but we may express our gratification at knowing that experiments are to be made at Chatham, to ascertain the effect of the explosion of torpedoes under the bottoms of our armoured ships, and we have little doubt that the results of such experiments will have considerable weight on our future policy.

WITHIN AND WITHOUT.

A SERIES OF MOSAICS FROM THE CITY.

BY D. MORIER EVANS.

II.—“THE OLD HOUSE IN THE CITY.”

OLD SWAN WHARF, OLD SWAN STAIRS.



ANY pleasurable recollections arise in looking through a vista of thirty or thirty-five years. I scarcely supposed, when I was a boy just retiring from a boarding school, that Old Swan Wharf, contiguous to Old Swan Stairs, would ever be entwined with a far-distant memory.

Old Swan Wharf—the habitation of the great firm of Thornton and West—then existed, and had already reared for itself a location and a name ; but I, as a lad, fond of the river, aquatic sports, and rowing matches, never presumed that my acquaintance with Old Swan Stairs, Thompson and Forman’s Iron Wharf, Calvert’s Brewery, and All-hallows Lane would ever bring me in contact with the great Richard Thornton, or his nephew, Thomas Thornton, or the other surroundings of that “old House in the City.”

With everything ’bove Bridge I was then perfectly acquainted. The old sluggish Thames, “the yellow Tiber” of England, before steamers had made their way—in the shape of “penny” or “two-penny” boats—and when only Richmond, fair Richmond, was honoured with a bi-weekly craft from Queenhithe, where loungers by the score, in every gay suit of holiday attire, watched the departure of the vessel, as if it were

“An Argosy, with richest freight,
Ploughing the wide expanding main.”

The days of the Doggett’s Coat and Badge were, as they are now, celebrated in the neighbourhood of Old Swan Stairs, and the purse of the comedian of the olden time was never more appropriately bestowed than in the struggle of the “young apprentices” who try their strength in the “watery conflict” between London Bridge and Chelsea. Fishmongers’ Hall has, since my period of tutelage, been rebuilt, and my remembrance dates far back to the days when the

rush from the "Shades" on that auspicious event was something awful to witness. Every year, however, keeps the sensation up, and like the "great battle" between Oxford and Cambridge, never seems to flag.

If the celebrities of that time who sculled their "trim built wherries" are now no more; if the Will and Dan Godfreys, or David Eld are "resting in peace," Old Swan Stairs remain to hallow their memories, and Old Swan Wharf, with all its glorious recollections, will live for centuries to come.

Of the successful "Coat and Badge" men, there are many I could trace. But one—only one—made a permanent impression upon me. And that was Frank May—jovial Frank May—whose beautiful little daughter, with her jet black eyes and raven hair, used to bring her father's dinner to the shore. He lived to wear his honours long—she, poor girl, to many persons' dismay, died early. The "Coat and Badge" is still the great trial of the river, and the "pistol shot" is heard when the court of assistants of the Fishmongers' Company meet, before the important festival of the 1st of August, to celebrate the match, takes place.

In the succession of years changes ensued; the "Shades" were altered, Fishmongers' Hall was rebuilt; and the approaches to Old Swan Wharf and Old Swan Stairs thoroughly varied. Yet Old Swan Wharf—"the old House in the City"—was sustained in its supreme simplicity.

Meanwhile I had become known to Richard Thornton, and also to Thomas Thornton, both of whom occupied most important positions in connection with mercantile and financial life. The elder, the uncle, was recognised everywhere as a shrewd man of business. His nephew followed in his wake, but his opportunities of acquiring wealth had not been so numerous.

Richard Thornton had utilised his money in a most remarkable manner, and though the operations of the firm, Thornton and West, were associated with the East India, China, and Japan trade, he personally went into all kinds of operations that brought large profits, though not at all times unattended with risk. In the early periods of the struggles in Spain and Portugal, he advanced large sums of money; and his favourite expression of the "blood and treasure" sacrificed in the cause of the Carlists and the Miguelites, will be remembered by all who ever heard him address various meetings at the London Tavern.

Owing to some important transactions which he concluded in the North of Europe with a success that was hardly anticipated, he was

christened "Richard, Duke of Dantzic," a sobriquet by which he was known for many years. He was not a great attendant on 'Change; he occasionally appeared there, but when he went it was with some special object. He was intimately known to the Rothschilds; especially the father of the present house, Nathan Meyer Rothschild, to Overend, Gurney and Co., and the real solid school of the last half-century.

Lloyd's was, however, the great place to see him. First, before the memorable fire occurred; secondly, in the new rooms over the present Exchange. Surrounded there by Thomas Ward, Joseph Somes, Duncan Dunbar, and Seymour Huffam, all notabilities whose names are well known and revered, he was the "observed of all observers." His underwriting account was on a large scale, but he never refused to take "risky lines," and from these sources he frequently obtained important gains. At the same time he was an enormous operator in foreign loans, and as his means enabled him to subscribe for large sums, there was immediately a commensurate profit. Throughout an independent and long career, he consequently possessed every opportunity of acquiring riches; and since his expenditure was of the most moderate character, they so rapidly increased, that one confidential *employé* was continually engaged in looking after his dividends, and the arrangement of coupons in preparation for their payment.

Richard Thornton always took part in the important financial transactions with the English Government. If a loan was to be negotiated he was always in attendance with the other important capitalists at the Treasury. If the issue of Exchange Bills had been excessive, he was ready with the other magnates of Lombard Street, the West End banks, and the Stock Exchange, to participate in the operation of funding. I remember at one of these interviews—it was when I was quite a stripling—Lord Melbourne being Prime Minister, and Spring Rice, afterwards Lord Monteagle, Chancellor of the Exchequer, that a question was raised about terms.

The Government appeared to think that they were not dealt with liberally enough. Mr. Richard Thornton, then hale and vigorous, took up the question in favour of his colleagues and himself, stating that if the Treasury authorities wanted money "they must pay for it."

A visit to Old Swan Wharf was well worth making, but it was not every one who was invited, or who, if they called, were allowed an insight into its mysteries. It was one of those old-fashioned establishments with a capacious entrance, and a staircase capable of allowing two or three to walk abreast. Outside the warehouse, or entrance

to the wharf, was one of those unmistakeable cranes, fit for any drudgery imposed, and always available for active service.

When you arrived on the first floor, you entered flush into the counting-house; a very extensive room with compartments on either side, so arranged that you might have fancied it was never intended that one clerk should see another. They were a kind of huge high-grained stalls, with rails all round, from which every one who entered could be immediately seen.

When you did enter, and if you were known, Richard Thornton or Thomas, his favourite nephew, at once came forth to greet you, and ascertain your business. Then you passed into the *sanctum sanctorum* for a short and agreeable chat. Forthwith you were shown the model of the church and schools which Mr. Richard had erected at Burton, Yorkshire, his native place; and then an admirable bust by Behnes—that sculptor who, notwithstanding his extravagance and dissipation, made a considerable mark in his time. Then another short chat and a friendly good-bye—the old gentleman being sure to drag out his massive gold watch, suspended by the ancient blue or brown ribbond, to note the hour, and the interview concluded.

The last time I encountered the great Richard Thornton was a few months before his death. It was in the spring; he passed from this world in full summer time. He was weakly and ailing then, but he was possessed of all his faculties, and appeared to enjoy life as usual. I was with a cherished friend of mine, and having a business appointment—Birch's (or Ring and Brymer properly so called) was the establishment we adjourned to.

There was the great *millionaire* just finishing his mock-turtle, and when we entered, he was about to retire. Recognising me, he adventured into some every-day topics of conversation, and after he left, I told my companion who he was, and the reputed amount of his wealth. The sum named made my friend's mouth water; and he simply ejaculated, "Oh! that I were a near blood relation."

There was something touching, if not poetical, in his last words ere he departed this life. Though brought low by the attack of bronchitis which confined him to his bed, he appeared every now and then to gather fresh vigour whenever any of his relatives or friends approached him.

On the occasion referred to, the last day he lived, he was more than usually animated. It was a beautiful evening in June, and his room at his house at Merton commanded a fine view of the surrounding Surrey scenery. His nearest relatives were assiduous in their attentions, and he received them as usual with kindly smiles.

All of a sudden he paused, and raised himself on his shoulders, his face assuming a very serious expression. The sun was gradually sinking in a "golden glow," the clouds being tinged with rich chameleon hues, diffusing a brilliant light throughout the well-furnished apartment.

"Stand aside," he said with reverence, as he shadowed his eyes with his pale wan hand, intently watching the scene. "Stand aside, please—let me see the sun go down—I shall never see him rise again——."

So passed away Richard Thornton from his labours on earth. He had nearly completed his ninetieth year, and was buried according to his wish, without any important parade or show. The news of his death spread like wildfire through the City. The great point under discussion was what his fortune would represent. Richard Thornton had not of late years talked largely concerning his resources—in fact, he never was a braggart in that respect; but every one knew, and therefore required no telling, that his estate would be calculated by millions. [He left a veritable solid 3,000,000*l.*, all in good and approved securities, and the executors paid under the covenants of the will, the enormous amount of 200,000*l.* succession duty. The "money bags" of the great Richard Thornton profited the State some service, apart from the various large charitable bequests he made. Among his family the whole of the remainder of his fortune was distributed with discretion, as might have been expected from an individual that accumulated such wealth, and who had conducted his affairs with great business prudence. The end of June, 1865, was the date of his decease, and his benevolence was soon missed in various City walks. To two faithful clerks, Mr. Brown and Mr. Neall, he bequeathed 20,000*l.* each, to render them comfortable during the remainder of their days. They received what they deserved, but this is not always the case, when services have to be considered by employers.

Poor Thomas Thornton! The nephew only survived his uncle about five years. He was so identified with Richard Thornton that during the life of the elder they were seldom separated. They were generally to be seen walking together from Lloyd's, across Cornhill, down Birchin Lane, thence through Nicholas Lane, and in the same route across Thames Street for Old Swan Wharf. If Thomas was not with his uncle, one or other of the old trusty clerks, Brown or Neall, was always with him; and it was wise latterly, through doubtful health, that he should not be left alone.

Thomas Thornton, the inheritor of a large portion of his uncle's

wealth, was a comparatively rich man before his relative died. His own patrimony was considerable from his share in the business of Thornton and West, and his gradual accumulations were important; but when he obtained nearly a million under Richard Thornton's will, his resources were enormously augmented.

Riches, however, do not always bring happiness. Thomas Thornton, although a good man of business, and employing his wealth in advantageous channels, was assailed in the domestic circle. *Pallidamors* and the rest is soon told. First a daughter, and then his wife, were torn from his bosom. Oh, the agony he experienced whenever he referred to these harrowing events!

After these shocks he never in reality recovered. He became, in a measure, listless and desponding; and although occasionally, when he met old connections, he would endeavour to attempt a favourable diversion, the "strong grief" came back, and he failed, as it was natural he should, to be amusing. He nevertheless sustained an active part in business to the last—visited Lloyd's occasionally, went to his new offices, and then returned to his residence at Brixton.

About two years ago I met him in what we call the "dividend time" in the City; the neighbourhood was Throgmorton Street, and he was visiting establishments where he would have to receive considerable sums from his investments. He was, as usual, very cordial, and I asked him in a good-humoured manner what brought him so near the locality of the Stock Exchange.

"I am obliged to come," he said, "to look after my investments. You know, my dear friend, you must look after the shillings, and then the pounds will look after themselves."

"But," I said, "my dear Mr. Thornton, you talk of looking after the shillings and the pounds; why, you must reckon your fortune by at least millions."

He rejoined, "So I do; but it wants careful watching—careful watching."

He then intimated in a quiet, jocose manner, that he reckoned himself worth about £2,000,000 sterling—sufficient, he thought, to provide comfortably for his family and leave something to the poor. Now that his will has been proved within the last two months, all he asserted has turned out thoroughly correct, and he has not neglected to make seasonable donations amongst his Yorkshire and other local dependants.

It was about September last that we met at *Rolfe's City Studio*, in Nicholas Lane, where we were looking at some very choice specimens of Herring's farm pieces. Little did I think then that his

prediction concerning himself would be so speedily verified. He was recounting an anecdote of how a bishop had recently approached him, and had had the boldness, knowing he was a wealthy man, to ask for a donation of £1,000, *pur et simple*, for some new church fund. He said of course he politely refused, because he had already built one church and endowed it, and had erected schools. He then became dejected, and, passing from one topic to another, said he felt convinced he was suffering from disease of the heart, and would be shortly missed from City circles.

And so it was. Death from disease of the heart carried off Thomas Thornton. His uncle's, Richard Thornton's, death was occasioned by bronchitis. But he was a much older man, and had in earlier years fought the battle of life much more severely. The firm of Thornton and West still exists, but the business is conducted by carefully well-trained successors in more modern offices in Moorgate Street. Old Swan Wharf, though let out to different tenants, will always be recognised and long remembered.

THE BALLAD OF SIR JOHN DE COURCY,

WHILOM EARL OF ULSTER.

(Translated from the German by SYZYGETICUS.)



He grasped his falchion blade,
High o'er his head then hurled ;
He smote the ground, and said,
" Come one ! come all the world !

" Shame on the churl who lags,
To knighthood's faith forsworn,
When tongue of foeman wags,
To speak his country scorn !

" So true I Courcy hight,
Dar'st thou the battle claim ?
I'll prove in mortal fight
Thou hast done the truth foul shame."

Then o'er the barrier sprang,
Who spoke the boastful word,
Which Gallia's praises rang,
And England's honour slurred.

They fought with manful pride,
And long the strife endured,
Till through the Frenchman's side
Brave Courcy drove his sword.

So when the foe had paid
Dear vengeance for his vaunt,
He whirled on high his blade,
And breathed the haughty taunt :

" Ye've seen this arm strike down
The champion of you all,
Who dared the Briton crown
His head before the Gaul.

" But I before the sight
Of king and all his realm,
Shall use the conqueror's right,
And thus I don my helm.

" And who doth dare gainsay,
This helm shall here remain ;
With him, be who he may,
I'll do the fight again."

The French king from his throne
Then spake the knight unto :
" Though wrong to thee was done,
More grievous wrong dost thou.

" To quit these lists with life,
Thou shalt not hence go free,
Till thrice in mortal strife
Thou hast made good thy plea.

" Who taunts with tongue so graceless,
Should forfeit pay for three ;
And thrice must thou go scatheless,
If thou would'st ransomed be."

" Girt with my well-proved steel,
I brave the unequal odds,
And welcome thy appeal,
In England's name and God's !"

Then thrice a mounted foe
Into the lists spurred on ;
And thrice each Gaul lay low,
And thrice brave Courcy won.

" My loyal plea's maintained,
Its gory proof lies there ;
The prize I sought I've gained,
Nor stoop my head to bare."

Then many a knight rushed forth
Into the blood-stained field,
To prove his country's worth,
And bid proud England yield.

But spake the monarch well,
Who sat on Gallia's throne,
"His own wrong to repel,
He us this wrong hath done.

"'Tis but what we enforced :
Let him in peace go free ;
For he hath well discoursed
His bold and valiant plea.

"So let in record last
What we this day have borne,—
He blows an empty blast,
Who speaks proud England scorn."

Then where the monarch sat,
Courcy unhelm'd kneeled down,
Rose up, put on his hat,
And straight again was gone.

So, homeward when drew near
That knight all unafear'd,
And England's realm did hear
The deed that he had dared :

In jewelled pomp and pride,
The king upon his throne,
The princes by his side,
And nobles round him shone ;

There, foremost midst the throng,
The brave De Courcy's led,
Still with his beaver on,
And thus the Monarch said :

“ For England’s name and praise
 Thou didst go covered there,
 Think not thy helm to raise,
 Thy head for me to bare.

“ Through all our kingdom’s pale,
 A token this shall be,
 That England ne’er may fail
 In heroes like to thee.”

And still whoso may hight
 De Courcy in the land,
 He covered sole hath right
 Before the king to stand.

[The above is a translation, which I made upwards of twenty years ago, of a piece which I found in a collection of German prose and poetry. The name of the author has escaped my recollection, but I should not be surprised if my original turned out to be itself a translation from some English ballad, probably familiar to some of MR. SYLVANUS URBAN’S readers, although unknown to myself. The compliment to England in the nineteenth stanza, put into the mouth of the French king, strongly points to an English origin. In Burke’s *Peerage* I find no trace of the legend here recounted. Sir John de Courcy, Earl of Ulster, so named after the province which he had conquered, is there stated to have been liberated from his prison in the Tower to meet in single combat the champion of Philip Augustus, between whom and King John it had been agreed to decide by wager of battle some question concerning the affairs of Normandy. The combat was to take place in the presence of the Kings of France, England, and Spain; but the French champion, seized with sudden panic at the sight of De Courcy, clapped spurs to his horse and rode off, whereupon the victory was unanimously adjudged to the English earl. At King John’s request he gave proof to Philip Augustus of his extraordinary strength by cleaving in twain a helmet with a single blow of his sword. Thereupon the King offered to grant him whatever he might request; and De Courcy, saying that he had land and honours enough, begged to be allowed the privilege for himself and his heirs (their first obeisance being made) of wearing their hat in the presence of the King and all his successors. The privilege was accorded him, and was claimed in the reign of William III., greatly to the surprise of that monarch, by Almeric, twenty-third Baron, in 1692 (I ought to have said that the barony of Kingsale was conferred upon Sir John in lieu of the earldom of Ulster, which had passed to his enemy, Hugh de Lacie); and again by Gerald, the twenty-fourth baron, in the reign of George I. I have a sort of indistinct recollection that some one (whether the head of this family, or another, I cannot say) claimed the privilege of remaining with his hat on in the presence of George IV., and drew from him an unpleasant remark, to the effect that whatever the legal right might be, it was ungentlemanly to insist on its exercise. A similar privilege of wearing his hat in the Royal presence was conferred by Henry VIII. on Sir John Forester, of Watling Street. Co. Salop, ancestor of the existing nobleman of that name. The present Lord Kingsale, Michael-Conrad de Courcy (what a name to make the mouths of Tyburnia’s daughters water, and their ears tingle!)—a direct descendant of our Sir John—succeeded his brother as premier baron of Ireland in 1865, being the thirtieth of that fine old stock. I cannot help asking myself whether any German author in these days would give himself the trouble of translating or inditing a ballad in honour of the courage and indomitable pluck of our sometime glorious old England! England would hardly now be typified under the form of a De Courcy wearing his helm in the face of all the world, but rather as going about the world with bated breath and cap or hat in hand, making obeisance all round, *and none so poor to do her reverence.*]

THE DEFECTS OF THE FRENCH ARMY.

IN that remarkable and thoughtful exposition of his political opinions, "*Les Idées Napoléoniennes*" written in 1839, Louis Napoleon, then a disregarded exile, enjoying a gentlemanlike misery in a comfortable house in Carlton Terrace, and with but small chance of ever becoming the Emperor of France, expressed, strange to say, great admiration of that Prussian military system by whose hands he has been recently struck down. In the following memorable passage, after eulogizing Bonaparte's plan of the conscription, he mentions that other nations, among them the Prussian, had carried Bonaparte's views still further.

"It was not sufficient," wrote the exiled theorist, the adventurer of Strasburgh, "that the army was recruited from the whole nation, it was also necessary that the whole nation should, in case of disaster, form a reserve to the army. The Emperor said, 'Never does a nation which repels an invasion want men, but often soldiers.' The military system of Prussia offers immense advantages. It removes the barriers which separate the citizen and the soldier; it gives the same motives and the same objects to all men under arms—the defence of the soil of the country; it furnishes the means of maintaining a great military force with the least possible expense; it enables a whole population to resist invasion with success. The army in Prussia is a great school, in which all the people instruct themselves in the art of arms. The Landwehr, which is divided into three bans, is the reserve of the army. In the military organisation there have been several classifications; but all are derived from the same source, all look towards the same end. There is emulation, not rivalry, amongst the organised corps."

What fatal blindness, sent from Heaven, struck then this man, that he should rush with his gay, uncohesive army against the iron-bound men who have now trodden France under foot?

Let us examine into the causes of this degeneracy among the sons of the heroes of Marengo and Austerlitz. We shall find these causes nowhere more fearlessly exposed than in a book, written by General Trochu, dedicated to the memory of his master in war, General

Bugeaud, and entitled "L'Armée Française en 1867." In this work the Orleanist general appeared as a military reformer, and his views were, no doubt, regarded by the Imperial Court as mere underhand attacks on the Imperial dynasty, and disregarded accordingly. In the introduction to his eighteenth edition, Trochu expresses his opinion that Europe was in a great transitional period between two modes of warfare, and he closes his remarks with these notable compliments to Prussia:—"It is the merit and fortune of Prussia in 1868, as before, in the time of the Great Frederick, to have foreseen the evolution of fresh ways and means in war. They showed attention to these conditions during a long peace, and they applied the principles they discovered resolutely and solidly." In another place the General does full justice to his present enemies, in a quotation from a book of military instruction (perhaps his own) used in the Government School of Artillery and Engineers at Metz:—"The moral standard is higher," says the educational writer, "in the Prussian army than in all the other armies of Europe. The sentiments of honour and of patriotism are highly developed among the soldiers, who belong to the upper classes of society in a larger proportion than those in armies where substitutes are allowed. By the nature of this composition, the army in Prussia is the faithful image of the nation."

There at least was one French General who had not forgotten Bugeaud's wise words to his brave fellow countrymen:—"One cannot with impunity disdain an enemy whoever he may be."

The first abuse that Trochu pointed out was that of substitutes. Any conscript can purchase a substitute for a certain sum, and devolve his military service upon this purchased proxy. Prussia, on the other hand, does not allow this transfer of duty to a deputy. When she was enslaved by Napoleon after Jena, and her standing army limited to 40,000 men, Von Stein and other subtle patriots of the day invented a plan by which the whole youth of Prussia was to be passed in batches through the army, so as to be ready at any moment for the war of independence that sooner or later was inevitable, and a law was passed requiring personal gratuitous service from every man between twenty and forty. The merits of this system the French could not appreciate. They were chiefly struck by the youth of the Prussian soldiers of the line, who were sent back after three years of service under the colours to the disposable reserve, and then to the Landwehr. The solidity of a system, of which the results were Sadowa and Sedan, was ignored by the French military critics. In vain Trochu pointed out that the laws

about recruiting were initiated by Marshal Gouvion St. Cyr and Marshal Soult in times of peace, when the nation had become weary of war, and when tranquillity was the necessity of the present and the probability of the future. Napoleon's conscription had borne heavily on France during a period of incessant war, and the *remplacement* system now served to temper its apparent hardships. The evils of this system are enormous, especially during a prolonged war, when, the price of substitutes being raised, evasions of service become more and more numerous. But since the fall of the Emperor it has been discovered that since the State took upon itself to purchase substitutes, the money was really spent for other purposes, and substitutes were never sent to the regiments at all, so that a regiment 2,000 strong on paper had often really only some 1,200 rank and file. The perpetual impending bankruptcy of the luxurious and rotten empire led to these frauds, as it did to so many other knaveries, oppressions, and deceptions.

The system of reserves Trochu also condemns, for he says sensibly enough that men who have returned to their trades and acquired habits of independence, do not a second time make the sacrifice with willingness. They return, in fact, the worst material for soldiers. On the other hand, if, according to the rule before the war, they come to the *dépôt* for three months the first year, and six months the second, they return with dislike to the profession; and, when called out, show less good will and *élan* than men who had never before quitted their families, and for the first time joined the regiment. Trochu added—"In our contemporary wars (the East in 1854-5, Italy in 1859) the imperfection of our military organisation was revealed by this fact—that with a considerable effective force, we could not set on foot more than a single army, which did not represent more than a fourth part of our effective estimate."

General Trochu dwells much on the merit of "old" soldiers, by which he means a soldier of one, two, three, or four years' service. Such a man, says the defender of Paris, is still young in mind and in body, and has belief in illusions. He is full of strength and full of honour; he will not give his country a day beyond the time the law requires, for anterior and superior duties recall him to his family. But these years he gives entirely without restriction and without calculation. In peace he is a man of rule and of good example; in war, a man of devotion. He trembles with emotion when his General speaks to him of his country. It is he who with imperious instincts of impulse and of passion, condemns himself to the painful rest of the trenches, where death may strike him even when disarmed; it is

he who works energetically, who suffers patiently, and who, when he is ready to return to his own fireside, demands as the end and reward of all his efforts only this—a *certificate of good conduct*. This man returns to work unstiffened by age or the use of arms, strong, pliant, ready to tend the plough or wield the axe; and he does not swell the number of hopeless or idle persons in great towns.

He marries in his village, he founds a family, and propagates around him traditions of obedience, respect, and good order, which he had learnt in his regiment, and thus renders to society, without being conscious of it, new and precious service. An army, says Trochu eloquently, which thus periodically renews itself, receiving into its bosom a chosen portion of the best population of the country, and returning every year a contingent of liberated soldiers, such as have been described, sending forth in this manner in three years nearly a million of good citizens, is a powerful instrument of public improvement.

But in spite of this agreeable, and often true picture of the soldier turned citizen, even Trochu gives but a melancholy description of the man who again leaving his family returns to end his days in a regiment. The army is no longer a momentary sacrifice, it is a trade, so he tries to get some pleasure out of it; he grows sour, grumbling, shifty; fights sometimes vigorously, but only when he chooses; he loses all scruples, and too often becomes a drunkard. Life in barracks, the idleness of garrisons, the example of old soldiers, and the absence of associations that once kept alive his self-respect, gradually corrupt him. Against all institutions like the Invalides, General Trochu loudly exclaims. His idea of an army is a small number of old officers and soldiers, and a constant *renewal*, by young blood, of the whole mass. To which, Baron d'Azemar, one of Trochu's critics, appends the fact that a General Düverger had been captain in a regiment of chasseurs à cheval fifty-two years.

General Trochu's attacks on *les vieux grognards* of the Empire, those men of iron who followed Napoleon through the fire at Arcola, and hurled the Russians to death at Austerlitz, drew upon him a swarm of assailants. "Adieu donc pauvre gloire" they said, with Beranger. These old moustaches were also phantoms. Too many writers vilified the stubborn Breton, who dared tell his own countrymen the truth. Yet the Duke of Fezensac himself says, in his "Souvenirs Militaires," that after the battle of Eylau, in 1807,—there were 60,000 absentees, and these were nearly all marauders; a few were ill, and some were *clampins*, or men who with a little more courage and moral energy could have rejoined their ranks. The Count de

Vignolle, chef d'état major to Prince Eugène in Italy, says, in his "Precis Historique," that after the battle of Mincio, in 1814, the *corps d'armée* had half their effective men in hospital. It has been always the same, says one of Trochu's defenders, for in the year '2, under the great Republic, the effective were put down in figures as 1,100,000 men, but 200,000 or 300,000 of these men were either stragglers, wounded, convalescent, prisoners, or sick, forming what was called, in soldier's irony, "the rolling army."

Another of Trochu's proposed reforms drew upon him a storm of vituperation. He declared firmly his wish to suppress grenadiers—"for," said he, "now that all infantry fight in the same manner, and with the same weapons, why have two *élite* companies in each battalion, to weaken your centre companies?" Marshal Saxe has said, "I am against grenadiers, they are the *élite* of your troops, and if the fighting is hot, you soon use up all your best men." "Rather," said Trochu, "suppress the grenadier companies and form instead companies of Franc-tireurs—choosing your best shots, trusty, brave, agile men, who know how to manage independent fighting." He is also for doing away with the battalions of the *chasseurs à pied*. These men, he said, restored to the general mass of infantry, would give to the French lines of battle their maximum of power and solidity. The infantry which should give the French lines strength and tenacity are now the mere dregs left after artillery, engineers, cavalry, and *chasseurs à pied*, have selected the most intelligent, the strongest, and the most active of the soldiers. We who can now see that some great element of evil must have been working in the French army before the disasters of Gravelotte and Sedan could have occurred, can understand the prophecies of men like Trochu, who as far back as 1867, had the courage to say:—"Our centre companies, which numerically form the chief part of our line of battle, are wanting in all qualities that create activity, spring, and confidence, and it is in war that their weakness will appear with all its lamentable results."

The French military reformers demand that the standard of height for both infantry and cavalry recruits shall be lower, so as to obtain a larger number of soldiers. No defect in height should be an objection in infantry regiments now, they say, for since breech-loaders have been introduced, one of the strongest arguments against short infantry men is removed.

One of General Trochu's loudest cries was for the suppression of the Imperial Guard. In 1804, this body guard consisted of only 7,000 men—"with my complete guard of 40,000 or 50,000 men," the first Napoleon said, "I should be strong enough to traverse all Europe."

In 1810-11, he raised this *reserve d'élite* to this required number, and in 1814, as his ambition grew and his difficulties increased, this reserve rose, according to General Bardin's "Army Dictionary," to 112,000 men, but this is an exaggeration. The Imperial Guard, which fought well in Italy and the Crimea, is now considered as a solid and important army reserve, and Trochu's attacks upon the privileged body were not well received, though the great Napoleon himself had compared them to the Roman Prætorian Guard, and confessed that under any other hands than his own, they would be dangerous to an absolute sovereign.

An idea became prevalent among French officers, especially after the Italian Campaign of 1859, that modern firearms had rendered cavalry useless. In a book called "*L'Avenir de la Cavalerie*," Baron d'Azemar, with true prophetic instinct, wrote to warn his countrymen against this error. Bonaparte said at St. Helena, where he reviewed his own life, "In 1813, if I had had cavalry, I could have reconquered Europe." The Baron cried, "People propose to reduce the cavalry! They think that cavalry are 'played out,' and will in future play a minor part in war. Woe to the nation that follows such conceits! Woe to the sovereigns who adopt such maxims! *To-day, as of old, I say the future of empires is in the future of their cavalry.*" The recent war has vividly shown the truth of this prophecy. The Uhlans have been the eyes and hands of the invading Prussian army—as the prisoner of Wilhelmshoe himself confessed—the Uhlans hung like a veil before the whole Prussian army; masking its operations, and confusing and anticipating the enemy in all directions. Trochu was of the same opinion as MacMahon and D'Azemar. He said: "The difficulties the cavalry had to take their proper part in the Italian Campaign of 1857, gave rise to an opinion that before modern rifles cavalry had become powerless. This is an error which it is important should not gain acceptance. Cavalry is, *par excellence* in war, the insurer of speed, the producer of those great moral effects which paralyse and disorganise, and the results of which are incalculable. And is then the arm which most tends to produce rapidity of execution useless? It is impossible. *On the contrary, the formation of cavalry will increase, but it must be on condition that it at once abandons old beliefs and traditions.*" Trochu's proposed reform was to lighten the cavalry horse's load by putting light men on strong and resisting horses. He insisted on at once throwing away all cavalry helmets and cuirasses. According to French writers on cavalry, one of the great defects of the French cavalry is the saddle. Under the Republic and the Empire the

Hungarian saddle was used, which was very simple, by no means clumsy, and easy to repair. The modern saddle is more elegant than the Hungarian, but it hurts the horses and the men. In the Italian Campaign of 1859 two thousand of the horses were injured by the saddles, and many of the non-commissioned officers had sores on the knees. The French cavalry carbine is also too heavy, and the trooper is allowed to carry too many small articles of use.

It was generally thought, before the advent of the Uhlans, that the lance, which Montecuculi called "the queen of weapons," had become obsolete. In spite of Marshal Saxe having given his own regiment of hussars lances, and the Marshal of Ragusa wishing to arm his second rank of cuirassiers with the lance, Trochu and others condemned its use. No, said these reformers; take away the lances and pull off the cuirasses, put light men on strong horses, and they will crush squares just as well and with less pain and fatigue to the animals. One of the recent battles between France and Prussia proves how powerless the heaviest cuirassiers are against infantry when the men on foot stand firm and shoot calmly and carefully. In the future, if French reformers have their way, hussars and chasseurs will not wear the sabretache, which is a mere vanity and impediment. Chasseurs and hussars will have the same uniform, and with the *éclaireurs* of each infantry regiment there will be a company of light horsemen, mounted on small horses, and carrying the lightest form of carbine.

This disastrous war has shown how fatally true these boders of evil were. For years Trochu strove to show the Government the extent of its danger. He exhausted himself in useless efforts to reach the Imperial ear. Long he tried in vain to convince the authorities of the evils that were daily increasing. He reminded the Emperor how Napoleon himself had said that France in '92 resisted the great Coalition because it had three years to prepare and raise two hundred battalions of National Guards, and after all it was only attacked by 100,000 men. If 800,000 men, said Bonaparte, had marched under the Duke of Brunswick, Paris would have been taken in spite of all the energy and *élan* of the nation. "Rubbish," said the Imperialists. "Trochu forgets that in 1840, when a European war seemed imminent, the French army was reorganised in such a way as to provide 750,000 men at the first trumpet-call." Among these decriers of Trochu and the pessimists, General Changarnier was one of the loudest. He acknowledged the great victories of Prussia over the Austrians, but he said the Prussian army was very young, and was hastily doubled in strength by a reserve suddenly snatched from

sedentary occupations, and which had shown itself unfitted to endure the fatigues of a long war. In a campaign of only some weeks it had covered the roads with laggards and sick. In vain Trochu's friends urged that Prussia, with a population of now more than twenty-nine million souls, could raise an army of 1,500,000 combatants. The answer was still contemptuous, and the result of this contempt was the great break-up, beginning at Worth, and ending who may say where !

WALTER THORNBURY.

MALVINA.

BY H. SUTHERLAND EDWARDS.

CHAPTER XLI.

LETTERS FROM OLD FRIENDS.

IT was ten o'clock before the bills were settled and the letters written and sent off to the two banking-houses.

"You said you had some letters to write, Alfred?" said Malvina. "If so, don't mind me. I am tired, and shall go to bed as soon as I have had some tea. What time do we start to-morrow?"

"Ten, if we go by the lake."

"Oh, no, don't let us go by the lake; it is too cold. Why, we are getting on into October."

"Yes," said Alfred; "we shall be the last visitors in Switzerland. However, there are no more wood-strawberries, and the crystal blocks of ice do not look quite so tempting as they did in August."

"It makes me shiver to look at them," observed Malvina.

"Well, the train starts at one. We will breakfast at ten. I must call on Dr. Bertall to wish him good-bye—I suppose he is still at Lausanne—and then we shall be ready."

"Shall you tell the doctor?"

"Yes, I think I had better. Why not? On Sunday next the banns will be published."

"True! . . . Minna, for the second time—how many times am I to call you?—bring the tea. Now, Alfred, go on with your letters."

Alfred wrote a letter to his father, saying, in answer to Dr. Leighton's renewed inquiries, that he was getting on well, and should soon be home. He mentioned the fact that the Princess Karabassoff had been staying at the same hotel with him for the last three months; that she had been very kind to him; that he found her very much changed, and full of excellent qualities; that he was glad to have had the opportunity of renewing her acquaintance; that he expected to see a great deal more of her; and that he would write again in a few days from Paris.

Two other letters did not require answers, or at least not immediate answers. But although he was not about to reply to either of them, Alfred read them both over again.

One was from Captain Fludyer, informing him that everyone was well at St. Ouen—a matter about which Alfred cared very little—and that a servant from the Augustines' Convent had been inquiring for him many weeks before at the "Hôtel de la Couronne," and, not finding him there, had gone away without leaving any message. He (Fludyer) heard that Mr. Arnold would inherit a large sum of money through the melancholy event which had caused him (Leighton) so much grief. Captain Tremens had had one of his old attacks, and had seen spiders on the wall of his bedroom; Captain Raccroc had gone back to Algeria; Lieutenant Billebande had broken his collarbone; the Rev. Japhet Stickney had preached the Rev. Lackthorpe Roydon out of St. Ouen; and Roydon, while threatening an action for defamation of character, was, for the present, doing duty somewhere in Paris.

Alfred wondered again and again who could have sent to him from the Augustines' Convent, and came to the conclusion that it must have been the Superior.

"She little knew where and how the news would reach me," he said to himself.

The third letter was from Captain Thornton, Sophie's Indian cousin, and must be given in the writer's own words. It was as follows :—

"Madras, August 26th, 1859.

"MY DEAR LEIGHTON,—I delayed answering your letter from day to day, and I have now received one from my uncle which contains the saddest news. You wrote to me that you had seen my cousin, and that you admired her; in fact, you seemed very much struck with her. You must, therefore, have been much grieved to hear of her death, and will, I know, sympathise with us in our affliction. My uncle must be terribly cut up. For myself, I felt nearly heartbroken when the news first reached me, and I still keep asking myself whether my conduct was quite justifiable, and whether I am not partly responsible for what she, poor girl, must have suffered."

"Confound his conduct!" thought Alfred. "Confound his monstrous vanity, above all! Much my poor darling Sophie cared for him!"

"But it is no use regretting the past," the writer continued. "I want to know exactly, if you will kindly ascertain for me in what position my-uncle is left by the death of his daughter. The old boy was not much given to habits of economy, and all that was settled on poor Sophie (20,000*l.*) passes now to her mother's family; and, in fact, comes to me. It is on these occasions that a man feels how little money is really worth! My cousin's life was insured for a certain sum in the Dragon Office, and there would not be the least harm in your calling there to inquire what the amount was. If there is any difficulty, go to my old friend, Mr. Finch, of Holywell Lodge, Walton-on-Thames, who is one of the directors; make use of my name, and if necessary show him this letter. My object in wanting to know the precise sum is, that I may be able to judge whether the poor old boy will have enough to live upon. If not, we must see what can be done for him. I think, considering my relationship and the affection I always entertained for poor Sophie, I ought to take care that he has an annuity of at least three hundred a year. At his age he could buy that for a few thousand pounds; and as I know that an insurance had been effected for *something*, I could easily make up the necessary sum. Perhaps, however, he has borrowed money on the policy, or perhaps his creditors will come down on it. Even then I will do what I can—with due regard, of course, to the interest of my own family.

"We heard about your duel, and talked it over at the mess. I am sorry you did not wing him, but I dare say you did your best. Colonel Cartwright said if it had happened twenty years ago, and he had been there, he would have placed you at fifteen paces, and made you both fire at the same time. I hope you did not suffer much from the wound, and that you have had a jolly time of it ever since.

"I wish now that I had stayed in the 22nd Hussars; but it did not seem prudent when I got married. I found that my wife's money was all tied up in the Three per Cents, and though it seemed a good lump, it only brings in nine hundred a year after all. Besides, it is settled absolutely on my wife and her children—just like my poor aunt's money—so that if anything had happened to her, I might have been left with nothing in the world but my pay. Of course all that I had of my own went long ago. Now, however, my position is quite different, and I shall be able to hold my head up. The wife desires to be particularly remembered. Colonel Cartwright sends kind regards.—Your sincere friend,

"GEORGE THORNTON."

"He was nearly heartbroken when the news first reached him, but he has inherited twenty thousand pounds, and can now hold his head up! That's what it amounts to!" said Alfred to himself, as he put the letter down. "Thank God, he was never my rival for one moment! However, we were very good friends in India, and of course I must do what he asks me about the insurance money."

At first Alfred thought of writing to Mr. Finch; but it is such a trouble to write a letter when a visit will do just as well; and it was quite possible that, asked point-blank for an answer in writing, Mr. Finch, as a prudent man of business, would refuse to give any information whatever in regard to the affairs of his office.

As he was sure to be in England before another three weeks had elapsed, Alfred postponed all inquiries with regard to Mr. Arnold's position until he should be able to make them in person.

When Alfred called on Dr. Bertall to wish him goodbye, and receive his congratulations on the subject of his approaching marriage, Dr. Bertall did congratulate him very warmly, and expressed his admiration of the Princess, who, he said, possessed that distinction which, if not inseparable from high birth, was seldom found without it.

Alfred did not think it necessary to tell the physician who Malvina was by origin; nor did the physician think it necessary to tell Alfred what he had heard a few days previously on the subject of Karabassoff, Malvina's late husband.

The next morning Alfred said goodbye, and made a suitable present to the long-haired, brown-eyed Marie, who looked ominously sad, having already heard from Minna that "M. Alfred" was engaged to be married to the Homburgh cigarette-smoking Princess. Pierre and Minna had taken the luggage to the station. Alfred and Malvina followed them.

CHAPTER XLII.

AT THE OPERA.

THE journey to Paris was marked by no very noteworthy incidents. If he had not been engaged to be married, Alfred felt, when he got to Dijon, that he should have liked to see something of Burgundy; but it had been arranged that they should continue their journey the next morning, and Malvina was evidently in favour of keeping to that arrangement.

At the Hôtel du Rhin he found a letter waiting for him from his agents, enclosing a statement of account. Alfred kept no detailed record of his expenditure. It had often struck him that by doing so he would only be giving himself a great deal of trouble without increasing his resources; that he would, in fact, be doing an accountant's work without receiving an accountant's salary. Perhaps for this reason he was a little surprised when he found that he had only thirteen pounds, six shillings, and eightpence left.

He had been spending a great deal of money since his return from India.

Getting shot by the Count de Villebois had cost him—counting hotel expenses, medical expenses, and loans to Captain Fludyer—about sixty pounds.

Travelling expenses from St. Ouen to Hillsborough, from Hillsborough to Paris, with expenses and loans to Captain Fludyer, had amounted to fifty pounds more.

Then there had been his own and Captain Fludyer's expenses, alone and apart through Switzerland until they reached Ouchy, which another cheque for sixty seemed to have covered.

He had afterwards given Captain Fludyer thirty pounds for himself in acknowledgment of a month's service, besides fifteen pounds to pay his expenses from Ouchy to Hillsborough, and from Hillsborough back to St. Ouen.

Finally, he had spent thirty pounds in taking Malvina about on excursions, and he had paid thirty pounds at the hotel on his own account, and seventy on her account—or he might say, on their joint account.

He had scarcely been living beyond his income. But he had been living close up to it before; and now, in the beginning of October, his agents having already given him credit for his October quarter, he found that he had a balance to draw upon of thirteen pounds, six shillings, and eightpence.

But a man can do a good deal with thirteen pounds, sixteen shillings, and eightpence, especially if he is on the point of marrying a woman with eighty thousand pounds. Fortunately Malvina did not want to be taken much about Paris. She knew Paris by heart, and for the most part liked it. She found the Boulevards interesting, the Champs Elysées delightful, the Bois de Boulogne incomparable. The rest she considered all vanity—except, of course, the Italian Opera, and a few of the theatres.

However, she sent the servants to the Palais Royal, the Louvre, the Pantheon, and the Invalides; and once Pierre and Minna went

to Versailles to see the fountains, and came back with their toes trodden upon. They also visited the Madeleine and the Morgue.

For Malvina, the Champs Elysées and the Bois were about enough; and the carriage in which she took her afternoon drives was furnished by the hotel people and charged in the bill.

Alfred took Malvina once to dine at the Café Anglais, when they were going to the theatre, and did not want to return beforehand to the hotel; and once she took him to the gardens at Sceaux, called "Robinson," where they dined up a tree.

Here Malvina was quite at home. The atmosphere of the place seemed to suit her. A party of students and studentesses were dining at the table set among the lower branches, and perhaps their gaiety was infectious. On that occasion Malvina reminded Alfred a good deal that day of the Malvina he had known seven or eight years before at Hillsborough.

The evening before the day fixed for the marriage, the first representation for the season at the Théâtre des Italiens was to take place. "Don Pasquale" was the opera announced; and Grisi, Mario, Ronconi, and Lablache were the singers; so Alfred, having still a good deal of his thirteen pounds, six shillings, and eightpence left, took a box.

"'Don Pasquale?'" exclaimed Malvina, when she heard what he had done. "The very opera of all others that I should like to see."

She burst out laughing.

"The music is charming," she added; "but it is, of course, the piece that I am thinking of."

"The piece is not worthy of the music, in my opinion," said Alfred. "But, taking it altogether, it is a delightful opera."

Malvina expressed her assent; and in the evening they arrived at the Salle Ventadour in time to hear *Dulcamara* sing "Bella siccome un angelo."

Malvina, however, did not take much interest in the performance until *Norina* came on. She smiled her approval of *Norina's* sentiments on the subject of youth and beauty, and the charm which properly brought to bear, they cannot fail to exercise upon the heart of man; but this was nothing to the pleasure she seemed to experience when *Norina* reappeared in the simple, modest garb of a convent pupil.

At one time Malvina was obliged to hold her handkerchief to her mouth to check her laughter.

"If she had only a green sash to tie round her white dress," she said to herself, "it would be perfect."

She looked at Alfred, and was pleased to see that there was not the least chance of his taking the same view of the performance which had presented itself to her.

"Perhaps it is as well, even now, that he should not," she said to herself.

What a treasure the poor deluded *Pasquale* thought he had discovered! And Malvina reflected that it was all possible and natural; and not merely natural, but typical.

When at last the marriage contract had been signed, and *Norina* threw off the mask, Malvina's delight knew no bounds.

"I never saw a woman enjoy a theatrical performance so much before," thought Alfred. And indeed, when *Norina* upset the furniture, made an appointment with her lover, and finally boxed her husband's ears, Malvina entered fully into the spirit of the situation, and laughed outright."

"Malvina!" said Alfred, in a tone of gentle remonstrance.

She looked him in the face, and for just one moment continued to laugh. Then she said, "It does amuse me so much, Alfred," and was silent.

It is not usual for ladies to laugh out loud at the Théâtre des Italiens; so Alfred felt a little annoyed, and showed it.

But it mattered very little to Malvina now whether he was annoyed or not. *Norina* was about to sing her final words, it was past eleven o'clock, and at eleven o'clock the next morning the Princess Karabassoff was to become Mrs. Leighton.

CHAPTER XLIII.

MARRIAGE AND REVENGE.

THERE were no settlements to sign. Malvina's money was already settled on herself. Alfred now only possessed a hundred and twenty francs, of which he proposed to give a hundred to the officiating clergyman.

The officiating clergyman was the Rev. Luckthorpe Roydon, the same who had administered two black eyes to the Rev. Japhet Stickney at St. Ouen. He remembered having seen Alfred at St. Ouen, knew all the particulars of his duel, gave him news of Captain Fludyer, and told him that Mr. Arnold had come into a quantity of money "through the death of that charming young lady," and that he had been going about Europe of late with his friend, Dr. Rowden, "playing the very deuce."

"A nice set of friends you seem to have had!" said Malvina. "I hope you will drop them, now you are married."

This aspiration was expressed in the vestry while the Rev. Luckthorpe Roydon was giving some instructions to his clerk; but before Alfred could say anything to Malvina in reply, Mr. Roydon had again joined them. Malvina asked him to breakfast, and Alfred, who for a moment had felt irritated, thought, since he had not answered it at the moment, that he would now let her uncalled-for observation pass.

The Rev. Luckthorpe Roydon enjoyed the breakfast, which, beginning soon after two, was prolonged until five. The coffee was served, and by an ingenious use of liqueurs the entertainment was kept up until about six, at which hour the Rev. Luckthorpe Roydon and a friend from St. Ouen, whom he had brought with him, rose and took their departure.

"You had better have the bill up and settle it," said Malvina to Alfred, as soon as the visitors had gone. "I suppose you have not any money?"

"Yes," said Alfred, jocularly; "I have twenty francs. But I will draw a cheque on your bankers. We shall want money for the journey, too."

"Whatever you do, pray don't bother me about every trifle that occurs."

"You are using very curious language, Malvina. I don't know whether you are aware of it?"

"Well, I can't pay the bills with the cheques; find the money, and do everything," she answered. "Now I am going to change my clothes; and mind we must be at the station before eight, and it will take us more than half an hour to get there."

"I must have an explanation with her," said Alfred to himself. "This will never do."

Malvina had paid the bill for the first fortnight herself. There was still an account for the last four or five days to settle; and altogether Alfred found that he would want about forty pounds to clear accounts at the hotel, and to pay the travelling expenses of himself, Malvina, and the two servants from Paris to London, and from London to Hillsborough.

The hotel-keeper got him change for a forty-pound cheque. The bill was paid, and at half-past six o'clock Malvina, got up in the fastest travelling costume Alfred had ever seen, was ready to drive to the railway. They took Minna with them to the station. Pièrre had gone on before with the luggage.

Alfred wanted to have a good talk with Malvina, and gave the guard five francs to put them in a *coupé* by themselves. How the notion amused Malvina.

CHAPTER XLIV.

THE PRINCESS UNMASKS.

ONCE seated in the railway carriage, Malvina heaved a deep sigh as of relief. Her eyes sparkled; she took a cigarette case and a small box of lucifers from the pocket of her dress, lighted a *papiross*, and began to smoke.

"Malvina, my love!" exclaimed the astonished Alfred, "I thought you had given up that bad habit long ago."

"Give it up! Why I have had it since I was a girl at school. Who ever gives up a habit, especially if it is a bad one?"

She had inhaled the smoke and now blew it out through her nose, from which it issued in two rushing streams, like water from the nostrils of a sea-horse.

"My God, Malvina!" exclaimed Alfred.

"Swearing, Alfred? You are beginning rather early!"

"I didn't swear; but I shall before long, if you don't stop smoking."

"Pray go on. Don't mind me. Never inconvenience yourself on my account."

"Malvina!"

"What *is* the use of repeating my name in that absurd manner? I know it well enough!"

"Pray remember that you bear mine as well."

"Yes! Much good that will do me! From 'Princess' to become plain 'Missis.' If it were 'Baroness' it would be bad enough; but fancy 'Missis!' Ha, ha! Why even your aunt is the wife of a baronet! However, I have made it all right on the cards."

"Made it all right on the cards. What do you mean?"

"I mean that I have put on mine, 'Formerly Princess Karabassoff.'"

"You surely have done nothing so monstrous! It is like 'afterwards Columbine' in the play-bills."

"Perhaps when I am married a third time I shall become columbine. I shouldn't be surprised now if I ended by marrying a clown."

"This is intolerable."

"You will have to bear it, my dear sir. The fatal knot has been adjusted, and the unfortunate man launched into matrimony."

"'Formerly Princess Karabassoff,' indeed! You were not Princess Karabassoff when I first knew you!"

"No; I was Malvina Gribble, daughter of a country linendraper, and you were my father's apprentice."

"I was nothing of the kind!"

"You were! You were such a dunce that you couldn't pass your examination, so they sent you to my father's shop, as if it were some asylum for idiots."

"I was never your father's apprentice!"

"You were; only as a matter of kindness no premium was taken. Your father could not afford it. Gibbs's father paid his; and yet you thought yourself a better man than Gibbs. Why Gibbs was worth ten of you, and is now."

"Malvina, I did not expect this!"

"Expect it! Of course you didn't! Otherwise you wouldn't have been such a fool as to marry me. But you will not run away to India now!"

"Run away to India. If you are thinking of seven years ago, you know perfectly well that at that time I was obliged to go out to India."

"No hypocrisy! It is too late. You made love to me for your amusement then, make love to me for your amusement now. Call me your sweet child, your dear little girl, your darling angel, your eternal pet. You see how well I remember those names. There would be no harm in it now * * * You won't leave me now, Alfred, will you?" she added, relapsing into her Ouchy tone of tender sentiment. "You won't desert me now and go away to India?"

"I find that I have married a sort of devil," said Alfred, speaking aloud to himself.

"Yes," said Malvina; "a devil of your own making!"

Alfred saw no help for it but to remain silent, and Malvina continued to make Alfred to fume until they got to Calais.

On the boat Malvina made the acquaintance of an English officer, who was returning from India. It was a moonlight night, and she walked up and down the deck with him, talking and smoking cigarettes, until they reached Dover. Then she introduced her newly-made friend to her husband, saying that Alfred had also been out in India, and that he was very anxious to go back, but uncertain whether he could manage it.

Alfred found himself placed in a ridiculous position, but the officer was not to blame, and there was nothing to be done.

At Dover Malvina expressed her regret to the officer that she was not going with him as far as London, and wished him good night and shook him warmly and affectionately by the hand; Alfred looking on, and naturally looking foolish, the whole time.

The officer—a highly respectable married man when he was at home—went away much gratified, saying to himself that he had made a conquest, and that India had not aged him so much after all.

Malvina and her husband then walked over to the “Lord Warden.”

“A room, ma’am?” inquired the porter.

“Half-a-dozen rooms!” said Malvina. “A bed-room and dressing-room for myself, a bed-room for this gentleman, a sitting-room, and two servants’ rooms.”

“Very good, my lady.”

“If I were you, Alfred, I should get rid of Pièrre,” said Malvina, as the servants carried the luggage upstairs. “He will cost you more money than you can afford, and you might just as well brush your clothes yourself.”

“I shall not get rid of Pièrre alone,” said Alfred.

“Indeed! Well I must have some tea sent up to my room now, and go to bed. I should advise you to take a glass of pale ale in the coffee-room. We breakfast to-morrow morning at eleven, mind. The hotel-keeper will tell you the number of the room.”

“Eleven is far too late. We must go to London by an early train.”

“On the contrary, I shall remain here for a week if I like the place. To-morrow I must see whether Major Crayford is at Dover. I rather think his regiment is in garrison at the castle. If so it will be rather fun.”

“Damn Major Crayford!” cried Alfred.

“You are swearing now, Alfred,” said Malvina, reprovingly. “It’s time you certainly used an oath. After that I shall go to bed. Good night.”

Alfred made no reply, but went off to his own room.

“She accuses me of having made her what she is,” he said to himself. “I wonder what she would end by making me. But it shan’t last.”

CHAPTER XLV.

ALFRED CONSULTS A LAWYER ; MALVINA CONSULTS HER GLASS.

ALFRED began by doing very much what his wife was doing at the same moment ; he lighted a cigar, and walked up and down the coffee-room smoking furiously.

The sea, just outside the windows, howled and yelled. Alfred did neither. He called the waiter, and asked him for the address of a respectable solicitor.

The waiter, unwilling perhaps to criminate himself, made no reply, but went to the other end of the room, and returned with a local directory.

However, there was no divorce court at Dover, and after taking down two or three addresses Alfred said to himself the business he would now certainly have to transact with the lawyers might at least be postponed until after sunrise. So, after telling the waiter to call him at half-past seven, he went, provisionally, to bed ; philosophising as he lay between the sheets on the new situation which he had made for himself, and puzzling himself as to its true significance.

He could not reproach himself with any one particular act since he had renewed his acquaintance with Malvina at Ouchy. On the contrary, he had behaved very conscientiously towards her, and, as he himself believed, with an admirable combination of delicacy and candour. He had made all the amends to her in his power for his conduct in other days, and had done so without repudiating or concealing, though at the same time without proclaiming, the love he must always cherish for the memory of Sophie.

But he had arrived at that stage of life at which a man sometimes gets punished, not for an isolated act, but for a series of connected acts extending over a term of years ; punished, generally, for faults of temperament and character, exhibiting themselves in deeds. Such punishments are not just or unjust. They are inevitable.

He had been unfaithful to his first long-continued impressions of Malvina, and he had not been perfectly faithful to his first never-to-be-effaced impressions of Sophie. If he had left Malvina alone when he met her the first time, or if he had hardened his heart against her on renewing her acquaintance, this misery would equally have been spared him.

But he would not condescend even to think reproachfully of Malvina. She was beneath that. He only reproached himself ; and he cursed his weakness, his folly, to some extent his vanity, for

having allowed himself to be deceived by the little serpent against whose fascinations his own instincts had warned him when he saw her for the first time in all her youthful brilliancy.

He reflected bitterly that the very grief he had suffered from the loss of Sophie had laid his heart open to the little reptile's attacks ; and he could not forgive himself the melancholy pleasure he had taken in fancying from time to time that he saw in the doubly disguised Malvina some semblance of his divine Sophie.

He ended by deciding that he was being punished for uncertainty, fickleness of purpose, irresolution. He should have known that the Malvina Gribble, who, as a young girl, had deliberately compromised herself in order to excite his pity, would, the opportunity presenting itself, be capable of doing the same thing again in a different way ; and that she would strive all the more earnestly to be successful from the fact of having failed, to her own infinite mortification and disgrace, in her first attempt. It was clear, moreover—at least it became clear to him now that he thought of it—that he had made a mistake in supposing that he could hold the official position of husband in regard to Malvina while he was wedded indissolubly by the heart to the image and recollection of Sophie.

If in this respect he had once more behaved thoughtlessly to Malvina, he was, on reflection, very glad of it. He, at least, had not committed the indignity of placing the living Malvina on an equality with the dead Sophie. But why had he not said to himself that the sort of condescension which he had practised towards Malvina was not likely to be appreciated, or rather was likely to be appreciated at its just value? To give her to understand that he was willing to marry her but could not love her was far worse than telling her in all sincerity that he loved her, while refusing to consider the marriage question at all.

Feebleness, cross purposes, confusion of ideas, had brought him to the inextricable position in which he now found himself ; and that position was the immediate result of his weak endeavour to "make amends" to Malvina—as if there were not some things in life for which amends cannot be made, and had better, therefore, not be offered. Nevertheless, what he chiefly reproached himself with was infidelity towards the memory of Sophie ; and it now seemed to him that the mere happiness of Malvina, even if he could have secured it, was not an object to which the shadow of a sentiment instinct of Sophie ought to have been sacrificed.

Of the ignoble insults which might yet be in store for him he did

not think, because he had resolved to put an end to his eighteen hours' marriage (it was now five in the morning) as promptly as might be possible. He wished it were light, for he could not sleep, and he longed for a solicitor as a man with a raging toothache longs for the dentist.

I suppose it must sometimes happen to solicitors to be knocked up in the middle of the night to make a will. But they perhaps do not like being disturbed at eight o'clock on a cold autumn morning to be consulted on an ordinary question of law. At all events, Mr. Sheddle (Sharp, Sheddle and Co.) didn't; and he afterwards was by no means conciliating nor prepossessing when, at about ten minutes past eight, he came down stairs, and completing his hastily-made toilette by tying his cravat, asked Alfred rather abruptly what had brought him so early to the office.

Alfred said that he had merely called to consult him on a certain matter; to which Mr. Sheddle replied that his hours were from ten to four. Alfred observed that he knew Mr. Sheddle's time was valuable, but added that he would only detain him a few minutes, and that first of all he must beg Mr. Sheddle to accept a guinea by way of fee.

"Now then, sir," said Mr. Sheddle, after pocketing the coin, "what can I do to serve you? Make you a bankrupt? Get you on to the Calais boat without being arrested—or what?"

Alfred said he was in no need of any such services.

"Oh, I see. You have just come from the other side of the water."

He looked at his client for a moment, and said to himself,

"Idle man, well-dressed, rather good-looking, distangay air. It's a woman."

Then to Alfred—

"Rather a delicate business, I presume, sir?"

"Exactly so."

"A lady in the case?" Then to himself,

"He's run away with another man's wife, and the husband is after him."

Alfred said there was, as Mr. Sheddle had surmised, a lady in the case, and that the case was, he thought, rather an extraordinary one.

"No, sir," said Mr. Sheddle, sententiously, "there are no extraordinary cases here. We have them of all kinds. They seem extraordinary to people outside, but in this office nothing is extraordinary. Speak on, sir."

Alfred said it was about a divorce case.

"Yes," answered Mr. Sheddle, in a tone of voice which plainly said, "I knew that already."

"And," added Alfred, "I don't see how it is to be procured."

"Leave that to him, sir," replied Mr. Sheddle, with a cynical grin. "You've done your part of the business, let him do his."

"You don't understand me," said Alfred. "Indeed I have not yet told you any of the facts. However, I was married yesterday in Paris, and came on to Dover by the night train. When I arrived here I had already had a very serious quarrel with my wife—a quarrel which cannot be made up. I parted from her on landing, or rather she left me, and I shall never occupy the same room with her as long as I live."

"You'd found out something against her, I suppose?"

"Nothing."

"Then she'd found out something against you?"

"Nothing on either side."

"And you'd only been married that day? You must have nice tempers, both of you?"

"My temper is excellent," remarked Alfred. "Hers is not so good. But she did not lose her temper. She provoked and insulted me."

"Oh, if I were you I should make it up," advised the solicitor. "I thought there was a case, but there's no case; and it does seem a pity to go at it like that the very first day."

"Impossible! I have made up my mind."

"Well, but what's to be done? You have nothing against her; she's nothing against you. She didn't hit you, I suppose? If she did you couldn't apply for a dissolution of marriage on the ground of cruelty."

"No, she didn't hit me. But she changed her demeanour towards me directly we were married. I couldn't tell you everything, but I can tell you all you like to ask me."

"Why you hadn't your eyes off her until you both reached Dover; you told me that. And at Dover you parted company. You didn't leave her, she left you?"

"Exactly."

"Well, my dear sir, you had a right to follow her."

"Thank you!" exclaimed Alfred.

"Or to call upon her to follow you. If she refuses your offer of bed and board, you are not answerable for her debts."

"She has no debts; she is very rich."

"Money settled on herself? Never mind, you can take her

dividends, rents, interest, whatever it is, directly it becomes due. Do that, and you will soon make her return to good behaviour."

"I should not like to do that. Besides, my object is not to live with her on any terms ; it is to get rid of her."

"Shall I put some one on to her?"

"What do you mean?"

"Put some one to follow her, watch her wherever she goes, intercept her letters ; in fact, find her out, if there is anything to find out?"

"Certainly not ! What a horrible idea !"

"If you were to give her cause yourself."

"No, no. And she would not take action even if I did. She wishes to live with me that she may irritate and annoy me."

"What a strange idea ! * * * Well, my dear sir, I have told you all you can do. If you won't try to catch her in the wrong, and if you won't put yourself in the wrong, why you must both remain in the right. There is no help for it."

This sad view of the case was indeed the only one that could well be taken.

Alfred thanked Mr. Sheddle for enlightening him as to his exact position, and Mr. Sheddle begged Alfred to call again if he had any fresh facts to communicate, or if he resolved on any definite course of action with a view to a divorce.

"It is not a good case as it stands," said Mr. Sheddle ; "but we could nurse it, and there is no knowing what might come out of it. I have seen quite as unpromising a case as yours end in a rule *nisi*, without much trouble to any one concerned."

Alfred went back to the hotel, had a bath, then took a long walk, and returning again to the hotel found that Malvina had sent twice to the coffee-room to say that she was waiting breakfast.

"At what number is Mrs. Leighton?" asked Alfred.

"Number eleven," said the waiter.

Alfred went upstairs to the first-floor, and there found Malvina, looking as fresh as the dawn, and almost as rosy. Her make-up consisted of a peignoir of pink Japanese silk, fastened round the waist with a sash of the same material, a plain white collar, hair rolled back negligently (with a negligence that had been studied), a smiling face, and a gracious manner.

But Alfred was more than proof against her charms.

"You sent down stairs for me," he said. "Whatever it is you want tell me quickly, for I will not remain in the same room with you."

"Alfred!" she answered, "how can you speak to me in such a manner! Sit down and take your breakfast. I did not think your ill-temper would last until this morning. What has annoyed you so much? You are not ill again, I hope."

"No more of this comedy, Malvina!" cried Alfred. "I am irritated and disgusted at your odious conduct."

"Now, Alfred, think of what you are saying! Any one would imagine that I had been in fault. Just tell me what I did! Did I say anything to you when you swore so dreadfully?"

"I swore," said Alfred, "at some man you wanted to bring here to breakfast—Major Crayfoot, or some such humbug."

"Oh, Alfred," said Malvina, laughing. "Why not call him Club-foot, while you are about it? Poor old Major Crayford is sixty, if he is a day. I had no idea you could be so absurdly jealous."

"Jealous be ——"

"Now don't swear, Alfred. That is the very thing I can't put up with. Let me give you some tea."

"Thank you! I had a glass of pale ale last night in the coffee room."

"Nonsense, Alfred! How can you remember such things? Only think how you provoked me with your horrible oaths. Just tell me now what you have to complain of?"

"I only wonder at your shamelessness in asking such questions. Have you forgotten your tobacco-smoking, your taunts, your insults, your cynical avowal of the reasons which induced you to become my wife?"

"I admit the smoking, Alfred; and I not only apologise, but I will promise, if you wish, never to smoke again."

"You may do as you please about that," said Alfred.

"So I will; and since it annoys you I will give up smoking altogether. Now as to the question of vengeance; might I not love you very much, and wish very much to be revenged on you at the same time?"

"I don't know, the question does not interest me."

"Ah, you are an ungrateful man, Alfred."

"Ungrateful! What for?"

"After all I have done for you and all I meant to do, if you only behaved yourself!"

"You mean, I suppose, that you have opened an account for me at your bankers. Close it! I shall not draw upon it any more!"

"I will write to my bankers to that effect this very morning."

Malvina rang the bell, and ordered writing materials.

"There is still time, if you choose to make it up," she said, with the paper before her, and the pen ready inked to apply to it. "You took coffee yesterday, which never agrees with you, and drank two glasses of *chartreuse* afterwards. No wonder you were ill-tempered in the train."

"Shall you be ready to leave at one o'clock?" was Alfred's only reply.

"I shall be ready if you wish to go to London at that time; but the letter will have been sent off by then."

Without answering Malvina's threat, Alfred went down stairs and despatched a telegram to his agents requesting them to recall his letter of resignation, or, if that was impossible, to make their best endeavours to counteract its effects.

CHAPTER XLVI.

ON THE TRACK OF A GREAT DISCOVERY.

ALFRED and Malvina travelled together as pleasantly as was possible for two persons, occupying the nominal position of husband and wife, who were not on speaking terms. It was at least better than the journey from Paris to Calais, during which a great deal of speaking had been done on both sides.

"I don't think I shall go to Hillsborough just yet," said Malvina, when they had already passed New Cross, and were about to arrive at the end of their journey. "What a place this London is! The London smoke and your temper are really the two most intolerable things I know."

Alfred made no reply.

"Well, Alfred, sulk as much as you like—you have sulked all the way from Dover here—but think what hotel we are to stay at." They were now at Charing Cross.

"I *must* remain in London a few days," she said.

"So must I," answered Alfred. "The nearest hotel will do as well as any other. Let us go in here."

They entered the Charing Cross Hotel, and made the same arrangement as at Dover in regard to rooms. Then, without speaking a word to Malvina, Alfred paid a visit to his agents, and found that his resignation had been duly forwarded. He at once wrote a letter to Sir Edward Leighton and another to his father, saying what he had done, but without explaining the circumstances,

and begging them to do all in their power to get his resignation withdrawn or set aside.

Then he went to the Insurance Office, where he found it impossible to get any information about Mr. Arnold's affairs. In the first place the secretary was absent, and the gentleman who was replacing him had not the honour of knowing Mr. Leighton. Alfred said that he made his inquiries at the request of Mr. Arnold's nephew; but it seemed that many other persons had been asking questions about Mr. Arnold, whereas the office had nothing more to do with him, knew nothing about him, and could answer no questions.

Alfred had brought with him the letter so queerly spelt, which had been addressed to Mr. Arnold at Lucerne—the letter from "Mary Dollamore"—in which the writer spoke of poor Sophie as her niece, though it was impossible she could in reality be Sophie's aunt. No one known could tell him Mr. Arnold's address. It was thought he had gone abroad. It was rumoured that he had left Europe. In any case his address was not known at the Dragon Insurance Office.

Alfred saw that the only thing left for him to do was to call on Mr. Holywell at Walton-on-Thames. He drove to the Waterloo Station, found a train just starting, and about half an hour afterwards had reached Walton.

Mr. Finch being afflicted, like many other suburban residents, with a mania for withholding his full address, Alfred had at first some difficulty in ascertaining where "Holywell Lodge, Walton-on-Thames," really was. Mr. Finch himself, however, knew perfectly well where he lived, so did most of his friends; and for the public at large "Holywell Lodge, Walton-on-Thames," was sufficient, and had a much finer effect on a card than the same address with ignoble details as to the name of the road and the number of the house superadded.

After asking half-a-dozen persons the way to Holywell Lodge, and obtaining no satisfactory information in reply, Alfred turned at random into the first publichouse he came to, and asked whether Mr. Finch of Holywell Lodge got his beer there.

Mr. Finch apparently got a great deal of beer there, for the publican took the trouble to send his pot-boy with Alfred to point out Mr. Finch's place of residence.

"Jest at the bottom of the road," the publican had said, "you'll see a lot o' houses enclosed in gardens—gentlemen's houses; houses at about a hundred and fifty pounds a year. Mr. Finch lives in the second on 'em, number fourteen. But the lad 'll show yer."

Alfred took out a card, wrote "From Captain Thornton, Madras," at the top, and sent it in to Mr. Finch.

Mr. Finch, as the publican had surmised, paid one hundred and fifty pounds a year for his house, which, to any one who knew Mr. Finch's arithmetical principles, proved that Mr. Finch had a clear income of fifteen hundred a year.

Mrs. Finch was allowed five hundred and fifty pounds a year for household expenses. Not so much because Mrs. Finch required that sum, or more than that sum, or less than that sum, as because five hundred and fifty pounds a year for household expenses, fifty pounds a year for rates and taxes, and one hundred and fifty pounds a year for rent, represented altogether one-half of Mr. Finch's income.

Mr. Finch kept a sort of carriage, called vaguely a "trap," which served to take him to and from the station, where he was well known—if Alfred had only thought of asking for him there. Indeed he had never once missed the quarter-past nine up train, nor the half-past four down train, for the last seventeen years; except, of course, Sundays and during his holiday month in the autumn. He had a gardener, whose wages were classed with those of the coachman, and put down to the out-door account; and a groom, who, by reason of his waiting at table from time to time in the disguise of a butler, was charged one-third to "Household Expenses" and two-thirds to "Garden and Stables."

The out-door account, reckoning Mr. Finch's annual railway ticket and cabs to and from the Waterloo Station and the City, came to two hundred and fifty pounds a year. Out of the remaining five hundred, two hundred was devoted to the payment of insurance premiums, forty to Mr. Finch's dress, one hundred and ten to the costume of Mrs. Finch and the two Miss Finches (or "the Misses Finch," as they with greater correctness styled themselves), fifty to "lunch in the City," and one hundred to "medical expenses, change of air, amusements and reserve fund."

Mr. Finch rather prided himself on the ingenuity shown in the contrivance of this last item, the only elastic one in the whole budget. If there had been no illness in the family they could go to Paris, the Rhine, wherever the greater part of a hundred pounds (for something *must* be reserved) would take them and bring them back. If money had been spent on medical attendance, they would perhaps have to content themselves with a run down to Brighton.

As for amusements, Mr. Finch did not care very much about them. It was quite amusement enough for him to go to the City regularly

every day. Now and then, when they could afford it, Mrs. Finch and her two daughters would go to the theatre, and come back by the late train. But Mr. Finch on these occasions stayed at home and went over his accounts, or made entries in his diary (he kept a diary), or had a good snooze on the sofa.

Comfort was his great divinity, and he was content with such gentle emotions as comfort could give him. Perhaps if he had possessed five hundred a year more he would have advanced as far as luxury. But art, which brightens the existence of so many who scarcely know where to dine, had never had any meaning for him; and all that interested him in the study of politics, which no Englishman can wholly escape, were such vestryman's questions as whether the Government would or would not get a majority on the Turnpike Bill, or whether Jenkins would be returned for Mudport in place of some other Liberal equally confident and equally uninformed.

Mr. Finch was a very good fellow all the same; but if no one has a right to blame him, every one has a right to describe his method of life, which was in many respects that of a savage reduced to a state of comfort. It was about five o'clock when Alfred called; and Mr. Finch received him with a hearty welcome when he found that he came on the part of Captain Thornton.

"Captain Thornton?" he said. "Let me see."

He went to a book-case, and brought out a memorandum-book—a sort of appendix to his diary.

"Sailed for India, as cornet in the 22nd Hussars, March 6th, 1847. Yes. How is he?"

"He was quite well when I saw him, seven or eight months ago, at Madras, and I had a letter from him the other day. I believe he was in good health when he wrote."

"He got married lately?"

"Yes; he married Mrs. Watkins, a widow."

"Married May 10th, 1869," said Mr. Finch, referring to his memorandum-book, "Mary, widow of Colonel Watkins, of the Bengal Artillery."

"I believe she had a large fortune?" remarked Alfred.

"Thirty thousand pounds," continued Mr. Finch. "All in the Three per Cents, and settled on herself. I know the trustees. I have their names here somewhere."

He turned over a few pages, then stopped, and read aloud.

"Thompson, of Thompson, Williams and Co., Bedford Row, and the Rev. John Watkins, of Halston-on-the-Heath."

"He thinks of coming home," said Alfred.

"Yes; he has inherited a lot of money besides. Let us see. I will give you the particulars."

He referred to his book again, as if unable to trust solely to his memory.

"Twenty thousand pounds in funds, shares, and other securities. And it goes to him absolutely. He can do what he likes with it. Make ducks and drakes of it, if he pleases."

It was evidently to that eccentric purpose that Mr. Finch thought the money would be turned.

"He inherits it under very painful circumstances," observed Alfred.

"Painful? I should think so. Very painful to us! He gets it from his cousin, a young lady to whom he was engaged to be married."

"Never!" exclaimed Alfred, the colour mounting to his cheeks.

"Never? What do you mean, sir?" answered Mr. Finch, very much astonished, and a little hurt at his exactitude being called in question. "I have it in my book."

He searched for a few moments, and on finding the looked-for entry, said to Alfred,—

"Now, sir, this is, so to say, official."

He read aloud as follows:—

"‘Sophie, daughter of Richard Redgreave Arnold, Esq., died June 30th, 1869.’"

"At Lucerne," interrupted Alfred, hastily. He was anxious to hear no more on this subject.

"Ah, then you know? But listen. ‘Only child. Formerly engaged to her cousin, Captain Thornton, who inherits £20,000 by her death.’ I had that from her father’s own mouth."

"Well, I will not discuss the point," said Alfred, who, Mr. Finch observed, had turned very pale. "And now you have mentioned the father, I wanted particularly to ask you something about him. You will see by Captain Thornton’s letter that I am commissioned to do so—in fact, that I do so by his desire and in his name."

Alfred showed Thornton’s letter.

"Well," said Mr. Finch, when he had read the passage to which Alfred pointed, "Captain Thornton need not give himself any trouble about Mr. Arnold. Mr. Arnold has left himself very well off indeed. Mr. Arnold has made a good thing of it. Mr. Arnold has taken fifteen thousand pounds—yes, sir, fifteen thousand pounds!—from the office in which his daughter’s life was insured. I am one of the directors, and I tell you—fifteen thousand pounds!"

Mr. Finch spoke as though the mere acceptance of such a sum from an office with which he was connected was a crime in itself.

"Poor Sophie!" thought Alfred. "So her death enriches her father, who will easily be consoled, and her cousin, who scarcely needed consolation! It gave me eighty thousand, too, for a few hours. However, there is fortunately an end to that."

He felt a bitter satisfaction in reflecting that he, at least, had never ceased to grieve for Sophie; and that, instead of profiting by her death, it had now so happened that he was completely ruined by it.

"You will do me the pleasure of dining here, Mr. Leighton, will you not? You must, really! You have come so far, and it is just dinner-time, and I want to ask you so many things about Thornton."

Alfred began to excuse himself on account of his dress; but Mr. Finch justly observed that that was all nonsense, and it was arranged that he should stay.

If Alfred had wished to get away, he might easily have done so on the plea that he had only been married the day before, and that his wife was perhaps waiting dinner for him at the Charing Cross Hotel. But he resorted to no such subterfuge.

Alfred was now introduced to Mrs. Finch and her two daughters, neither of whom pleased him. They on their side came to the conclusion that their visitor was an uninteresting and slightly conceited young man, with nothing whatever to say for himself.

The dinner did not last too long, and as soon as he was left alone with Mr. Finch, Alfred said that he was very anxious indeed to find out Mr. Arnold's address.

"He does not owe you any money, I hope?" asked Mr. Finch.

"No, no."

"Because I don't think you'll get it. He is rolling in wealth just now; but they say he is the sort of fellow who never pays any one. However, I will look for his address. I am not at all sure that I have it."

He went into the adjoining room, and brought back with him one of the memorandum-books.

"'Richard Redgreave Arnold, Morley's Hotel,' " he read, "'applied September 30th for insurance money. Certificate of death produced. Signed, Berthold Rieger, M.D.; Robert Rowden, M.D. Identity sworn to by Robert Rowden, M.D. Confirmatory evidence from medical officer who had seen the life in very weak condition four weeks before death. Proofs admitted.' "

"But he has left Morley's Hotel," said Alfred; "for I heard of his being abroad."

"Oh, I dare say gone away—gone to the devil! He has got all he can out of us, and we shall never hear of him again."

"You did not know Miss Arnold?" suggested Alfred.

"No; not I. I had scarcely ever heard of her. Never paid any attention to the case until the father came down upon us for the money. Very queer customer *he* seems to be. Just fancy! He wanted permission to take her out of Europe. The medical officer gave him permission to take her to Egypt. Recommended him to take her. Said it was the only thing that could possibly prolong her life. Instead of that he hurries her off to a cold mountainous country, where, of course, she dies, and comes upon us for fifteen thousand pounds. I should have let him bring his action. Half these cases, sir, won't bear the light of day. How many houses are insured only that they may be burned down; and do you think no lives are insured with a similar object? When I go down to the Board and say 'another case of incendiarism,' or 'another case of wilful murder,' they all begin to laugh. But I know who's right!"

"Mr. Arnold," said Alfred, "seemed to me a very selfish, heartless man; but he was not guilty of the unnatural cruelty of which you accuse him. Switzerland, in the month of June, is anything but a cold country; and he meant to take Miss Arnold to Egypt in the autumn."

"Well, that may be true enough. I look at the case, however, not as a father of a family, but as the director of an insurance company, and I simply say to myself, 'Had he a greater pecuniary interest in the life or in the death of the party?' That is what it comes to. Besides, there is another point. The proofs of identity were not worth twopence. No office but ours would ever have accepted them."

Alfred drew his breath and shivered all over at this suggestion.

"What's the matter, Mr. Leighton? You look quite ill."

"I have travelled a great deal lately," said Alfred, "and I have only just recovered from a serious illness. But I was going to say that I was at Lucerne soon after Miss Arnold died. I saw her grave. I saw it twice."

"Poor young man!" thought Mr. Finch. "He saw it twice! Then he returned to it."

"I am sorry if I have pained you," he said. Then, unable to give up his crotchet, he added: "Of course, Mr. Leighton, in these affairs some one dies and some one is buried. Even that does not

always happen ; but I believe it did in this case, for the death was registered, and Dr. Rieger's certificate was not forged. We sent a man over to see him."

"I saw him myself," said Alfred.

"But you did not see the Life—the patient, I mean?"

"No."

"I was sure of it?"

"The last time I saw Miss Arnold was on the 23rd of May."

"Twenty-third of May? Five weeks before her death! She was already dangerously ill then?"

"She was as well as either of your daughters."

"I knew it!"

"My God! knew what?" cried Alfred.

"I cannot pursue the subject, Mr. Leighton, if you grow so excited. But tell me frankly—it is better you should do so—had you no doubts yourself?"

"Unhappily, none—none whatever!" Alfred replied. He was indeed afraid to admit to himself the faintest possibility of a doubt.

"But why were you so extremely anxious for Mr. Arnold's address? You say you have no regard for him?"

"I merely wished to forward him a letter which arrived at Lucerne after he had gone, and fell accidentally into my hands. I went with it to the Dragon Office to-day, but they would not take charge of it."

"They never do anything at that office that they ought to do. And you think it is an important letter? It ought to have been impounded, and the whole case brought to trial!"

"I do not believe it is important. It is from an aunt of poor Miss Arnold's."

"An aunt? Why, Mrs. Thornton is dead! Just let me show you."

He went into the next room for his memorandum-book, brought it back with him, and found under the name of Thornton the following entry:—"Anne Thornton, widow of Joseph Thornton, Esq., of Harrowby House, near Halifax, died April 3rd, 1845."

"Arnold was an only son," continued Mr. Finch. "We know all about *him*; and his wife Amy—I will find her in the book, if you like."

"No, no," pleaded Alfred.

"Died sixteen or eighteen years ago. I had better look her out."

"I *know* that she is dead," said Alfred, imploringly.

"Then where is your aunt?" asked Mr. Finch, triumphantly.

"Miss Arnold had no such thing as an aunt. Never, at least, since the year 1845. What put the aunt into your head?"

"Well, to tell you the truth," said Alfred, "a friend of mine read the letter before it came into my hands. We were pursuing Mr. Arnold, and my friend—very unjustifiably, of course—opened it in the hope of getting upon his track."

"Your friend had more sharpness than delicacy. But why were you pursuing Mr. Arnold?"

"You have already guessed my secret," answered Alfred, reluctantly, and colouring a little. "Because Miss Arnold was with him. And I fancied he was avoiding me for the same reason."

"Aha!" said Mr. Finch to himself. "If his daughter had got married, he would have lost all her money, and at the same time all chance of *our* money, which the villain has now got in his pocket."

Then aloud to Alfred:—

"Mr. Leighton, you must not be startled at what I am going to say to you."

"I don't think anything will startle me now, Mr. Finch," answered Alfred. "I have been a good deal startled of late. Besides, I have thought already of the possibility of all that you have suggested, and the *impossibility* is too great."

"Well, what I say is, that Mr. Arnold has been guilty of foul play. Either he has hastened the death of his daughter——"

"Impossible!" exclaimed Alfred.

"Then—which is indeed far more probable—the poor young lady who died at Lucerne was not Miss Arnold at all!"

Alfred felt as if he would swoon. He put his hand to his forehead, closed his eyes, thought of Sophie's perfect health when he had last seen her, of her altered appearance at the insurance office a week or two afterwards in a dying condition, of the inability of the girl at the Strasburgh hotel to recognise her from her photograph, of the sort of league which seemed to have been formed between Mr. Arnold and the disreputable Dr. Rowden, of the Rev. Luckthorpe Roydon's statement that the two were still wandering about Europe in company, and finally of the servant from the convent asking for him at the Hotel de la Couronne.

This last fact was alarmingly suggestive when taken, as he now took it, in connection with the others bearing upon the same really terrible subject.

At the awakening hope that the lost Sophie might yet be found, he suffered such acute pain as men given up for drowned feel on being restored to life.

Then, as he still reflected, all the importance of the letter flashed upon him. He took it hastily from his pocket, glanced once more at its contents, and laid it on the table before Mr. Finch.

"Now," said Mr. Finch, when he had read it carefully through, "we have something to go upon. This makes it plainer than ever. Calm yourself, Mr. Leighton, and just tell me how such a letter as this could possibly come from Miss Arnold's aunt. 'Dear kind sir.' And then look at the spelling.

"I didn't know what to think," answered Alfred. "I didn't know what distant relations Miss Arnold might have. I only knew that the contents of the letter were unintelligible, and that I ought never to have seen them."

"It is a great blessing that you did, I am sure," answered Mr. Finch, "for your sake, as well as for that of the office. This Mary Dollamore sold her dying niece to those infamous speculators. The thing to *me* is as plain as a, b, c."

"Maria!" he called out to his wife, and, opening the door, walked across the passage to the drawing-room. "Maria! I have discovered another fraud!"

"Have you, my dear? I am so glad!" responded Mrs. Finch.

"A case of substitution. One of the most extraordinary things ever heard of."

"Mr. Leighton," he said, returning to the dining-room. "I should like to celebrate this discovery with some Lafitte that would do you good. You need it."

But Lafitte, toast-and-water, brandy, vitriol, were all one to Alfred. He only wished to go into the garden, and walk about in the open air.

When, ten minutes afterwards, he entered the drawing-room with Mr. Finch, Mrs. Finch said to him,

"You are not married, Mr. Leighton, I hope?" A speech which caused the "Misses Finch" to make significant frowns at their mamma, as much as to say,

"Don't, mamma! He'll think you want him to marry one of us."

"Not exactly!" exclaimed Alfred, in language worthy of a diplomatist.

"Because you have lost the last train," added Mrs. Finch; "and you must accept our hospitality for to-night."

"Certainly he must," said Mr. Finch. "I have the most important business to talk to him about the first thing in the morning. We breakfast at eight, Mr. Leighton, and I catch the train at a quarter-past nine."

Mr. Finch before going to bed made a justifiable entry in his memorandum-book under the head of "Mary Dollamore."

CHAPTER XLVII.

COMING TO LIFE AGAIN.

ALFRED was now experiencing the greatest trial to which he had been subjected. The dream, it was scarcely a hope, that Sophie might yet be alive; the dread, it was all but a conviction, that this faintest of hopes would prove groundless, caused him, as he alternated from one idea to the other, cruel torture.

The most painful part of it was that there was nothing to be done. For many hours at least he could take no action with the view of solving his terrible doubts.

And in the morning, what could he do then? he asked himself. Telegraph to Fludyer to call at the convent? But it was not certain that Fludyer would be received.

Telegraph to the Superior? That would be the simplest and best course. But was it likely, after all, that Sophie, even if that were true, which he scarcely dared allow himself to hope—was it likely that she would return to the convent?

Then he said to himself that the Augustines' Convent, being the only place where she had any friends, was the very place to which she would wish to retire; and, moreover, that a man possessing the sort of cunning which belonged to Dr. Rowden might think it a very eligible asylum, as being the most unlikely place in the world at which any one would think of looking for her.

Then he thought this notion too far-fetched, and that Sophie, if alive at all, must be concealed somewhere beyond his reach. Then he reflected bitterly that she was indeed concealed beyond his reach, for that she was buried in the cemetery at Lucerne.

"The poor young man will do something dreadful in the night," said Mrs. to Mr. Finch, listening to Alfred's footsteps as he walked wildly up and down the room next their own.

"If he knew as much about these cases as I do," said Mr. Finch, "he would sleep calmly in his bed. Miss Arnold is as well as you are. I don't like to keep telling him so, because if there *should* be a mistake it would be such a dreadful thing. But I am not a man to make mistakes. I have already entered in my book the name of 'Mary Dollamore.' And if I did not make it a rule to enter no fact in that book of which I am not absolutely certain, I should have

added the following, 'sold her niece, in a rapid consumption, to Richard Redgreave Arnold, Esq., by whom, leagued with Robert Rowden, Esq., M.D., she was made to personate Miss Sophie Arnold, insured in Dragon Office for £15,000. Niece died at Lucerne, June 30, 1859. Certificate of identity signed by Robert Rowden, M.D.'"

"What horrible villains!" responded Mrs. Finch. "That poor young man is breaking his heart. And all through them."

"Yes; and the office!" remarked Mr. Finch. "Fifteen thousand pounds! It's no joke."

Alfred certainly made his presence felt in that comfortable and usually quiet mansion. The Misses Finch overhead heard him, and agreed that they had in the first instance misjudged him; and that he was by no means the uninteresting young man they had at first supposed.

"Poor fellow! How he must have loved her!" said one.

"Yes," said the other, who was of a more practical turn of mind, and, in fact, took after the father; "but I am sure it is a personation case. It was not the young lady he was in love with who died. Papa explained it all to me."

"And think, then, of the poor unfortunate girl who *did* die; away from her friends, in a strange land, with no one she cared for by her side. Perhaps she too had a lover!"

"Yes, it is very horrible! I would have them all hanged, if I had my way!"

"They deserve it," rejoined the sister; after which the Misses Finch closed their eyes, but started in their sleep and woke up from time to time, seizing hold of one another, and calling out, "Oh, my!" "What is it?" "Oh, I'm so frightened!" "Don't be such a silly!" with similar appeals and exhortations which lasted far into the night.

But everything has an end, and at last Alfred ceased to walk up and down the room, and determined that, after being asked to stop all night, he must, if only for the look of the thing, get into bed. He felt sure that he should not be able to sleep, but he fell asleep all the same, and did not awake until seven the next morning.

After so much excitement, such sudden, violent, conflicting changes in the currents of his ideas, he naturally awoke very much confused. Where was he? Charing Cross Hotel? Lord Warden? No; a private house. He was at Mr. Finch's, at Walton-on-Thames. Then the terrible question presented itself to him again—Was Sophie alive or dead? He endeavoured to think of her as of some one who was "not expected to live"—an expression just a little less

intolerable than "expected to die." He was in a more rational frame of mind than on the preceding evening ; and as he dressed, and then walked to the station to send off a telegram, he did his best to familiarise himself with the idea that Sophie was, as it were, on her death-bed—not by any means expected to recover, yet not in such a state that her recovery was utterly impossible ; in the position of one who has received the last offices of the Church but has not expired.

The telegram he sent off was addressed to "The Superior of the Augustines' Convent, St. Ouen," and was in the following words:—

"I beg and supplicate you to send me without delay by telegraph, news, good or bad, of Miss Arnold. Is she alive ?

"ALFRED LEIGHTON.

"Charing Cross Hotel."

He also sent off half-a-dozen words to Captain Fludyer, at the Café de l'Ours Blanc, saying where a letter would find him in London.

Then he returned to Holywell Lodge, and found Mr. Finch just coming down to breakfast.

"How do you do ? You have had a walk already ?" asked his host.

Alfred said he had sent off a telegram.

"Telegram ! To whom ? Oh, I beg your pardon !"

"No, it is about the same matter. To a place on the Continent, where Miss Arnold was once at school."

"At school ? Mr. Arnold never said anything about that. He was not obliged to, but he would probably have mentioned it if he had been playing a fair game. It has been a deception from beginning to end ; I am sure of it !"

Alfred felt as if Sophie's chances of getting better had really somewhat improved.

"Then she had a French medical attendant, I suppose ?" continued Mr. Finch ; "but the only name given to us was that of Dr. Rowden."

"Dr. Rowden never attended her, I feel confident," said Alfred. "She felt a sort of repugnance for the man. I remember distinctly her saying so. Besides, he had not been much more than a week at St. Ouen when Mr. Arnold, with or without Miss Arnold, left the place."

"Each new fact you mention makes the fraud more evident," remarked Mr. Finch.

Alfred had now begun to doubt whether Sophie had ever left St. Ouen at all. But no ; Fludyer had seen her on the boat. Then he

reflected that Fludyer had not recognised her. Ah, but unhappily he had been told by the *tourière* at the convent that she had gone. "*Elle est partie, monsieur ! Elle n'est plus ici !*" He remembered the very words. Then, on the other hand, some one from the convent, not knowing that he had left St. Ouen, had been to the Hôtel de la Couronne to ask for him. He forgot, or at least rejected, the interpretation he had formerly given to this incident, and now said to himself that the messenger had come to bring him not bad news but good.

When Mrs. Finch, and, shielded by her protecting wing, the two Misses Finch, appeared, Alfred felt capable of engaging them in polite conversation. But the topics somehow presented themselves awkwardly. Under the head of "foreign travel" Ouchy and the Lake of Geneva turned up ; and when Alfred was asked whether he went to the Opera in Paris, he had a sudden and terrific vision of "Don Pasquale," with Malvina in the part of *Norina*, and himself in that of the *Don*.

"If I could only get rid of her as easily !" he said to himself. But that was the least of his troubles ; and in the meanwhile he had to talk to the Misses Finch.

They were civil to Alfred, and really took an interest in him ; and they were nicer girls than he had imagined the night before. The sun, too, was shining, the air was brisk and exhilarating, and it was altogether a very beautiful day.

These external influences would, I suppose, make themselves felt to some little extent even upon a man who was about to be hanged. On Alfred, in whose breast hope was just beginning to rise, they had a decidedly cheering and inspiring effect. As breakfast went on several appropriately superficial ideas occurred to him, which he communicated with success to the Misses Finch. He even ventured upon a paradox, which pleased the fancy of the sentimental sister, and drew forth a refutation from the practical one.

The nondescript carriage came to the door.

"Before we go," said Mr. Finch, "I want to ask you a favour. I wish to enter your name in my book. 'Mr. Alfred Leighton.' Now as many particulars as you like to give me."

"Born at Hillsborough, September 1, 1830," said Alfred, pausing to give Mr. Finch time to write it all down. "Went to India December, 1851. Returned from India, May, 1859. Died at Lucerne, June 30, 1859."

"What do you mean?" asked Mr. Finch. "Oh, I understand. But you must not despair. The thing is certain now, although we

may not be able to prove it to-day. Look here! This will be the first entry ever made in my book by anticipation. To-day is November 2." And he wrote, "Came to life again, November 2, in the same year."

CHAPTER XLVIII.

"A TELEGRAM FROM SOPHIE HERSELF."

"WHERE are you staying in London?" asked Mr. Finch, as they went along in the train."

"Charing Cross Hotel. And I must now tell you," said Alfred, "that I have only communicated to you what I may call my spiritual troubles. I have a worldly trouble besides. But, by comparison, I don't mind it."

"Tell me about that afterwards," answered Mr. Finch. "One thing at a time. Do you mind giving me the letter from that woman, Mary Dollamore? There will be a meeting of the Board to-day. It will astonish them!"

"There it is," said Alfred, putting it into his hand.

"I shall institute inquiries about her at once. She comes from Uxbridge—at least the letter did. That is all we have to go upon as yet. But I dare say it will be enough. Now, where can I put you down?" he said, as they got into a cab. "At the Hotel, I suppose? And when will you meet me afterwards?"

"If you will stop for one moment at the Hotel, I will see whether an answer has arrived to my telegram," said Alfred, "and then go on with you—if it is necessary to go on with you."

"Necessary? Of course it will be necessary," answered Mr. Finch. "But you must not keep me waiting. I shall be three or four minutes late as it is."

Alfred went into the Hotel and asked if a telegram had arrived for him. No telegram had arrived, but a man had called twice to see him that morning without leaving any message. Mrs. Leighton was upstairs. She had not yet ordered breakfast.

Alfred had no wish to see his wife. He went up to his own room, opened his trunk, took out Sophie's portrait, and hurried down again to join Mr. Finch, who was waiting for him in the cab, looking every moment at his watch to see whether he should yet have time to get to the office within five minutes after the hour.

When Alfred said what he had been doing, Mr. Finch was almost pacified. On reaching the office, he at once took Alfred to the

secretary's room. The secretary was just arriving—he was six minutes late—and on looking at the photograph expressed an opinion, but only an opinion, that it was not the portrait of the young lady who had been represented as Miss Arnold, and who had called with Mr. Arnold at the office, so ill that she was unable to get out of the carriage.

The great point, however, was to see the medical officer, and he was not expected until eleven. In the meanwhile Mr. Finch brought his powerful mind to bear on the question how Mary Dollamore was to be discovered. The first thing that suggested itself to him was to put an advertisement in the *Times*, informing Mary Dollamore that if she would call at a certain place, she would hear of something to her advantage. But this might have the effect of frightening her, and it would, of course, give the alarm to Mr. Arnold and Dr. Rowden, if they happened to see the advertisement.

Mr. Finch ended by sending out for a detective—a personage with whose characteristics, real or supposed, every novel-reader must be only too familiar.

The detective came, and, as Alfred thought, exhibited a feeble love for minute and irrelevant particulars.

"I notice everything," he said, complacently. "Nothing escapes me."

"Not even the criminal?" suggested the secretary, in allusion, as Alfred afterwards heard, to a notorious forger who had recently slipped through the detective's fingers.

The man smiled, but also looked at the secretary, as much as to say—"If they should ever put me on *you*, you won't get away so easily!"

In the meanwhile the medical officer had arrived. On seeing the photograph, he said, without hesitation, that it was not the portrait of the young lady he had visited outside in the carriage; that there might be some resemblance, but that this was the portrait of a girl in perfect health, whereas the invalid who had come to the office with Mr. Arnold was in the last stage of consumption, and must have been ill for many weeks, and probably many months, or even years.

Such a statement, taken in connection with so much other evidence of similar effect, would to any one but Alfred have settled the point. But he, at least, felt that Sophie's case was no longer desperate, and when, on returning again to the Hotel, he found a telegram waiting for him, which said "Miss Arnold is alive and well," he was able, by an effort, to control his joy. "She adjures you to say nothing about

her to anyone," the message continued. "Has been endeavouring to communicate with you. Will write."

The telegram was from Sophie herself.

CHAPTER XLIX.

"NO ACCOUNT."

FROM trouble to trouble! But now from the greater only to the less. Sophie was alive, and everything else was indifferent to Alfred. He thought of all that had happened since he had seen her; and the strange incidents passed before him like the recollection of a dream.

His reverie, however, as he sat in his own room at the Charing Cross Hotel, was rudely disturbed by the entry of Malvina.

"Well, Alfred," she said, "this is nice conduct! I never heard of such a thing! Keep dinner waiting, never send a word to say where you are, and then stop out all night! What is the meaning of this behaviour?"

"I have no account to give you of my actions," answered Alfred. "I went out because I pleased, and I came back because I pleased."

"Do you suppose, then, that I am going to remain stuck in this hotel by myself?" asked Malvina.

"You must do as you think fit," he replied. "I am not going to stay here with you, I can tell you that much."

Alfred had, without intending it, inflicted a terrible punishment on Malvina. He had placed her in the position of the cat deprived of the mouse. Finding that he had escaped, she had smoked innumerable cigarettes, torn up scraps of paper into minute fragments, rolled up the bread brought to her at dinner into a multitude of little balls, walked hundreds of times up and down the room, scolded Pièrre, and boxed Minna's ears. If Alfred had returned while the fit was on her, she would certainly have scratched him.

But at last depression had come upon her. Then she began to weep and shed bitter tears, until it occurred to her that she would like to go to the theatre. She sent Pièrre out to get a box, ordered a carriage, told Minna in the kindest manner to get ready to come with her, and took the well-slapped maid to the play.

However, she herself had seen all the pieces before in Paris, and was very little amused. They were what are called "adaptations;" that is to say, translations in which the scene was changed from

France to England, with all the wit and character left out, and much of the original local colouring kept in.

She came home and had supper, and made Minna sup with her, that she might not be alone. Minna and Pierre did not exactly know what to make of domestic affairs. They saw that there was a screw loose, very loose indeed, somewhere; but they fancied their mistress must be in the right, and they had always looked upon Alfred as a sort of intruder.

After having suffered so much from his absence, Malvina scarcely knew what to do with Alfred now that she had got hold of him again. She would have liked to treat him in a conciliatory spirit, but his haughty and provoking demeanour rendered that impossible.

"What do you mean to do, Alfred?" she asked.

"Do? I mean to go to France in the first place."

"I am going there also."

"Are you? Then I will go to Italy."

Malvina said she would also go to Italy.

"Then I will go to Russia."

Malvina did not say she would go to Russia, nor did Alfred notice her silence in that respect.

"Look here, Alfred," she began, in a tone that was almost affectionate, "we can't go on living this cat and dog life, can we?"

"No," said Alfred; "our married life has come to an end."

"It can't come to an end, unless you kill me or I kill you; and I am not likely to kill you!"

"It would not be necessary; I should kill myself if I remained with you. But I shall go back to India."

"No, Alfred," she said, with a sweet smile; "you will not go back to India. You have sent in your resignation."

"Oh, you think you can reduce me by hunger, do you?" exclaimed Alfred. "We shall see."

He took his hat and was going out, when he was met by the man who had called twice before to ask for him.

"I have called about a cheque for forty pounds," said the man, "changed in Paris on Wednesday, presented at the Metropolitan Bank yesterday, and returned with this remark——"

He showed the cheque to Alfred. It was the one the hotel-keeper had got changed for him in Paris, and it was inscribed "No account."

"Good God, Malvina!" exclaimed Alfred, "what is the meaning of this?" He pointed to the words "No account."

Malvina began to laugh.

"It means," she said, "that you have no account. I have; and a very good one."

"It doesn't matter, sir," said the man, "if you'd settle it now. There'll be something for expenses. We had to telegraph to the Lord Warden at Dover to find out where you had gone. We are the correspondents of Mosheim and Co., Paris, where the cheque was cashed."

"Wait here while I go round to my agents," said Alfred. "I will bring you the money."

Malvina had written from Dover, early the morning before, Friday, instructing her bankers to pay no cheques drawn on her account which did not bear her signature. She had threatened to do so, and Alfred had laughed at her. She had done it, and now she laughed at him.

It had not occurred to her that her letter would take effect so soon. She had not meant to stop the payment of this cheque cashed in Paris. But since it had been stopped, so much the worse for Alfred, if he was so obstinate as not to ask her for the money.

"What, shall you do," asked Malvina, "if Mr. Leighton is not able to give you the money to-day? It is already two o'clock, and on Saturday most places of business close at two."

"Well, it would be a very serious thing. It might be made a very serious thing as it is. But I suppose he could give me the money on Monday morning at latest? He is not going to leave the country, is he?"

"He said he should go to France as soon as possible. But I suppose he will not go before to-night."

"Oh, did he?" answered the man sharply. "He said he should go to France, did he? I tell you what, mum, you had better pay it for him, if you don't want him locked up."

"I haven't got it," said Malvina, which was perfectly true.

"Very well, mum," said the man. "I've done my best." And thereupon he departed.

Alfred in the meantime had been to his agents', and found the place closed. He returned to the hotel, and had an interchange of ideas with Malvina, which ended in her offering him 40*l.*, and any further sum he wanted, on condition that he would repent, apologise, and make friends.

He was just expressing his indignation at her venturing to make such a proposition to him, when the door opened, and the man who

had called about the cheque appeared, accompanied by two ungodly-looking persons who turned out to be bailiffs.

"It's only a trifle after all," said the holder of the cheque. "You'd better pay it for him, mum."

"I'll pay it if you like, Alfred," said Malvina. "But you must ask for it."

"Call a cab, please," said Alfred to one of his captors.

"Why not take the carriage?" said Malvina. "The horses have not been out to-day."

"Call a cab," Alfred repeated; and the functionary representing the Sheriff of Middlesex departed in quest of a vehicle.

"I have seen this sort of thing on the stage," said Malvina; "but I really didn't know that it ever took place in actual life."

"You may see stranger things than this in actual life before you have done," said Alfred.

"And do you mean to say that you are going all the way to Newgate in a common cab?"

"No, mum, he is not going to Newgate; not quite so bad as that," said the officer who had been sent to secure a cab, and had just returned. "We're only going to take the gentleman to Whitecross Street, or, if he prefers it, Chancery Lane, where they will make him comfortable, and charge him a guinea a day."

"Dear me," said Malvina, "it's very reasonable. We're paying two guineas a day at the hotel for rooms and attendance alone, and we bring our own servants. That reminds me, Alfred, you had better take Pière with you."

"Curse Pière, and you too!" said Alfred.

The melancholy procession now left the room in the following order:—1. Representative of the Sheriff of Middlesex; 2. The Prisoner; 3. Officer assisting the Representative of the Sheriff of Middlesex; 4. The holder of the cheque.

"She seems a rum un, she does," said the *aide* to the holder of the cheque, as the *cortège* descended the staircase. "She's no wife of hisn; or if she is, I'd have given her a wipe on the mouth if she'd been mine."

CHAPTER L.

THE PRINCE.

"I SHALL only be here for an hour or two," said Alfred, when he reached his destination.

"Yes, Sir," said his host; "every gentleman says that when he comes in. Want a messenger, Sir?"

"Yes," said Alfred.

"Very good, Sir."

But when Alfred had thought the matter over, it occurred to him that there was really no one to whom he could send. If he telegraphed to Hillsborough, the money, unless sent by a special messenger, could not reach him until Monday morning, when he would be able to get it from his agents. But if the money were forwarded to him by messenger his position would be known, and he wished for many reasons to conceal it.

Near London there was no one but Mr. Finch to whom he could apply; and he knew that the mere fact of his applying would be punctually entered in that gentleman's memorandum-book. What, too, would such a suspicious man as Mr. Finch think of his being arrested for inability to redeem a cheque drawn upon a non-existent account? Then the whole story of his matrimonial connection with Malvina would come out. No; the notion of sending to Mr. Finch was utterly out of the question.

After looking at the messenger for a few seconds, as though the sight of the man might inspire him with an idea, he gave him some money, and said he should not want him. He was very much troubled about the letter he expected from St. Ouen, which, if it fell into his wife's hands, would doubtless remain there. But it was Saturday; no letter from St. Ouen could now be delivered until Monday morning, and by Monday not later than half-past ten o'clock he expected to be free. Still, by way of precaution, he sent to the manager of the hotel to say that any letters which arrived for him were to be forwarded to him where he then was, and not under any pretext delivered to any one but himself.

Thanks to the joyful news which had reached him that morning, he cared very little for what had happened since. Gradually, however, the fact became more and more evident to him that the marriage he had contracted with Malvina was, after all, a serious tie, and might prove an insurmountable obstacle in the way of his happiness. The thought that Sophie was alive when he had believed her dead had for a time filled his mind to the exclusion of everything else. But little by little he became accustomed to the idea as one becomes accustomed to light after darkness; and now that he examined the situation as it really was, he saw a host of troubles before him, all represented by the existence of Malvina, or rather by her existence in the character of his wife.

Seeing a good many dreary hours before him, and having still several sovereigns in his pocket, he called the messenger and told

him to go to Mudie's and take out a subscription for the shortest possible time. He began making out a list of novels which, as far as he remembered, were appropriate to his situation, and from the very numerous ones in which the hero is burdened with two wives, or at least two matrimonial engagements, selected these three: "Jane Eyre," "George Geith," and "Paul Ferroll."

He scarcely liked, considering his sentiments towards Malvina, to ask for another work which he only knew by the title, "Why Paul Ferroll killed his wife;" though he felt really anxious to know whether any husband had ever been worse treated than he had been by Malvina.

Alfred said to himself, as he looked once more through the eloquent pages of "Jane Eyre," that Malvina would certainly not go mad like Mr. Rochester's first wife.

Nor did "George Geith" give him any satisfaction—except as a work of art.

There was not the slightest possibility of his resorting to the primitive expedient of "Paul Ferroll;" though he certainly read the life of that high-minded murderer with interest.

Then he sent for some law books and studied the marriage law, and curious cases of marriages which did not hold; but though he fancied that he had left himself a sort of loophole by which it was just possible he might escape, he did not find his view of the case confirmed by law.

He went on reading law and novels, novels and law, all Saturday night and the greater part of Sunday, until, late on Sunday afternoon, he heard a familiar voice on the staircase call out—

"Is this the way?"

And the moment after Captain Fludyer appeared.

"How distressed I am," he began, "to see you here. But what is the meaning of it? And do you know what you did in Paris? There will be the devil to pay. Not for you, perhaps, but certainly for your wife!"

"How do you do, Fludyer?" replied Alfred. "Your news does not alarm me in the least. I don't care what my wife has to pay. She wouldn't pay forty pounds to prevent my coming to this place; in fact, she was the cause of my coming—laid a regular trap for me."

"You don't mean it?" exclaimed Fludyer. "I heard at the hotel in Switzerland that the Princess had at least a hundred thousand pounds; and so I believe she has. But you have made, all the same, a most serious mistake."

"Yes, I have made a mistake," said Alfred; "but it can't be helped. Tell me now—have you heard anything about the Arnolds?"

"Old Arnold was last seen at Nice, or rather at Monaco, playing at *roulette* like the very devil. You heard that he inherited a lot of money by the death of his daughter?"

"Is that all you know about it?"

"That is all. It is a very sad thing. But I want to tell you of something pressing, immediate—the man is outside."

"Well, let him come in, whoever he is."

"No, I must tell you; for perhaps after all he is an impostor. I dare say he only wants to extort money from you. But this is what he pretends. He wants to make out that he has some claim upon your wife; and he thinks he has only to tell you of it to be squared."

"This is rather interesting," said Alfred. "Has he seen my wife?"

"Oh, dear no! She fancies he is in Russia, or Siberia, or somewhere. He is a serf, and the deuce knows what."

"And he wants me to pay him for not disturbing my matrimonial felicity? It is worth thinking about. How did he find you out?"

"He went to the Rev. Luckthorpe Roydon directly he saw the announcement of your marriage in the Paris papers. Roydon did not know where to find you, and sent him on to me; and directly I got your telegram I started for London, and brought him with me."

"But why did you bring him with you, if all he wanted was to extort money from me?"

"Because it was a thousand times better that you should see him, than that he should be advertising for you in the journals, and sending the police after his wife, and all that sort of thing."

"His wife?" cried Alfred. "His wife? you can't mean it!"

"I am sorry to say I do!"

"Sorry, indeed! The very thought of it raises me to the highest point of happiness. But who is this original person? It is the strangest plan for extorting money I ever heard of!"

"Well, I believe he was a courier, and a great swell in his way; but a serf all the same, belonging to a very rich master, who would not grant him his liberty on any terms whatever. His story is—and he told the same thing to Roydon—that he was put up to marry the Princess, I mean the lady who is now your wife. She had been flirting very violently—excuse my saying all this, but you had better hear it—with a number of officers and other swells at Vichy—Russians, Austrians, Prussians, Frenchmen, men of all nations, in

fact. They compared notes and found that she had been taking them all in alike ; so they made a plot—it was a blackguard thing to do, no doubt—passed off the courier as a Prince, and ended by getting the young lady to marry him.”

“It is a tragic story,” said Alfred, “and makes me feel more despondent than ever.”

“Never mind,” said Fludyer. “You must square him ; there is nothing else to be done.”

“Square him, indeed ! Bring him in, please.”

Captain Fludyer went outside, and called out, “Karabassoff !”

“It *sounds* like it at all events,” thought Alfred. “But it is impossible.”

Karabassoff was a handsome, good-looking man—large black eyes, black moustache, fine white teeth, no whiskers or beard—who, in the matter of manners, could have given points to Pièrre himself. He was, in fact, too civil by half ; and Alfred, wherever and under whatever circumstances he might have met him, would not have dreamt of competing with him in the forms of politeness. As courier, he had taken charge of some of the most distinguished men in Europe ; and it was true, as he loved to relate to his intimate friends, that he had frequently been mistaken for the master, and they for the servant. He was just a little extravagant in dress, but at Vichy his costume had been supervised by a committee of taste. He spoke French, English, German, and Italian with equal fluency and incorrectness ; but his talk, if often ungrammatical, was always idiomatic, and Malvina had for a time looked upon him as a marvel of linguistic attainments and a man of high education generally.

Karabassoff entered, and told Alfred very gravely that he had for some days past been seeking the advantage of this presentation, and that the matter about which he desired to speak to him was one which need not cause either of them the least serious inconvenience.

Alfred asked him to sit down, and Captain Fludyer at the same time got up and left the room.

“Tell me at once, please, the object of your visit,” said Alfred.

“I wish to lay before your lordship,” said the courier, “a simple exposition of the state of affairs. Your lordship will then decide for himself what is to be done.”

“I am not a lord,” answered Alfred, “but I should like to hear what you have to say all the same.”

“Good, your excellence ! To come then to the point, I had the honour of meeting, at Vichy, the charming lady—for she is charming

in appearance, that is not to be denied—whom you now call your spouse.”

“I am neither an ambassador nor a minister ; but proceed,” said Alfred.

“As I was telling your honour, then,” said Karabassoff, who could not descend to simple “sir,” “I was presented at Vichy to the beautiful Miss Gribble ; I was fortunate enough, as I thought at the time, to please her. I placed myself at her feet—she accepted me. In a word, she became mine.”

“Just tell me, please,” inquired Alfred, “did you call yourself at the time simple Karabassoff, or Prince Karabassoff?”

“That has little to do with the matter, your honour,” answered the courier ; “I signed the register ‘Arcadius Karabassoff.’”

“She must have thought ‘Arcadius’ was the Russian for ‘Prince !’”

“Possibly, your honour. But one thing certain is that I did not call myself ‘Prince’ in signing the register. I called myself ‘Arcadius Karabassoff,’ my true name. I was married in the English church and the Roman church. My seconds”—

“Your seconds? You were not fighting a duel.”

“My *témoins*, my witnesses, were M. de Castella, diplomatist ; Baron von der Brinken, Prussian Life Guards ; Captain Schlick, Hungarian hussar ; and Count Molodietzky, brother to him what was at Vienna. In one word, I became her rightful husband.”

“I congratulate you,” said Alfred, getting up, and not knowing what to do to control the manifestation of his joy. “I congratulate you, most sincerely.”

The courier looked surprised, and remained silent.

“And you have come to me to ask for your wife’s address,” said Alfred, taking up the conversation on his side.

“No,” answered Karabassoff, “I ask not for her address. She is more the wife for such as you than for a courier as me.”

“Yes, but you are married to her.”

“I said to your honour before, that I came not to cause inconvenience, but I have my little expenses. I travel from Paris to St. Ouen, from St. Ouen here, and, above all, things must be put in order. They can scarce remain such as they are.”

“Well, what do you propose?” asked Alfred. “I merely ask for the sake of curiosity.”

“I propose what is most moderate. You pay me one thousand pounds each year, and never again shall you hear that I live. But I have rights, although a courier, and not a nobleman, like yourself and many others. She treated me badly. When she finds I was a

courier, she disavows me, she slaps my face, she tears my hair ; she goes to Count Molodietzky, what was at Vienna, and all through him my master calls me back to Russia and makes me stay. He finds me wrong at each minute, and finally sends me for life to Siberian colonies, from which I thought never to return, and all because I gets married without his permit."

"But how did you get back?" asked Alfred.

"I would never have got back, your honour, had not the Count my master, rest to his soul, been pleased to expire."

"And his son recalled you?"

"His son my now master, so soon as the estate was his, gives me passport, tells me to go abroad to earn money, to do what I will, and first I wish to speak with you of my wife, which is also yours. She with Count Molodietzky, him which was at Vienna, laughed much at me ; now I laugh at her, but not at you, your honour, not at you."

"Well," said Alfred, after thinking a few moments ; "you are willing to resign all claim to this beautiful, amiable, and accomplished lady?"

Karabassoff grinned.

"On condition of my paying to you one thousand pounds punctually every year?"

"That is it!" said Karabassoff, with a bow. "Your honour seizes my meaning with preciseness."

"And what on the other hand?" inquired Alfred. "What shall I give you on condition of your not leaving this beautiful, amiable, and accomplished lady on my hands? What shall I give you to induce you to accept her and carry her off?"

"Your honour is joking. She is not a wife for me ; it is only for a gentleman as you that she is suitable. M. de Castella was mad for her, Baron von der Blinken acted follies, all the gentlemen loves her ; but for me a woman something more common would better suffice. I wish not to inconvenience you ; I make no claim to her. One thousand each year—it is not much from four thousand ; and I go to Italy, and you hear not that I live."

"No," said Alfred, "I will be generous ; I will give you up everything. You shall take the lady, the four thousand a year, and all."

"For no money would I dare to live with that lady," said Karabassoff, with a look of alarm ; "if she would not kill me, she would drive me insane. But she is very beautiful ; all the gentlemen loves her, and you loves her also, for sure."

"I do not love her sufficiently to keep her from you. But how I wish you had made your appearance a week ago !"

"A week ago she was not married afresh, and I knew not where she was. One month ago I was yet in Russia."

"Well, as it is," said Alfred, "I have nothing to offer you ; take her, she is yours, and may you be happy. You will find her at the Charing Cross Hotel."

"If I should accept you at your word," said Karabassoff, with a cunning look—"if I carry her off, and you see her no more?"

"Well, to put an end to the matter, I would rather know she were in Russia, Siberia, Central Asia, than anywhere near London ; but in any case she is not my wife. It so happens that she might annoy me very seriously, and I should be glad to get her out of the country—out of Europe, if possible ; but it is the most ludicrous thing in the world to suppose that I should pay you for leaving her on my hands. Why, who do you think put me in this place—in this prison?"

"I know not."

"The very lady we are speaking of."

"How I recognise her in that," said Karabassoff, with a chuckle. "She is, indeed, a harsh woman ; I have known some severe ones, but not one other such as this."

"Well, you see we cannot do business," said Alfred at last ; and he called to Captain Fludyer to come in.

"Does your honour propose to reside here long?" asked Karabassoff. "I might yet make myself agreeable to your honour."

"I shall not be here after ten o'clock to-morrow morning," said Alfred.

"And where may I wait on your honour to-morrow morning? Not at the Charing Cross Hotel?"

"No, no !" said Alfred, "you had better come here ; only come as soon after nine o'clock as you can."

Karabassoff made a formal salutation, asked Alfred to accept the expression of his high respect and esteem, and departed.

"I am free !" cried Alfred with delight, when Fludyer entered.

"Free !" answered Fludyer, "but you don't want to get rid of her."

"Don't I? Ah ! but you don't know all. I told you, however, to begin with, that it was she who put me here."

"But if you want to get rid of her the thing is easily managed. If this fellow is really her husband the thing is already done?"

"Yes, but there is scandal to be avoided. There is a certain quarter in which it would be death to me if it were known that I went through the ceremony of marrying Malvina, though that ceremony really counts for nothing. I can't explain, but the facts are as I state them. Malvina in her battle with me——"

“ Her battle ? ”

“ Yes, it has been a regular system of war—first treachery and then downright fighting. But I was going to say that, in this battle, Malvina will not allow herself to be defeated all at once. She will die hard, and if she only knew one little thing, which I must conceal from her, but which I can’t conceal for ever, she might yet destroy all my chances of happiness.”

Captain Fludyer was now warned by an attendant that it was time for him to go. Alfred gave him a line to his agents, requesting them most particularly to honour an order for a hundred and fifty pounds, which he enclosed ; asked Fludyer to get the order cashed, and begged him to bring him the money as soon after ten o’clock as he could get it.

(To be concluded next month.)

TABLE TALK.

WHAT is the title of this war to be? Its historical title, I mean, of course. The newspapers all call it the Franco-Prussian war; but this is neither English, French, nor German, and what is still worse, it is not a characteristic description. If it ends in the course of the month we may, perhaps, call it the Seven Months' War, in contradistinction to the Seven Years' War; and considering how it is apparently to end, in the incorporation of every acre of German soil within the frontiers of Germany, and in the apotheosis of the House of Hohenzollern, there will be a happy historical coincidence in the phrase which will be particularly useful to the memory a few years hence as an historical landmark. But this is all *ex hypothesi*; and what we want is a phrase for current use. At first it was the war of the Rhine; but neither of the armies have been within 100 miles of the Rhine since Sedan; and to call a campaign which has spread itself out over a tract of country stretching from Havre to Dijon, and from Amiens to Orleans, by the name of the Rhine or the Moselle, is an abuse of language. Yet, perhaps, in the end we may find it convenient to come back to that name; for it is obvious that the banks of the Rhine have been uppermost in the thoughts of the two armies all through the campaign.

AND talking about the war, what a picturesque touch the *Times of India* supplies, by its description of the destitution which this campaign of the Rhine has produced in the Valley of Cashmere, to the historian who wishes to rival that graphic bit of description of Macaulay's in his essay on Frederick the Great, that bit of description, I mean, where, with a vigour and beauty of language which is, perhaps, unequalled in our language, the historian heaps upon the head of Frederick the guilt of all the blood that was shed in those terrible years that followed the Rape of Silesia, the blood of the column of Fontenoy, the blood of the mountaineers who were slaughtered at Culloden. "The evils produced by his wickedness," says Macaulay, "were felt in lands where the name of Prussia was unknown; and, in order that he might rob a neighbour whom he had promised to defend, black men fought on the coast of Coromandel, and red men scalped each other by the great lakes of North America." How Macaulay, with his fine artistic appreciation of everything that could give life and colour to his writing, would have seized upon this picture of the colony of Cashmere—weavers thrown out of work by a quarrel between a couple of ambitious and intriguing statesmen trying to outwit each other in Paris and Berlin! It used to be said that every blow of

the axe in the forests of America found an echo in the cotton mills of Lancashire; but the only apt parallel that occurs to me at the moment of a war in the West interfering with the industry of the East, is the increase of the price of red herrings in the Hebrides, which was occasioned by one of the campaigns of Ghengis Khan; and that, as an Irishman might add, is a contrast.

“I WISH she’d go! I have nothing to say to her. And yet what am I to do to get her off?” is said to have been the “aside” of an eminent statesman, distinguished almost as much by his absence of mind as by his administrative powers, when calling upon a lady, and after going through the ordinary round of morning commonplace, taking it into his head that the lady was his visitor. And Lord Blank’s difficulty with his imaginary visitor represents one of the perplexities which most of us are apt to find ourselves in every now and then with people who do not know when to go. You may cut a bore short with your watch. But you can’t talk of appointments to a lady, and ask her to excuse you—unless she happens to be *passé*, or your mother-in-law, or a poor relation, and then, perhaps, policy may require a touch of masterly rudeness; and I should like to ask if we cannot acclimatise a very pretty custom which prevails in India, with any little variation, of course, that the circumstances of our position may require. After you have run through the Indian gamut of commonplace, which is not very much longer, although perhaps a trifle more poetical than our own, and the position is becoming embarrassing, your host rises, gives you two parcels of betel wrapped up in leaves, drops a little atar of roses into your hands, sprinkles you with rose-water, and the interview is at an end. The custom itself is a pretty one, and as the intimation which it is intended to convey implies no reflection upon the guest, it might, I venture to suggest, be brought into use at home.

WHAT a romance lies hidden in the trust-deeds of our charities and public schools! Perhaps, one of these days, some man with plenty of leisure on his hands, will look up the subject, and if he has any of the literary skill of Hepworth Dixon, he may make one of the most interesting books of the season out of the perversity of the moral sentiments that has marked many of the ladies and gentlemen to whose memory we are in the habit of offering libations of chablis and champagne, as benefactors of our race. I heard an anecdote the other day of one of the founders of Christ’s Hospital which, I believe, very fairly illustrates the sort of impulses which govern people in willing their property to public institutions. His name was Hunt, and under his will Christ’s Hospital now, I believe, receives an income of about £120,000 a year. He was a City merchant, a bachelor, and lived with his brother. This brother had sons and daughters, who were brought up with the expectation of enjoying their uncle’s property at his death. But there’s many a slip ’twixt the cup

and the lip, and a couple of sharp words at dinner one day between the brothers dissipated all their expectations to the winds. The bachelor had a *penchant* for new potatoes and melted butter, and one day, when the potatoes and the butter-boat happened to come into suggestive contiguity, the epicurean millionaire stuck his fork into a potato, dipped it into the butter-boat, and swallowed it. "Excellent!" "Beastly!" answered the brother. "Beastly—do you mean to say that I'm a beast?" "Yes, I do. The man who can dip a potato into the butter boat in that way, must be a beast." The words were quickly spoken. It was not so easy to recall them. You may ridicule a man's opinion, expose the silliness of his crotchets, laugh at his prejudices, and quiz his personal appearance—and he will forgive you. But there is one limit to this personal criticism. A man's tastes at table are above criticism, and an alderman's sacred. Mr. Hunt thought so. He tore up his will at once, cut off his heir with the mythological shilling, and left all his spare cash and estates to Christ's Hospital. All I am surprised at is that the old gentleman did not add a proviso that the boys should celebrate his anniversary by a dinner, in which the principal dish should be new potatoes and melted butter. How the blue-coat boys would have cherished his memory if he had! As it is, no one but the governors and trustees know anything either of his virtues or of his peculiar tastes.

HAS any one of the many narrators of the story of the Franco-Prussian War referred back to the speech of King William on the prorogation of the North German Parliament? There was a passage in it not much thought of at the time, but significant enough by the light of subsequent events. His Majesty took the opportunity of congratulating the Bund on the fact that *the military organisation of the North German Confederation was at last complete*. That was in May. Two or three weeks elapsed, and the Prince of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen became a candidate for the throne of Spain. The one event followed suspiciously close upon the other. Assume that the Count von Bismarck regarded the time as ripe at length for the struggle which might reduce the power of France, and accomplish the union of Germany under the rule of Prussia, and what move could be conceived so likely as this to initiate hostilities? Who could devise so clever a plan for setting the two nations at war, and throwing the responsibility apparently on France? So soon as the Spanish candidature was mentioned, all the leading journals of neutral countries in Europe foresaw that French susceptibility and indignation would be aroused; and the writer of the "Story of the War" in THE GENTLEMAN'S ANNUAL has shown very clearly, from the published diplomatic correspondence between Earl Granville and Lord Augustus Loftus at Berlin, that the Count von Bismarck was prepared to treat the expressions of French excitement as a *casus belli*. The impartial historian of the future will perhaps be in a position to demonstrate that, from the day when the military organisation of the North German Confederation was complete, war with France was a question of only a few weeks or months.

WHEN railway accidents occur as frequently as they have done lately, one is set a-thinking upon the extraordinary number of hair's breadth escapes we must have in the course of a year's travel. If so many mishaps actually do happen, what a vast number must very nearly happen! Shut up in a carriage in total ignorance of what is before us and what behind us, what sort of line we are on, what reliance is to be placed upon axles and couplings, what manner of men we have for drivers and guards—boxed up in this ignorance, we must over and over again be within an ace of coming to grief while we think ourselves far out of reach of danger. Every whip can recall a score of close shaves and approximated upsets; every sailor can tell a score of tales of disasters only just avoided, and casualties averted by some lucky fluke or fortuity. And no doubt every old engine-driver could unfold many a story of collision just cleared, and break-down just saved; at least it is very strange if he could not. But what we know not we fear not; and our ignorance here is bliss indeed. I don't wish to raise alarms or create fears, but in furtherance of those safety reforms which are so needful in existing railway management, it is just as well to reflect that, according to just inference from probabilities, every railway accident that happens is but the one realisation of many hazards.

Is there any good reason why our Civil servants should not be distinguished by uniform habiliments, like the officers of other services? They form an important section of society, and many of the reasons for dressing army and navy men obtain with them. John Bull would like to know his writing men when he sees them, as he does his fighting men; and for consistency's sake an official ought to bear the Government mark. A uniform serves two purposes: it makes the wearer respectable and respected; for a man is obliged to mind his bearing when he carries his insignia on his back; and all people look with some reverence upon a man in recognised costume. To the Government clerk himself a regimental dress ought to be a boon, for it would put him above the necessity of spending too much of his modest income in following the fashion, and society would be none the worse for knowing who's who or what's what in that miscellaneous company which the Civil Service comprises. I wonder the tailors have not moved in this matter.

I PRESUME that the J. E. Gray who has been suggesting improvements in our playing cards is the learned zoologist of the British Museum. One might ask what he does aboard that galley, but his proposals are so good that one is indisposed to question their source. He would put the pips on the court cards always to the left of the effigies' heads; he would shift the odd pip of the seven card into the centre, as in the five and nine, instead of placing it at one end, which causes the card to be confused with the eights; and he would amend the shapes of the pips so as to make them more distinct from each other than they are at present. All

these are improvements which every card-player will recognise as such. But I would add another which I think would be felt as a greater boon than any of the preceding ; it is that at two opposite corners of every pip card a small figure be placed, corresponding with the number of pips on the card. This little addition wonderfully facilitates handling, sorting, and playing ; as any one will find who will take the trouble to number the corners of a pack with pen and ink. And it could be made without the great alterations or sacrifices of stencil-plates which Mr. Gray's suggestions would involve, and which I fear must make those suggestions of no avail.

As a beer-drinking people we ought to hear with delight that a new source of our national beverage has been discovered and commercially introduced. It is rice. The German brewers in many places are mashing the white grains with a proportion of malt, and producing a liquor that foams and exhilarates like the produce of the Munich vats, and is as mild and palatable as the Bavarian drink that is struggling its way into English favour. That great and semi-barbarous section of mankind, the rice-eaters, may now, if they care about civilisation, take an important step theretowards by instituting a native beverage of the highest prestige and antiquity. A nation's character depends upon its drink ; and where are the nations that can stand against the beer-drinkers ? Perhaps the new stock may improve our own brewings ; there is plenty of room for us to mend. We are far behind the Germans ; but then they study beer-making as a fine art, to be learnt in properly-appointed schools. Augsburg and Munich have their brewing academies where every detail of the process is scientifically taught. Our brewers might well go there for lessons, for it is clear from the variability of their produce that they work by faith and not by sight, and that they are not quite masters of their materials.

THE
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE
MARCH, 1871.

LIFE RECLUSE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FESTUS."

HO ! as yon cloud, o'er gorse-clad hills
Crag-topped, with plenteous breast which stills
The clamouring brook, ere yet it leaves
Our welkin, light's last smile receives ;
So here, on earth's rough edge, may we,
Time's dues discharged, gain grace to see
God's, and the world's, best blessings blent
In life recluse, with soul-content.

By roadside rood, moss-barbed, to pause
Where pilgrim, oft, in pious cause,
His beads retold ; by wizard's board
Feastful, of kings ; by stone adored
Sun-wise ; while throngs, with wordless lips,
The lord of light's star-crowned eclipse
Out-gazed ; to o'erpace the moonlit green
Ogres erst trode, or elves, still seen ;—

How happier, thus, to wander here,
'Mid proofs of old belief, sincere,
Unselfish ; rock-scooped hermit's cell ;
Rude oratory ; or, sainted well,
With uncouth virtues still endowed ;
Than 'midst a bowing, mumming crowd,
View reverend recreants in one rite
Faith and apostasy unite.

Let merchants, rich in worldly gear,
Their gains redouble, year by year ;
Delve these the gold Australia yields ;
Reap those the Afric's gem-dewed fields ;
Fall rank, fall pomp, to other's lot ;
Lands, honours, funds ;—I crave them not.
I only ask the sky, the sea ;
And, sweetest, thy dear company.

Let midnight mobs, rogue-rid, dictate
To senates how to undo a state,
That patriot virtue toiled to found,
And gen'rous power with freedom crowned ;
Let one true man from anarchs wild
Realms save,—and live, by realms reviled ;
While these their maniac trophies shew,—
All order wrecked—their own o'erthrow.

Their angry blood let nations shower,
In long prepared-for test of power ;
While trembling tribes stand by, and wait
Communal murder's mad debate,
Woe-fraught. Tearless, the seer's broad eye
Marks races rise, wax ripe, and die.
Erelong, reign reason, war shall cease ;
All earth one Holy Land, at peace.

Though kings their conquering arms pervert
Men's lives how most to waste, or hurt ;
Though royal brigands, by command
Of subjects, sack each neighbouring land ;
Though party feuds conscience pollute
With base intrigues for high repute ;
Humanity, free thought, the right,
Shall triumph, in all foes' despite.

Let hostile sophists, skilled to twist
Vast yarns of intellectual mist,
Prove, this, no matter ; that, no mind ;
Vice, virtue, genius, sun-gas fined

More, less ; to give belief the lie,
Preach faith in infidelity ;
And, while propounding Nature's laws,
Ignore their legislative cause :

Let learned lecturers time's long rolls
Ransack, to prove earth's loftiest souls
Dust-kinned, from those premundane days
When space nought showed save shimmering haze ;
We, humbler wits, the creed would claim
Which gives, to God, a Father's name ;
And us, the trust,—if wrong, forgiven—
That soul hath rise, and end, in heaven.

Let failing force all fact deny,
And damn ; it fails to damnify
Man's now safe poised and liberal mind ;
But, as a wave that thwarts the wind,
Foams out its threat-thinned life to reach,
Vainly—the proudly patient beach ;
So powers presumptuous fitly fail
Who the soul's freedom seek to assail.

Let jealous Jews, to one poor race
Who trow confined infinite grace,
Know, that not Hebrew sole, but Greek
And Heathen truth God's voice can speak ;
Can sacred make all tongues ; just deed
Saving as faith ; and for God plead
Through Stoic slave's discourse as strong
As throned voluptuary's song.

Nay, though book-zealots, fain to bind
With bonds deemed meet, the authentic mind
Would deify, in black and white,
What finite weens of infinite ;
Let us, if we would perfect be,
Add to our faith philosophy ;
And, in Heaven's universal plan,
World-worded, spell God's love towards man.

Let us, till science dares affirm,
Beyond the void's blank stars, some term
To power creative, still believe,—
Howe'er by sin man God may grieve,—
'Twere vain, 'twere impious to allot
To His benevolence bounds ; for not
More numerous spheres in heaven that move,
Than mercies 'midst His breast of love.

Let blustering broad-sheet scribes contemn
Who swear not by, nor shout with them ;
Let servile cynics steep their style
In gall or filth ; they self defile.
The soul enlightened from on high,
That feels Whose arm sustains the sky,
Shall solve life's problems unperplexed,
And judge both this world, and the next.

While foolish fashion's thoughtless thralls
Madden in mock theatric halls,
We, in sage fiction, weird romaunt,
Or classic lay, that dead gods haunt
Ghostwise, find truer, simpler, zest ;
And, high o'er cities' gross unrest,
The world's still progress scan, elate ;
Or, in God's silence, meditate.

Man's skill who prize, let fondly trace
In pencilled view or marble Grace,
His hand. This living landscape ; these
Age-sculptured crags ; tide-tinted seas ;
Moonrise ; sundown ; wood smoothed by wind ;
And cloud on shouldering breeze reclined ;
A changeful gallery, night and day,
All walls without—God's art display

To us. Vaunt not thy palace proud,
Prince : fly ! there's pillage in that crowd.
These rocks, with flowering myrtles greened ;
This lowliest lodge, by laurels screened ;

This rood of shore ; this reflux main ;
Yon Heaven, we each aspire to gain ;
All these, God's largesse, sky, soil, sea,
By tenure of the eye, hold we.

Friends thus of earth, with deep, with sky,
Free be our talk, our musings high ;
These sands to roam ; this moonlit sea
To sail, in yon slight skiff with thee ;
At night, through saint and sage to find
Commune with God and human kind ;
Then, sleep ; and in foreshadowy dreams
Recounted, choose morn's opening themes ;

So live we : scenes of strife and pride,
Avaunt ! mere meanness magnified.
Be it ours, with thankful prayers to pay
Their love, who cheer or charm life's way.
What would we most ? That gentle Peace
Show flattering signs of fair increase ;
Wisdom train knowledge ; and the van
Head, in the mighty march of man.

While tempests vex the Atlantic waves,
And ships engulf in wandering graves ;
While northern ebbs, the land-ridge o'er,
Call south floods, with rain-thirsting roar ;
While havening fish-boat scuds aghast,
Smote broadside, by the sleetful blast ;
'Tis all thou canst, with hope-born sigh,
Commend to God, who live, who die.

Enchantresses thou know'st, whose spell
Shall spirit-worlds at will compel ;
And now, round homely altar bent,
Lure angels from the firmament.
Not such thy gifts. Diviner though
Thou art, such arts wish not ; but know,
There is no miracle so great
As law which none can violate.

Seek not, in sacred lots, to find
 Monitions apt of heavenly mind ;
 Nor stars, that, ignorantly sublime,
 Foreview the vast events of time,
 Consult ; though 'midst them, loosed or bound,
 Fate's mysteries, and their key, were found ;
 Through nought less nigh than prayerful soul
 God deigns the day's decrees unrol.

Seek God ; nor Him as Lord, alone,
 Of worlds ; but who with us doth own
 Use spiritual of justice, worth,
 Truth, virtue, holiness. From earth
 To heaven one hallowing line we draw
 Continuous, life's elective law,
 'Twixt good and ill ; man's moral state
 Thus rounding in God's patriarchate.

The soul which shares communion free,
 Vital, supreme, with Deity,
 Each day partakes of bread divine,
 Christ's practice ; and his doctrine-wine ;
 His doctrine, love, which lives to bless ;
 His practice, peace and righteousness :
 Creeds, gestures, vests, let courts discuss ;
 This be our faith ; our ritual, thus.

Let priests, 'neath towered and gorgeous dome,
 As hollow mountain huge, to home
 Tempt God. Know thou, on plain, peak, strand,
 Where'er Faith's pearl-white feet can stand,
 Or troublous heart beat loud to prayer,
 God will come swiftly down ; and there,
 With angels round, in guardian state
 His boundless presence concentrate.

Let earthquakes scare the all-guilty soul ;
 And lightnings him no laws control ;
 When Arctic streamers, fleet and high,
 With ruddiest radiance flood the sky,

Let conscious caitiffs kneel and yell ;
To spirit assured, those rose-lights tell
Heaven's blameful blush of shame for times
We, Christians, crowd with gore-dyed crimes.

God's law is, Him to love ; good do
To men ; deal justly ; sin eschew ;
Think kindly ; truly speak ; forgive ;
And temperately, and purely live.
So men by good redeem their sins,
No sumptuous booth of badger skins
God asks ; gilt ark, nor temple ; rife
With worthier rites stands godly life.

Blow high, the blasts, o'er down and carn ;
O'er moorland mere, and tor's black tarn ;
Hurl from its base the logan lone ;
Or crouching cromlech's covering stone ;
We, home from Druid fane returned,
One great consoling truth have learned ;
How faith, through every faith, might win
Some glimpse of God, without, within.

For see, where grimly silent stand
Far round, of old this hallowed land,
Tall menhir, preaching, stern and sole,
God's oneness 'midst the unbounded whole ;
Of His eternity divine
The upright circlet's mystic sign ;
Whose numbered stones to soul imply
Reunion with Divinity.

Who all beliefs know, rest agreed
Truth cites a brief but trusty creed ;
God, and the soul's progressive state,
The most faith cares to formulate ;
Good souls, by rest and task repaid,
Like grateful ; evil, better made.
Be sure—earth's future to foretel—
Who made all good, will end all well.

Know thou, too, who, with level mind,
Thy lot, by prescient grace assigned,
Bear'st ; that life's confluent forces fix
Our fates, and those we help to mix.
Yield then the world its splendid blanks
To those who pay it idol thanks ;
Helping or hindering, all fulfil
God's ends. Strike we to His, our will.

Let crowns and empires come, or go ;
Give me to fix mine inward eyes
On things eternal ; truths that flow
From lips inspired, divinely wise,
Of bard or prophet, lords of soul
Who each, their world of thought control,
Godlike ; whose high and heavenly race
No knavish routs, one hour, displace.


Let earth, then, round her axle roll,
In strengthful calm ; while, from the pole,
Swoop giant breakers on our coasts,
Wrath-white, in granite-shattering hosts ;
Be ours, God's ordering love to trace
In all things seas and skies embrace ;
And learn from stars how sweetliest they
Consist, who heaven's high laws obey.

THE FALL OF PARIS.

A DIARY OF THE PRUSSIAN OCCUPATION OF VERSAILLES.

BY A BRITISH RESIDENT.

Paris, Saturday, Sept. 10.

“ H, YES; I mean to stop here and see the siege. It can't last, you know. I've thought it over, and rather like the notion; and then it will be something to talk about when it's done.”

I said that this morning to an old friend who had come in to breakfast.

“You really mean to stop, do you? More fool you. You'll be sorry for it when you're locked in, and can't even squint through the keyhole. Bombs to listen to, and rats to eat, are not cheerful for anybody. I can understand a fellow facing them if it's his duty; but you, a Britisher, who have the right to run away, would be an arrant idiot if you didn't. And besides, I should like to know by what process of reasoning you can get your conscience to approve your subjecting those children of yours to the dangers and suffering which are coming on to Paris?”

“Danger and suffering be hanged!” I scornfully replied. “Paris can't really be defended; it will be only a clever show for the honour of the thing. They'll come unscrewed within a month; and as for shells, why, how are they to reach us here? The Boulevard Malesherbes is covered by the Bois, and the Bois is covered by Mont Valérien; it will be a long Prussian gun that will throw shot in here.”

“Well,” said my friend, gravely, “I fancied you were a wiser man. It's your business, not mine. Good-bye; poor little children!”

When he was gone, I looked out of window. Now I have noticed that looking out of window is a position which not unfrequently engenders sage reflection: so it was to-day. My first impression was that there was absolutely nothing to look at. My friend had vanished round a corner; there wasn't a soul on the great pavements of the Boulevard, not a cab on the macadam; all the shutters were closed

up in the houses round us, and there wasn't an object to catch my eye except the growing dirt-heaps which have accumulated in all the streets since Paris has taken to arming and given up cleaning. My second fancy (it came, I can't tell how, by one of those huge jumps that thinking alone effects, and which no acrobat can ever imitate) was, that if all those shutters were locked in, it was because the people who live behind them have absconded. Why should they have gone, if we can stay? And those dirt-heaps, too; they furnish nasty evidence that Paris isn't Paris now. My thoughts grew misty. A half-dreaming vision formed itself above the tree-tops in the Parc Monceau opposite; a vision of vague outline, mixed up with scrambling rats, and falling shutters, and giant piles of unswept filth, and whizzing bombs, and Prussians twelve feet high, and voices yelling at me, "You fool!" In fact, a wild, knotted nightmare in the sunlight, made up of the words I had heard and the things I had seen during the half-hour before. I fancied suddenly that I heard a crying child—my child crying for food and crying from pain. This was too much. I turned sharp round, and the distorted day-dream vanished. I felt cold and nervous, but in ten seconds realities came back, and there passed through me one of those rushing revulsions which carry all before them, ride over argument, and pulverise all reason. I suddenly felt that my friend was right, and that I really was a fool to think of stopping here; not for myself—a man can scramble anywhere—but for those poor children: they have had sadness enough this summer, they don't need more. How could I have been so madly cruel as to think of keeping them inside the walls of Paris? It was fantastic folly; a disgraceful abandonment of all paternal duty. I made three strides from the window to the door, and shouted "Amélie!"

My sister-in-law Amélie was in her room putting on her bonnet to take the children for a walk. I dimly heard her answer, "Oui; j'arrive;" but she didn't come fast enough for the impatience which had suddenly laid hold of me. So I dashed through the rooms between us, went up to her, and said, "That fellow was right; we'll go."

Amélie looked at me. I looked at her. After a long pause she simply said, "Where?"

Now, I like women to accept in that way, without any bother about explanations; particularly when one feels that one has been all wrong, and that one well deserves a bullying. I knew, as a necessary consequence of the sudden inspiration which had come over me, that I really merited reproach; and as Amélie is good at nagging

(like all old maids), I expected she would give me what the French call a "soaping."

But she mercifully didn't; so I patted her on the back, and said, "Now that's the way to behave. Never bully a fellow when he knows he's wrong. Where to? Ah! where to? Well, it's getting coldish for the sea-side, and there are too many people there already, and I don't think they take luggage by the Normandy trains; and as the Prussians will of course go down to the coast, we shouldn't gain much there; and it's confoundedly dear at Dieppe and all that country, and I'm horridly hard up, you know; and if one could hit upon some place that one could get to easily, especially with baggage, and where one could live cheap, and where the children wouldn't be too dull—poor little darlings, that I was going to wilfully assassinate in this Paris!—and where I could find somebody to talk to, and where you could have a good church to say your prayers in; that would be the sort of thing, you know."

Amélie listened without interruption to this dishevelled speech of mine (I was half afraid to stop it, for fear she should begin to lather me after all), and answered one single word—"Versailles!"

"Versailles?" I screamed. "Versailles? You're mad!—madder even than I was to think of stopping here! Why, Versailles will be burnt, or pillaged, or requisitioned off the face of the earth; and we should be all starved there, and see all manner of horrors. Versailles, indeed! I'd as soon go to Metz, itself."

Amélie kept her temper (glory be to her!), and contented herself with responding, "You asked me for advice; I gave it, and I repeat it. Let us go to Versailles. It's about the only place in France which combines all the conditions you just now indicated; and as for danger and starvation, we shall have to risk them anywhere. Decidedly I vote for Versailles."

As, on the whole, I was very contrite, and as my sudden conversion from the decision to stop in Paris to the opposite one of instant flight had momentarily made me somewhat diffident as to the value of my own opinion, I determined to be guided by woman's instinct; which, after all, is often surer than man's wisdom.

So Versailles was unanimously elected—I may say amidst loud cheering—for the children came in with a rush, and yelped with delight at the news of our precipitate departure. I began to recognise that they were not stopping here because they liked it, that they thought any place was several stone better than Paris, and that I had been, as men always are, a selfish brute not to foresee the possible trials which the siege may bring about.

In five minutes our plan of action was matured. We go to-morrow. Amélie trotted off to the Rue St. Lazare to catch the 12.30 Versailles train, and see about a lodging; the children opened all their drawers and threw everything on the floor, notwithstanding the furious expostulations of Ethel, our old English nurse, under pretence of packing up their dolls. I proceeded to hunt out a cart for the transport of our boxes to the *chef lieu* of Seine-et-Oise. At dinner we met again. Amélie reported that she had had infinite success. She had discovered and had hired a first floor in the Rue des Réservoirs, just opposite the hotel; all the comforts in life; rather small, it was true, but big enough for a few weeks' stay, an adorable landlady, and rent only 8*l.* a month. I announced that after four hours of researches I had at last succeeded in unnesting a little cart, said to be the only one in Paris which is not employed in carrying ammunition to the forts; that the negotiation with its owner had been laborious, but that he had finally condescended for the sum of thirty francs—about three times the rate in ordinary times—to do us the favour to change the longitude of our trunks. The children's report of progress was less satisfactory. It seemed, so far as we could gather from their extremely contradictory statements, that there had been a general mixing up of dolls' clothes on the floor, and that a scrimmage had resulted from conflicting claims to the property of many of the articles.

The evening was spent in joyous packing up, and I fancy that I was the most contented of us all. I felt as if I had got all the family out of prison.

Versailles, Sunday, Sept. 11.

We came down to-day by the 2.30 train. The boxes were countless hours on the road, for the animal which dragged them was eminently unequal to the task, especially as we had audaciously added a piano to the pile. However, all was safely landed in the evening.

The lodging is not quite so splendid as Amélie gave out yesterday; and as for the landlady, it would take a good deal to enable me to adore her; but anyhow we are out of Paris.

Monday, Sept. 12.

Surely they are not going to defend Versailles. I have wandered about to-day, and have seen the National Guards all drilling, and deep trenches cut across the roads outside the gates. What is all that nonsense for? The trenches don't even stop the market women; they simply drive round them in the fields; and I suppose

the armies of King William can do the same. As for the National Guards, they and their firelocks are really very funny. Most respectable old fogies they seem to be, full of earnest desire to learn how to hold their weapon so that it mayn't hurt them ; as for its hurting anybody else, of course no one expects such an impossibility as that. I stood looking at some of them for half an hour this morning : most of them appeared to be suffering from acute rheumatism, and the old Zouave who was trying to instruct them did swear graphically. They reminded me of the soldiers in "Bombastes Furioso ;" for their ordinary formation was "as you was before you was as you were." When they were ordered to ground arms, they first most carefully removed their toes from all possible neighbourhood with the butts of their venerable muskets (I think I saw one which had no lock, but, as Paddy said, "the Prussians don't know that !"), and then they oscillatingly endeavoured to maintain the perpendicular while they gradually lowered down their blunderbusses about a yard in front of them. If these warriors should suddenly encounter a troop of Uhlans, they had better say, "Please, don't ; we were only playing."

But what does it all mean? It isn't a time to play, and these worthy ancients may catch cold while they are standing about in this way.

The place is odiously dull, duller than I have ever seen it. Versailles never was a lively place, now it looks like an abandoned cemetery. I hear that half the people have run away ; this is scarcely satisfactory to ourselves, and has made me somewhat doubt whether woman's instinct is really so safe a compass to steer by, for that same instinct which has led me here has made five thousand other women quit the town. However, here we are, and we must face it now. At all events, the place is clean ; that alone is a consolation to emigrants from dusty, dirty Paris.

Tuesday, Sept. 13.

I've found out all about it. Versailles is not to be defended ; indeed, it cannot be, for it is commanded by the hills all round, and half a battery would knock us into shavings in twenty minutes. But there is a Republic in France (I had quite forgotten that), and the Republicans require that there shall be an appearance of defence. So the roads have all been damaged, and big trees cut down, and good old gentlemen have been called upon to drill, all for show. Now what is the good of that? It appears that everybody knows it is a show, and that nobody is deluded. How odd ! However, it is not my affair. But if Versailles is playing this little farce for the approval of the Republic, it has really done its duty pluckily in another way.

It has sent its able-bodied men to Paris to join the army of defence. That is really creditable ; I should not have expected such an act of vigour from this great sleepy place. They tell me that two thousand estimable people are simulating soldiers here, all for show and good example.

Despite the spectacle offered to me by these brave citizens, I have had hard work to get through the day. I shall go up to Paris to-morrow, to slay the hours and see whether any change has come since Sunday.

Wednesday, Sept. 14.

What a dirty train it was ! Where are the days when the Versailles line carried officers of the Guard and pretty women ; when the 5.10 down express was an album of amazing dresses ; when common people stood admiringly aloof and contemplated those splendid passengers ? Alas ! the Republic and the war have scotched all that. There are no expresses now ; the lumbering trains are always half-an-hour behind time ; inside and out (on the banlieue railways there are benches on the roofs), the carriages are full of Linesmen and Mobiles, and peasants in ragged blouses, many of them half drunk, with no respect of persons and no deference for first-class cushions. I went both up and down with half-a-dozen of these excited citizens, and half-a-dozen more attempted to scramble in on us at Suresnes, which is the station for Mont Valérien. If they hadn't smelt so bad, I should have liked it, for their talk was droll, if not instructive. They bragged too much, but I do believe they all meant fighting, only they had no notion what fighting is. That is certainly a weak point in this national resistance ; good will is plentiful, these fellows are all abundantly ready to be knocked about, but I am certain they won't take kindly to any sort of discipline. Indeed the proclamation of the Republic is in itself one cause of the riotous and untamable dispositions one sees in Paris ; these noisy fellows evidently imagine that Republic means the suppression of control : one man is as good as another now, so why should a soldier obey his officer ? Of course the tendency to equality, and consequent contempt of all superior station, does not really get so far as to destroy discipline in the ranks, but I am convinced that most of the new soldiers (and there are very few old ones left) will bring with them to their regiments the notion that they needn't go on passively obeying now that the Empire is at an end. I have heard them say so, as they shouted to each other in the trains to-day—even when they spoke to the next man to them they shouted all the same—and I shall be

considerably astonished if they are licked into military subordination without much time and difficulty.

On the whole, I wasn't sorry to get home again to Versailles, out of the dusty atmosphere of Paris, and the roaring riot of the train. Paris saddened me to-day. Two days' absence have sufficed to clear my thoughts, and I vividly saw the amazing change which has come over the capital of the world. So long as I was in it, the daily growth to war shape scarcely struck me; I have been away for sixty hours, and am astonished at the mighty alteration in all one sees. Old habits are destroyed; indeed, they have become impossible. How could I have been so incredibly idiotic as to intend to stay it out? I shall never respect my own opinion again, but I say that every time I see that I made a big mistake. The mistake was so huge this time that I will really make a solid effort to remember it.

Dull old Versailles, how green and calm you looked as I walked homewards from the station, with the din and dust of Paris and the trains still in my ears and eyes! I went into the church as I was passing it, and said a "Gloria Patri" in thankfulness for getting here.

Thursday, Sept. 15.

The Prussians are coming on at a rapid pace. They are close up to Paris on the other side. Cunning people calculate that they will stop there, and will not come so far as Versailles, which, they say, lies too much away from their basis of operations in the east. Other people, who seem to me more cunning still, reply that as the Prussians have but one object, the siege of Paris, they must necessarily surround it; and that, as Versailles is in the ring, it must of course be occupied at once, even if it did not offer such special resources as it does in barracks and hospital accommodation. I chime in with the latter view: they will come for certain, and very soon, I fancy. I recognise that I am getting rather frightened; the danger is growing imminent, and I see that I don't like it. So long as I only read in the newspapers about other people's sufferings, I said, "How shocking!" but that didn't prevent my going quietly to sleep at night. To-day I have realised somewhat abruptly that we, too, are going to have our turn, and that it will be then for more distant readers to say "How shocking!" as the story of our Versailles miseries reaches them. I own that this is but a proper punishment for selfishness, but the propriety of the thing doesn't make it any pleasanter. I have several times to-day looked nervously at the children, poor little darlings! And besides the danger, which looks all the blacker to me because I can't tell what form it may assume, there is that nasty

question of seeing blood. I suppose we shall have battle round us, and I suddenly discover that I don't like that either. I ought to have thought of all this before—weeks ago—when there was still time to go a long way off, and get into real, substantial safety. But anyhow, whatever happens, surely this will be better than Paris. I am in a fluctuating state of mind to-night, abominably uncomfortable, and decidedly growing into terror. What is going to happen to us?

Friday, Sept. 16.

I had a weary night; sleep wouldn't come; anxiety took its place—perhaps more the anxiety of doubt than of absolute, well-defined apprehension. But whatever may have been its precise nature, it gnawed me nastily, and I rolled feverishly about in bed till dawn came and dissipated my black emotions. I never more distinctly realised the power of light as an antidote to nervous fear.

What will the Prussians do to us? That is what we all want to know.

The day passed wearily away. All the news was bad. Spiked helmets are in sight of Paris; Uhlans are riding along the Seine at Villeneuve; will it be our turn to-morrow? The children laugh, and say the Prussians won't hurt innocent outsiders like ourselves. Amélie goes much to church. We have begun the manufacture of a British ensign, which we mean to hang at our windows in testimony of our neutrality. Will that be any good? If people are slaughtered round us, will our bunting save us? It is abominably unpleasant to be in such a state of mind as this.

Saturday, Sept. 17.

I have been up again to Paris to-day to fetch more clothes from home, for the idea is dawning on us that our stay here may be longer than we thought. The aspect of the train was altogether changed—there was scarcely a soldier in it; indeed, I doubt if there were twenty passengers altogether either way. The troops seem to have all reached their quarters and to have left off travelling.

I was not altogether comfortable during the few hours I passed inside the walls; it was not impossible that the railway might be cut to-day, especially as Prussian cavalry was known to be all round outside. I should not have at all appreciated a walk back to Versailles, and it was a vast relief to me to learn, on getting to the station, that the trains were running still. I got home all right, and was welcomed by eager faces out of window; all had been anxious to see me safely back, and I was overwhelmed by little arms and many kisses as I got upstairs with the bundle I had brought from home.

The evening passed off anxiously ; the wildest rumours were about ; the Prussians were in sight ; they were burning all the villages ; they were exporting all the male inhabitants to Germany ; they were committing the most odious atrocities ; they had declared their intention to bombard Versailles without waiting for its capitulation—and a quantity of other equally palpable lies, which, however, frightened the woman part of the population, and seemed even to find some credence amongst the men. I knew the Prussians would not come in at night ; they don't like working in the dark ; but I went to bed with the conviction that we should hear their trumpets in the morning. The children seem on the whole to rather like it ; they are certain we are in no danger, and they have the blindest confidence in the red ensign now floating outside in the light breeze. In their eyes it is a talisman.

Sunday, Sept. 18.

I was up and out at six this morning. I found half the population in the streets ; the good people must have made an effort to get up so early, for I am sure they don't usually turn out at sunrise, but the situation is so exciting that no one could stop in bed.

No Prussians, and no kind of news, but the very air seemed worried.

After hanging about the street corners for an hour, I went to mass, and then I turned home for coffee. But I couldn't stop indoors. I tried to read, I tried to write, I tried to talk quietly to the children, but none of it would do. I felt red all over ; I couldn't even sit down ; if I unconsciously took a chair, I got off it in half-a-minute. It was a new situation, and a hot one ; we were waiting for the soldiers who have ridden over a third of France, and who are coming to ride over us to-day.

At eight o'clock I went out again, but only to return five minutes afterwards ; and so I went on, in and out, listening to imaginary sounds in the air, till nearly nine, when Amélie took the children down to church. I walked with them, but the strain was grown so violent that I couldn't stand it, so I rushed away.

At 9.30 I was at the station waiting for the first Paris train to buy a newspaper. Two hundred other people had come there for the same purpose, and a pretty fight there was to get a *Gaulois* ; I thought I was in Tipperary.

The railway people told us that a telegram had just come from Paris to stop the trains ; so they were going to send up the carriages at eleven, and thenceforth there would be no communication. This was grave ; it meant, beyond all doubt, that the Prussians were close

up. I went home again with this news, and at eleven tried to breakfast. It was hard work to eat, but somehow I did swallow half-a-dozen mushrooms and a cup of coffee, and then I began to smoke again—that, at all events, I could do.

The commotion in the streets was painful to look at. If I hadn't been so appallingly afraid, I should have got good studies of frightened faces, but I myself was up the tree with all the others, and I am certain that I might have made my own portrait with advantage. I didn't.

At twelve o'clock I went to the Mairie. For the last few days that ugly building has been the central point of Versailles news. The crowd there is always thick, for every one comes for information. The groups before the railings were very dense to-day, but there was nothing fresh. The Paris papers of this morning had already told us all. I listened to the talk, and marked that bounce was gone. There was only one fellow who still talked big, but he was good enough to explain the reason why. He said: "My courage is so resistless, my indignation is so terrific, that really I could not venture to stop in my village. In spite of my intelligence, which is remarkable, I know I should have been carried away by the rolling fury of my sentiments, and that I should have slaughtered many Prussians. My poor village would have been pitilessly burnt to atone for the valour of my acts. So I have manfully stifled my whole nature, and have come in here to enrol myself as a simple National Guard. Of course I shall be disarmed as soon as the foe arrives, but it is better for France that I should be disarmed; if a weapon were left to me, I should commit deeds of reckless bravery. Disarm me at once, my friends, I am too dangerous." I was much inclined to kick the fellow, but as the mob seemed rather to admire him, I might have had them all against me, so I simply walked away to another band, where a white-haired man was holding forth. The poor old fellow was telling memories of "fourteen," and trying to evoke resistance by legends of how he slew the Prussians under Blucher. But it didn't catch; there was no contagion; I sympathised with him individually, but wasn't sorry to see so many proofs about that a "no surrender" cry would have no chance here. Fighting won't suit me at all; I want to see the Prussians in, quietly and without difficulty; then, perhaps, we may escape without firing in the streets. But so long as we go on waiting, the *inconnu* remains unsolved—what does the entrance of the Prussians mean? is it battle, plunder, and destruction? or is it order, respect of property, and comparative relief from this horrible anxiety?

So we stood about, extremely bothered, waiting on the weary hours, and straining our eyes towards the hill-tops beyond the Avenues to see if a Prussian was anywhere looming into sight.

Suddenly, about three o'clock, a wild scream arose of "Here they are!" as four hussars at headlong gallop came tearing round the corner of a side street and dashed up to the Mairie gates. It was a false alarm; the men were guides, who had been reconnoitring outside. They reported that they had seen the Prussians in the woods close by, had exchanged some distant shots with them, and were riding back to Paris by the Ville d'Avray road, the only one that was free. In five minutes they were off again, amidst a shout of hearty wishes.

This adventure carried our excitement up to a heat that would have melted platinum. We now knew that the enemy was really within ten minutes of us; at any moment the famous Uhlan might appear from behind a tree. The mob grew silent; the National Guards on duty at the Mairie fell in and formed a relatively straight line. I thought their intention was to be ready to propitiate the Prussians by presenting arms to them on their arrival, but it was not that at all; the object of these warriors was to drive the crowd off the wide side-alley into the road. They advanced upon us with a flurried waddle, pushing us with their specimens of ancient firelocks, and tragically ordering us "en arrière!" Poor old fellows! It was the only military movement they have had to execute, and I won't expose them if they talk of it hereafter as a desperate charge with fixed bayonets against the rebel population. We rather gained by this expulsion from the gravel walk, for we got into the middle of the great Avenue, and had a completer view around us than we had enjoyed beneath the trees. As I possessed the only lorgnette, I became for some minutes a centre of attraction, and was listened to as an oracle each time I looked for Prussians on the woody hills a mile before us. But I could discover nothing; there was no show of steel between the distant leaves, and at last the crowd got tired of me, and evidently regarded me with contempt because I couldn't satisfy their impatience.

It was indeed a moment of emotion. Except the children, who were plentiful all round, no one spoke. We all gaped on till the Mairie clock struck four. As the last sound died away there was a sudden turning of heads beyond me towards the corner of the Rue des Chantiers. Silently and gravely, but with electric quickness, the whole crowd faced in that direction. Above the heads I saw three dark horsemen advancing at a walk. Now my lorgnette served me;

it showed me three black kolbacks, with the silver skull and cross-bones. Instinctively and half unconsciously I shouted out. "Les hussards de la mort." The crowd replied by a half-swallowed moan.

This time there they really were.

In a minute the Black Brunswickers rode slowly to the gate, laughing saucily at the scared crowd which shrivelled backwards at their approach. One of them saluted, and in excellent French asked if he could see the Mayor. The National Guards respectfully conducted him to the authorities.

The instant he disappeared inside the railings the mob closed in upon his comrades. One second had dispelled their terror and brought them back their voices. How they did scream! and almost joyfully. Here were two Prussians, all alive—real, positive Prussians—with various weapons all about them; and instead of murdering they grinned. They were prodigiously ugly fellows, but I am certain the crowd thought them altogether lovely, because they didn't charge and slay. Some of the boldest attempted a conversation with them, but neither side could manage it, though of course they all shouted in the hope of so making themselves more comprehensible.

In a few minutes the first man rode out again, as coolly as if he were making a triumphal entry into Berlin. The two others joined him, and they trotted off with much hand-waving to the people and jovial laughter. Then the news came out that as no officer was with the Brunswick picket the Mayor had declined to treat, but that he was going at once to the *Porte de Buc* to meet the Prussian general in order to settle the conditions of surrender. We saw him go. We waited half-an-hour for him to come back again, and then we learnt that those impudent Brunswickers had done the old thing again—that they had come in on their own account for the fun of it, and that no troops were anywhere in sight. The people at the gate were, however, certain that several regiments were in the woods, and that Versailles was surrounded.

I went home at last and told my story.

So ends the first day. They have come. We have really seen them, and we are still alive. Versailles feels almost soothed, and begins to hope that perhaps things may not turn out so badly after all.

Monday, Sept. 19.

Our cook came in from market with the report that Prussian officers had arrived in the early morning, and that negotiations were going on for the capitulation of the town. I ran out at once to hear

the details, and was getting near the Mairie when a sudden roar of cannon stopped me short and took my breath away. Roar after roar came thundering through the sunny air. I don't know how it may be with other people who, like myself, have spent their lives in peaceful occupations and have never heard artillery excepting at reviews, but on me this first sound of battle, for battle it evidently was, produced a staggering feeling of incredulous fear. For the last few days I have been resolutely trying to prepare myself for war. I thought I had done so copiously, and that by mere force of will I had worked myself into readiness to face the thing; but now that I had suddenly got to it I could not believe my reason and my ears. There, in front of me, some four miles off, evidently in those pretty woods of Meudon, men were killing each other. In an hour, perhaps, the fight might roll in here. I stood and listened, and found, to my disgust, that I was not prepared at all. I was distinctly tempted to run home again and hide the children in the cellar. But I desperately wanted news, and felt sure I had time to reach the Mairie and get back before we could have musketry in the streets. So I made a rigid effort. I got myself approximately calm, and went on, involuntarily stopping as each fresh boom of cannon reached me.

At the Mairie there was an enormous crowd. The old story was afloat again—the French had won a great victory this morning, the Germans were in full retreat, and therefore the capitulation which had just been signed would of course have no effect. Now as my ears convinced me that the action had only just begun, and as I was sure no news of its result could yet have reached Versailles, I expressed some doubt as to the reality of this intelligence, and, finding that no more was to be learnt, turned quickly home. Two minutes afterwards, as I rattled on, a heavy hand grasped my shoulder, and a rough voice said, “Arrêtez !” I turned short, and found myself face to face with an excited individual, followed a few yards off by four breathless National Guards. The excited individual informed me that I was a Prussian spy, and that I was to come back with him. The four old gentlemen gathered round me, evidently delighted, in spite of the trial to their wind, at being engaged in a really useful action for their country, and one of them made a gallant effort to lift up the butt of his blunderbuss as if to knock my brains out on the spot; luckily, it was too heavy for him. My natural impulse was to laugh, but I have seen in Paris so many spy hunts that I knew I had better keep calm and silent until some one recognised me. The four ancient gentlemen formed themselves into what they thought was a square (poor Euclid !), the excited man put

me into the middle of the irregular figure, and we were just setting out, right legs first, when I heard behind me, "Why, what the devil are you doing here?" I knew the voice, even before I could turn round to see the speaker. It was a friend of years ago, a great man here, who didn't know that we had come down to Versailles, and who had been stupefied on recognising me a prisoner. The explanation wasn't long. My incredulity about the victory of the French, and my Norfolk shirt—looking, in its mourning black, like an unknown uniform, possibly related in Gallic eyes to those three fellows of yesterday—had suggested to a policeman in plain clothes (the excited individual) the notion that I was "un espion." So he had "requis la force armée," and, five men to one, they had laid hold of me. My friend said, "Get out, you asses!" They did look very foolish, and began apologies; but I told them they had only done their duty, and entreated them not to be unhappy. They awkwardly backed out, and went away in a polygon, whose angles varied at every stride.

Then my friend took my arm, and we chatted eagerly on our way to the Rue du Réservoir. He told me all about the capitulation, and said the Prussians were coming through Versailles at once on to the St. Germain road. As for the battle, which was roaring on, he fancied it was only an outpost engagement. I thought to myself, "If that is outpost work, what does a real battle sound like?"

When I reached home I found all quiet. It seemed as if I were the sole coward of the family, for all the others pretended to be brave enough. No one would own to any apprehension, though it was pretty evident that there was every now and then a little nervous wincing when a particularly loud roar made the air shake and the windows tremble. I did what I could to stimulate this valiant attitude, and endeavoured to explain away my own emotion by lofty considerations about my responsibility as head of the family. I didn't think of that in Paris, but now I do; and it was with a sickening nervous shiver that I realised the situation for the children, and thought of its possible eventualities. Amélie stood at the open window, violently tapping the glass with a fan, as if to deafen herself to the cannon. She didn't like it either.

As I was thinking anxiously, Geneviève called out to me, "I say, Papa, why are they filling the bottoms of those carts with straw?" I looked, and on the other side of the street below us saw a dozen carts, into which men with the red cross bandage were spreading yellow sheaves. They were at the door of the French Ambulance, and there was no mistaking their destination; they were going out to

pick up wounded. I went over to them, and helped to stretch the litters and open out the straw. My conscience told me that I ought to go off with the others and help them in their horrid work, but I could not make up my mind to the effort. I shrank from the sight of suffering and blood, as I had already shrunk from the sound of cannon; and, to my own contempt, I stopped behind. I contented myself with looking wistfully at the carts as they drove away, with shame at my want of nerve, and with envy of the courage of those who went.

At breakfast nobody could eat. We had too much to think about.

Towards one o'clock the sound of battle died away, and it began to get abroad that the French had been driven in at Chatillon, and that the Prussians were entering Versailles in force. At two o'clock a squadron of dragoons trotted down the street—how we stared at the pointed helmets, the first we saw!—and then we heard the clash of music and the tramp of men. A dark mass of infantry turned the corner of the Palace just above us, and during two long hours there defiled below our windows an entire division of the Prussian army. All arms included, there were about twelve thousand men, a pontoon train, and sixty guns.

For the first time I saw the men who have conquered France. I looked at them with bitter curiosity, but as their very presence tranquillised half my fears, I was able to examine them with much diminished anxiety as to the consequences of their arrival. It is wonderful how anticipated difficulties diminish when one gets to them.

The men were short and lumpy, but the marching was regular, the step elastic, the lines well kept. The look of the infantry was grave and solid, though a little stupid; there was no talking in the ranks, there was no bright colour, all was sombre, but all looked tremendously like work. And these are the men of whom I have read for weeks, in all French newspapers, that they are weary and footsore, exhausted from want of food, and decimated by disease! Their uniforms were stained and worn, but not so much as I expected, knowing that the men have been sleeping for two months in the mud, without any shelter but their cloaks. As for the horses, their condition was beyond belief; their coats were sleek and brilliant, as if they were fresh from stables.

Versailles was occupied by a battalion and four batteries. I went to look at them after the division had gone through. They were camped in the Avenue de Paris and the Place d'Armes, just before the Palace. On the top front of that great building is engraved, in

letters two feet high, the dedicatory inscription : " A toutes les Gloires de la France ;" all the world knows that. There was hideous satire in the contrast between the words above and the scene below, and it was a relief to see the writing grow dim as the sun sank behind the woods of Satory, and withdrew its light from the misplaced phrase.

I went home moodily and angrily, mourning for poor France and cursing the Prussians between my teeth. I am almost reassured about ourselves, and so begin to think again of France.

The occupations of the afternoon had made us almost forget the battle of the morning ; in quick-living times like these, one impression drives out another. But after dinner, as we were looking out in the moonlight at some Prussian soldiers idling past (the view of the spiked helmets is still strange to us), we saw a crowd coming slowly up the street, accompanying a long string of carts. Not one of us said a word, but instantly and instinctively we all shrank back, and Amélie quickly closed the shutters: we all knew, without asking, what it was—that those were the carts we saw start this morning coming back with wounded and dying men, and that we were about to have our first sight of blood. With a mixture of horror and irresistible curiosity, we looked tremblingly through the *jalousies*. It was nearly dark, and we could distinguish nothing clearly, but as the rumbling waggons passed onwards to the Palace, we saw vague forms stretched out, and here and there the moonlight fell on a wan face and a blood-stained bandage.

We went to bed, nervous and impressed, and had nasty dreams.

Tuesday, Sept. 20.

More wounded came in this morning, this time in broad daylight. To our astonishment we looked at them almost with calm, and even dared to use a lorgnette to better judge the nature of the wounds. Is it possible that we are learning our lessons of war as fast as that? Even the children gazed without too much repugnance at the sight. How can we be so changed since yesterday?

A friend sent me word this morning that the Crown Prince is coming to Versailles, that his head-quarters will be established at the Prefecture; and, furthermore, that he is expected in some time to-day. This is big news. I incline to rejoice extremely at it, for I am sure it will be a protection to the place to have the Prince here.

After breakfast we all went down to see if he had come, but as we learnt that he was not expected till five o'clock, we held a council, and, after long and timorous hesitation, decided to go to the Palace and see the hospital. This was a tremendous resolution to adopt;

but we executed it pluckily, thinking, and with reason, that as we are in for it and shall have to face all sorts of horrors, the best thing we can do is to habituate our eyes to them as fast as possible. So up we went, nervously I own, but with no blinking, Amélie and I in front, so that if anything too horrible came in sight, we might keep the children back. The wounded men of yesterday are lodged in the grand halls of the ground floor, on the garden front; they have air all round them, pictures on the walls to look at if they like, and the great park slopes far away before them. Nowhere could suffering bodies breathe a purer air. The high windows were all open in the sunlight, and we stood at them—gazing in with wondering sympathy. There was not much blood about, and we saw no dead; but still the sight was a hard one for quiet people like ourselves. There were rows of beds with pale faces on the pillows, some of them almost blue; and there were baskets full of reddened linen, and pails of blood-stained water; and now and then a low groan came through the silence. The children never spoke; their eyes were fixed and their lips compressed. As I watched them I heard a low pat upon the floor; I looked, and saw it was a great tear that had fallen from Amélie's eyes; she was wet all over, for she had been crying for some minutes without knowing it. I led them all away, and we sat upon a shady bench till they had got calm again.

I'm glad we have done it, but I don't pretend we like it. Quite the contrary.

Our banner had been waving in the wind since Sunday, and many other foreign residents had followed our example, and had hung out their flags. At three o'clock to-day a policeman came upstairs, and requested me to withdraw my colours. This intimation put up the *civis Romanus* in me, and I sternly told the miserable agent of authority to touch them if he dared. He replied, uncomfortably and deprecatingly, that it was no fault of his; that our conquerors themselves had just given the order for the suppression of all flags; that they had begun by striking the French colours at the Palace and the Prefecture, replacing them by the Prussian eagle; and that his own functions were limited to a simple transmission of the German order, as it had been notified at the Mairie. After this explanation it was useless to resist; indeed, apart from the inutility of revolt, it would have been bad taste and heartless to pretend to keep up the union-jack after the tricolour had disappeared; so I pulled in my bunting, amidst the indignant protestations of the children, who proposed to immediately burn the town rather than submit to those infamous Prussians.

This affair so thoroughly enraged the family, that one and all refused to accompany me, at five o'clock, to see the Crown Prince come in. So, as I wanted to see the sight, and was not so infuriated as the others, I went alone. I stood in the crowd outside the Prefecture. There was scarcely any talking, even the washerwomen held their tongues; but it seemed to me to be a silence of indifference rather than of sadness. A group of officers stood before the gates, and the road was kept by infantry. We had not to wait long: at five, almost exactly, the Uhlans of the escort rode out from the Rue des Chantiers, and formed up on the right side of the Avenue de Paris; then came the Prince, looking grave but kind, as I have always seen him; after him rode a large and brilliant staff. As they crossed the avenue to the Prefecture, I caught sight of a grey jacket in the middle of the many-coloured uniforms. A grey jacket there seemed so out of place that my eyes followed it attentively—as well as they could at least, through that moving mass of variegated horsemen. In a few seconds it was quite clear; it was a Norfolk shirt with a brochette of decorations hanging from a button-hole. A Norfolk shirt! That looked singularly English. Who could he be? My national curiosity was aroused, but for some minutes I could see no more; the staff had closed up thickly while the Prince was inspecting the guard of honour. At last they broke into looser order, as two officers on foot came out amongst them to distribute billets. Then I looked hard at the man in grey; he turned his head my way, and then I beheld the special Doctor of the *Thunderer*, Russell! I wanted to rush up to him at once, but I couldn't pass the line of soldiers, so I waited there, suddenly reminded by his presence of mutual friends and of laughing dinners at the "Garrick" and the "Raleigh." Finally, I broke through, and got my hand upon his saddle just as he was starting in a canter towards his billet. The first thing he told me was that he had had a heavy fall this morning, his horse having come down under the emotion produced by a too proximate shell, and that he was going to lie down at once: so we agreed to meet to-morrow.

Meeting him here is like finding a spring in the desert; but, in addition to my personal contentment, I feel a sort of public satisfaction at the presence of that grey jacket in the midst of the Prussian staff. That jacket is a protest; it asserts the right of opinion to speak up everywhere; and proves, by its mere presence at the Prince's side, that force is not yet sole master of the world.

The people I talked to as I went home (everybody talks to everybody in times like these) seemed decidedly to be relieved of half their fears. This is the second day of effective occupation, but we

are alive still, and, so far as I can learn, no one has yet been robbed. We vaguely expected rougher treatment. Rumours are about that outside Versailles cottages have been pillaged, hen-roosts depopulated, and fruit-trees stripped of their just ripened crop; I dare say all that is true, but in the town no one has suffered yet.

So Versailles goes to bed this second night with a cheerier mind, notwithstanding the mental rage in which we all indulge against the foe.

Wednesday, Sept. 21.

The Prince's staff puts up in part, and feeds entirely, at the Hotel des Réservoirs, just opposite our lodging. This morning a crowd of officers were standing on the pavement in front of us, and afforded us a perfect opportunity of studying the varieties of German uniform. About half of them were grand hereditaries, high mightinesses, serenenesses, or dukes at least, and they were arrayed in every sort of garment. There was the plain dark-blue frock-coat with scarlet facings of the Prussian staff; there the light-blue and silver of Bavaria; then came the graver uniforms of white-capped cuirassiers, dark lancers, and blue dragoons; and there sparkled brilliant hussars who shone in the sun in every hue—light-green, light-blue, black, brown, the climax of brightness being represented by the red tunic, laced with gold, of the Zeithen regiment of hussars. Even white was included in the show, by the presence of a cuirassier of the guard. There stood handsome Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern, the innocent cause of this wretched war; next him the Hereditary Duke of Saxe Weimar, who is decidedly less good-looking; then the young Duke of Mecklenburg, who by his mother is half an Englishman; the Duke of Augustenburg, a very sympathetic fellow, brother of Prince Christian; the Prince Royal of Wurtemberg, not pretty; and twenty others whose names I don't yet know—yes, there is Duke Ernest of Saxe Coburg; I mustn't leave him out, for everybody says he is such a good fellow. Physically, however, I can't help thinking, whenever I see him, "Albert and Ernest berry much unlike, 'speshly Ernest."

After looking my full at this collection of clothes and princes, I went to Russell, and met him on the road. We wandered in the park, looked a little at the wounded, and then strolled idly into the Picture Galleries. There, in a half dark room, we stumbled on to the Crown Prince himself; it was too late to back out, so Russell presented me to him, telling him that I had been in Paris on Saturday. This was rather awkward ground, for though I am a legal Englishman, I am by habit, affection, and prejudice a Frenchman;

twenty years of France have Gallicised me so thoroughly, that it would have seemed treason to me to tell the Prince a word that would prejudice the defence. But it luckily happened that I was able to answer all his questions by quotations from Paris newspapers. The only original information which I ventured to let out was that Paris is very dirty ; that fact, I am certain, cannot affect the German conduct of the siege. The Prince spoke with the deepest horror of all war, and his whole attitude and language confirmed what I have always heard of him, that he is a thoroughly warm-hearted man. Prince and enemy though he be, it is but fair to say that of him.

Russell breakfasted with us, and told the children amazing legends. What a *conteur* he is !

In the afternoon I found that some of my French friends are very angry at my having seen the Prince. They evidently consider that I am abandoning their cause, and disbelieve my declaration that the interview was a pure accident, and that I should certainly have avoided it if possible. Two days ago I was a spy, now I am half a traitor : from these two assertions I conclude that the war has produced an unearthly state of mind amongst Frenchmen.

Thursday, Sept. 22.

Amélie was uncomfortable this morning. There was evidently something wrong, but as I always leave her alone when she is indignant, I didn't question her. At last she couldn't keep it in. She said to me, with a burst : " I don't think it is right to be making music here. It is not time for any sort of joy. This abominable lodging is almost in the street. Those horrid princes are up and down below our windows all day long, and hear all we do. Not that I care about their opinion, but what must our own friends think of us when they hear our piano going, as if all France were happy ? I say we ought to lock it up. And then there's Charles in the Army of the Loire ; he may be killed already, for aught we know. We ought to lock it up."

I felt that she was right. But the sacrifice she proposed was a very big one. Music has grown to be almost as much a necessary to us as dinner is, and to cut it off is to voluntarily impose on ourselves a very bitter privation. I didn't like, however, to contradict so reasonable a proposal, and making a virtue of a horrible necessity, I had the impudence to reply, " *Ma chère Amélie*, that is exactly what I was going to suggest to you myself. I only hesitated for fear you might not like it. Since you desire it too, by all means let us do it." So the piano was locked, and Amélie went away with the key,

rubbing her eyes. A minute afterwards I heard her sobbing in her room.

This morning we could get no milk for our early coffee (the first direct effect of hostile occupation). This evening we suspend all music. I shall mark the 22nd of September with a black cross. Confound the Prussians!

The want of milk was only accidental to-day, but it threatens to become definitive, for the Prussians have begun eating up the cows. I don't imagine that they do it purposely to deprive us of milk and butter, or that German education inspires a preference for cow flesh instead of ox. I incline to fancy (and it is but justice to the invaders to take note of it) that the system which will make orphans of so many calves is but the simple consequence of the absence of all the bullocks in Paris, whither they were conducted ten days ago, in order to provide food for the siege. Since Tuesday a string of some thirty cows goes past us every morning to the slaughter-house. We moan.

The Prussians are hammering in requisitions at the Mairie, and nearly all the houses are swamped with billets. We hear most awful growling about it all. Every man I meet has his own story to tell, proving how abominably he is treated. The fact is, that war is unpleasant, detestably unpleasant.

Friday, Sept. 23.

This is the fifth day. We have left off looking at the spiked helmets; the sound of German in the streets has grown quite natural. Everything is quiet, I walk about just as I like, the children are in perfect safety, and the prices of food have not risen yet. And we are getting accustomed to the sights and sounds of war. As for cannon, we don't mind it now; often when the children are at lessons a dull roar thunders through the sunny air, one of them almost carelessly remarks "Cannon," and goes on spelling. Wounded men are carted past us all day long, but we look at them with a mixture of pity and indifference. This morning early I was out with my young boy, whose seven years of life have not afforded him much experience of slaughter. As we strolled along we met four soldiers carrying a narrow stretcher; on it was a dead man, whose arms hung vertically from the shoulders. The child looked curiously at him, and simply said, "Il est mort, celui-là, n'est ce pas, Papa?"

So much for four days of war. We have got singularly hardened. It is scarcely credible that we stand it as we do, but there's the fact. It is true we have had no real horrors yet to face, no battle round

us, but the little we have made acquaintance with is thoroughly outside the ring of ordinary existence, and ought to have upset us more than this. Thank God it doesn't!

The Prussians seem to be settling down here as if they were at home. I don't like that. Their arrangements frighten me. Do they mean to stay?

The Versaillais are howling awfully. I comprehend it; billeting is odious.

The National Guard was dissolved yesterday, but their arms were only brought in to-day. I looked in at the operation for an hour in the hope of seeing my friend of Sunday, who was so anxious to be disarmed. I didn't discover him. Most of the dear old gentlemen seemed much relieved when they came out of the Mairie after depositing their weapons. Two of those who arrested me on Monday saluted me nervously as they went by. I made them an enormous bow, turning my hat all round the compass, in the hope of thereby offering them some consolation. Frenchmen like to be well bowed to, and I am sure those wheezy old fellows said to their wives when they got home: "*Tu sais, ce Monsieur qui n'était pas espion, mais pas du tout, et que nous allions arrêter tout de même; eh bien, ce Monsieur a bien voulu me faire un très beau salut aujourd'hui, mais un vrai beau salut, là. Ce Monsieur est très bien.*" All that earned by a bow; it's very cheap.

Saturday, Sept. 24.

Madame Pescatore came to see us, and told us details of the occupation of her famous chateau at La Celle St. Cloud, five miles from this towards Bougival. Since Monday night she has to lodge and feed one hundred and twenty soldiers and ten officers. She calculates the cost at about £30 a day, which is a tolerable charge for one house, however rich it may be. She does not complain of any wanton damage yet, but evidently expects that her splendid house will be devastated very soon. Her pigs, cows, and poultry are devoured already, which is very creditable eating for 130 men, considering how largely the farm was stocked, and that they have been there only five days. The 6,000 bottles of wine in the cellars will apparently be got through in a fortnight; the Prussians like wine, particularly when it is good. One curious fact she mentioned is that when she was surprised by the invasion, she had not got in her supply of coal for warming the hot-houses during the winter. It is utterly impossible to get coal now, so the result will be that the grand palm-trees and wonderful collection of orchids, probably the finest in France, will be destroyed on the first frost.

Another and even more interesting subject of discussion was the question how we are all to get money to live. We recognised how immensely foolish we all have been. No one thought the war would last; no one laid in cash; no one liked to sell out securities (when they could still be sold) at the low prices to which they have fallen; no one thought it necessary to look six weeks ahead. Now we all are startled by the sudden recognition of the horrid fact that the war may last indefinitely; that no dividends will be paid on 1st October; that even if they were no one here could get them, because all the banks are closed, and there is no post; that it is the end of a quarter, which is a moment when everybody's purse is dry, even in the best of times; that billeting hostile soldiers is a source of new and enormous outlay; and, generally, that we are all in a woful mess, which is likely to get far worse. What a pretty picture! It is very clear that when the money which each family may happen to have in hand is spent, no more can be got till Paris is re-opened. And when will that be? The calmest people talk of Christmas, while the *chauvins* think Easter far more probable. I should like to know how we are to live the year out. One comfort (if anything can be a comfort in such a break-up of all the respectable rules of society) is that everybody is in the same hole. Nobody is rich to-day. Invested wealth is useless. What is the utility of securities if they bring in no income, and can't be sold at any price? Nobody can borrow, because nobody has anything to lend. Nothing but coin has any value now. What incredible idiots we all have been to let ourselves be caught in this way. The change from almost absolute tranquillity to inevitable beggary is so sudden, we realise it with such an instantaneous shock that it really is doubly disagreeable.

Why on earth didn't we think of it before?

The day has passed off quietly. There has been some firing at the front, and some French prisoners have been brought in. We get less accustomed to the sight of prisoners than to the contact of the wounded. Each pair of red trowsers that goes by guarded by Prussian helmets puts us into intense rage. We can't rush out and rescue, so we shut the windows savagely.

Sunday, Sept. 25.

I have long known that excitement is the least durable of human emotions, but really the proof of that axiom which we are getting here is singularly striking. It is a week to-day since I saw those Black Brunswickers, when I and all of us were in wild commotion; we fancied we were drifting into all manner of fearful dangers, and our mental high-pressure was proportionate to the anticipated horrors

of our position. Seven days have sufficed to bring us down, not only to calm, but positively to a beginning of unmistakable weariness. I have already asked myself if it is worth while to keep a diary, for the days are growing despairingly alike; of news we have none, and as for great events, I fancy we shall see but one—our ride home again, whenever that may happen. Our life is as dull as if we were at Bath, and that is saying a good deal. However, I shall go on noting down what happens; we are in the middle of a great tragedy, and it may be that I shall sometimes meet a fact worth mentioning. It will amuse the children years hence to refresh their memories with this diary.

The regiments now quartered in Versailles are mainly composed of Rhinelanders and Catholics. Several hundred of them came to Mass this evening, at the Church of Notre Dame. Now Versailles is a very pious place; its reputation in that respect is universal and well deserved. But the attitudes of the Prussians were so devout, that even the Versaillais were bewildered at them. After Mass was over, the old women stood on the church steps in groups, holding up their hands and saying, "What a lesson! they not only conquer France, but they teach us how to pray!" Certainly it was a suggestive sight to see those soldiers on their knees on the marble pavement, their heads bowed down, their whole soul buried in resolute prayer. As the old women said, it was a lesson.

The day was very hot, so after smouldering at the Avenues in the shade and trickling down them in the sun, I came in perspiringly to breakfast, and eat more than my share (our appetites have vigorously come back) of a salad of cold potatoes, smoked herrings, and chopped herbs, an invention of ours since the war began, and a very good invention too. If our expected starvation takes no worse form than that, we shall get through it without much damage.

In the afternoon we strolled about the Park. Prussians everywhere, cantering about the gardens where never a horse has marked his hoof till now, and grinding the gravel walks to dust. Amélie and I had got a few yards before the children, seeking shade. As we turned to look for them, they ran up from the corner of a fence behind us, crying out, "Oh, my aunt! oh, papa! those horrid Prussians have broken down the railings round the Bosquet of Apollo; look what a great gap they have made. Can't we go in and play on the grass before the grotto; it's so green and shady there, you know?" I went back and looked, and sure enough there was a yard of paling half pulled down, but still wobbling in the air above the ground, because the wires were bent, not broken. Now I had passed the place

five minutes before, and was certain the railing was all right then. A suspicion crossed my mind. I looked at Amélie, and she at me ; the same thought was evidently in both our brains, for instantly we turned our four eyes on Madeleine, who has a most tell-tale face. She hung down her head, and turned very red. That was frightful evidence, and my suspicion became a certainty. I had a strong desire to laugh, but duty forced me to pretend to be very angry ; so I said : "You iniquitous children, you have broken that fence yourselves ; how dare you commit so criminal an act ? You will all inevitably be sent to prison. And worse than that, you have told a wilful lie about it ; it was bad enough to pull down the railing, but to say the Prussians did it is to augment your sin. Dry bread all round." After a moment of consternation the boy said : "Well, we did it—that's a fact ; but if we hadn't done it, the Prussians would ; they smash everything. So you see, my aunt, that it wasn't a whole lie to pretend they have done it already, because it's only putting the clock on a bit. Get us off the dry bread, there's a good old aunt."

All this didn't mend the broken fence ; there it gaped. It was baking hot in the sun ; but inside the breach was a lovely shady garden, full of grand old trees ; a cascade, whose waters dripped freshly over green rocks framed in hanging ivy ; where all was cool and fragrant, and where no Prussians could offend our eyes. The temptation was too great ; we yielded to it ; we scrambled through the gap, lifted the dislocated palings up behind us, and spent two delicious hours lying on the grass, as solitary and as quiet as if the war had been in Asia Minor.

As we were going home Amélie whispered to me : "It is not reasonable to punish children for an offence by which we have profited. Let them have their dinners." This was logical, and I assented. So ended this important episode. I inscribe it here in all its detail because I have nothing else to say.

Three special correspondents came to dinner—the *Times*, the *Illustrated*, and the *Daily News*. They ate mashed potatoes with a fury which painfully indicated that they have been long deprived of that British dish.

Monday, Sept. 26.

We almost cease to listen to the cannonade. There is not much of it, but it is enough to keep us slightly supplied with wounded, who come in every day in tens and twenties. In our afternoon walk we went round the Palace, and looked at them in detail. Some of the men, who were hit a week ago, were on their legs and were strolling in the sun. None of them were very pretty : hospital dress does not set off a man's personal advantages. On the whole, I rarely saw a

less attractive set of fellows. We noticed one poor wretch whose aspect is singularly hideous ; his face is abominably cut about, and is striped with white bands of plaister and half-bleeding scars ; but the worst of him is that his wounds have injured the muscles of his mouth, and nothing can be more unsatisfactory to contemplate than the impossible twist of his lower jaw. How it has ever got into such a position, and how it is ever to come straight again, surpasses our imagination. For the sake of his wife, if he has or is to have one, we hope the doctors will somehow bring him square. What a commotion he would cause if he were to walk down Piccadilly with that face, his white flannel dressing-gown, hair that was brushed last June, bare legs, and list slippers.

After this inspection of repulsive sights, we wandered in the sun and we—upon my word, I can scarcely write it—we committed highway robbery. That phrase, however, is an ugly one. I'll tame it down by using the proper war verb—we looted. A week ago we were a highly well-behaved, decent sort of family, with the usual notions about right and wrong, faithfully respecting other people's property, even in the absence of a policeman. A week of these atrocious Prussians has made thieves of us. So much for bad associations ! I said we wandered in the sun. Well, as we wandered we came upon a lovely flower-bed. There were such charming flowers in it ! We looked at them. Then one of us observed what a bouquet they would make. (I think it was myself ; but no one is bound to incriminate his own acts.) The insidious insinuation fell on willing ears. It was scarcely beyond my lips when, with a hurried glance behind us to see that nobody was in sight, we all dashed in among the plants, and in a minute ran out again with our arms full of brilliant petals. When Versailles belonged to France, we should literally have all got two months of oakum for such an act ; but then, when Versailles belonged to France, we were, as I have said already, most respectable people, and shouldn't have done it. Now that Versailles belongs to Prussia, respectability ceases to have any value, so we go in and rob. I found, however, that we still retain some sense of duty ; for when we came past the sentries at the gates, we hid the flowers under the children's skirts. That was a sign that we are not yet altogether lost. It shows that though we are quite disposed to steal, we are not at all willing to be found out. I fancy that ordinary virtue very often takes that form.

Tuesday, Sept. 27.

Are we really going to be starved ? That at all events would be a new excitement, and would wake us up a little. People have been

telling us all day, with horror-stricken faces, that the Prussians have eaten out Versailles ; that there is absolutely nothing left, and that the patriotic departments west of us have nobly refused to let us have any food whatever from their stores, so that none of it may feed the foe. Of course it would be a superb spectacle to see the Versailles people and their Prussian victors die in mutual hunger ; it would look grand in history ; the details of the discovery of my skeleton lying on the four skeletons of the children, with the bones of Amélie and the servants in the corners of the room, would furnish a harrowing article for the weekly papers ; but I am afraid we are not likely to come in for the sympathy of contemporaneous or future ages, if that is our only chance of earning it. Abstractedly, I don't believe in starvation now-a-days, and specifically I see that all food, excepting butter, milk, and eggs, is abundant and by no means dear. We shall see.

No fresh wounded came in to-day, and we heard no firing.

Are we really in the midst of a hostile army ? Is there really war between France and Prussia ? Our life is so profoundly stagnant, that I could almost doubt it.

I dined with Russell at the Petit Yatel : he avoids the Réservoirs when he can, because "there are too many Princes there." Our dinner was hideous ; we both came away in appalling hunger.

Wednesday, Sept. 28.

The Germans are a rough, coarse people as a mass ; no one will deny that. I should, consequently, have expected to find more brutes in the Prussian army ; I can only explain their apparent unfrequency in Versailles by the effect of iron discipline, and by the fact that, inside our walls, the men are forced to behave with relative moderation.

I make the observation because we have seen to-day one most perfect brute. We were idling in the Park, in a very narrow shady walk, closed in by tall railings, out of which there was therefore no escape. Women and children were about all round, and everybody was lazily kicking over the dead leaves to hunt for fallen chestnuts. Suddenly we heard a horse, and in one instant a ruffian, an officer of some sort, I regret to say, dashed through us down the path at a tearing gallop, scattering the screaming children, unheeding the vociferations of the mothers. To prove that he was in a conquered country and meant all he did, this most atrocious beast pulled up a hundred yards beyond us, and tore back again at the same wild rate, his horse's hoofs flinging the leaves and sand in our faces, as we

squeezed ourselves against the palings to avoid him. I yelled "Canaille !" at him, as loud as I could roar, but he was indifferent to all but his own self-glory, and I had not even the foolish satisfaction of a row with him.

This is the worst case I have thus far seen. I have heard some bullying in the shops, and have caught sight of a little roughness in the streets ; but the tone of the Prussians, both officers and men, though very cold and distant towards the French, seems generally calm, and to a certain extent considerate. Of resolute brutality I have seen none till to-day : that blackguard on his horse is my first example of it. I speak, however, of Versailles alone ; I hear the Germans are frightful barbarians outside. I can't go and see, because a pass is necessary, and I haven't one.

The weather is superb. For besiegers and besieged, such a sky and such a temperature take away half the trials of campaigning.

Thursday, Sept. 29.

This morning I met the Crown Prince face to face. I was on him before I had time to retreat, and pulled up short to uncover as he passed. It was with positive terror that I looked round to see if any Frenchman had observed me. To my intense relief, there was no witness of my salute, otherwise I should infallibly be denounced as a declared enemy to France. If I had not been presented to the Prince, I should have passed him with my hat on ; but I don't think that present circumstances, irritating though they be, justify me in cutting a gentleman with whom I have had ten minutes' talk, simply because he is Crown Prince of Prussia.

An utterly blank day—hot, dusty, and no news ; indeed, there never is any news. We are growing distinctly tired of persistent sun, spiked helmets, uniforms, idleness, and princes. These are the sole elements of Versailles existence now, and we find them wearisome and worrying. The whole thing is dull ; there is no kind of satisfaction in it. And we begin to look uncomfortably at the closed piano, and to think that we have sufficiently done our duty to the country by our voluntary suppression of all music for a week ; at least that is the view the children and I take of it, but Amélie resolutely holds out, and won't give up the key. I wish we could change our lodging, and get away to some quiet corner where we should see fewer Grand Dukes, and where we could make a noise without being overheard. My patriotism has never been very deep ; I have always believed that "*ubi bene, ubi patria*," and my devotion to the abstract idea of native land—call it England or call it France

—is limited to what appearances require. I do think that while France is in bitter woe it would not be decent for us to be playing dance music in a room like this, where every word we say can almost be overheard by the passers-by; but that is a simple homage to appearances, and I should like to listen to the piano all day long, provided no one could hear it but ourselves. I don't see why we should stop the children's progress in learning music because Prussia has beaten France. The moral of the argument is, that I want to shift our lodgings.

Friday, Sept. 30.

Another Friday, and no fish. No milk again for coffee. Butter grown so dear that in our penury we are obliged to suppress the many dishes which require its presence. All this shows that we are in for the consequences of war. Amélie, who is strong in cookery, has been reflecting as to new inventions; she already admits grease for frying vegetables, but she can't yet bring herself to oil—that, she asserts, is only practicable for Neapolitans and Esquimaux. At dinner we tried mashed potatoes with milk (it arrived at two) instead of butter. They were so good that we rather thanked the siege for the introduction of them. Possibly we may learn more new culinary arrangements before it is all over. As it is prudent to prepare for all eventualities (we seem to be learning prudence now that it is too late), we have laid in to-day a hundred pounds of meat, which has been salted and packed in jars; so that if the famine comes we may condemn it.

Then we have a Prussian Prefect. Versailles administered by a German! Ghost of the *Roi Soleil*, what do you say? But whether Louis Quatorze is content or not, it is evidently a wise act to give a manager to the department. France has been so utterly centralised in Paris during the last twenty years, that the villages would all break to pieces if they were abandoned to their own control. Liberty must be learnt like all the other sciences. Men cannot jump into freedom as we take a header in the sea. In France liberty has always been synonymous with licence, and I suspect the French will need three generations before they will be fit to calmly manage their own affairs. As I have nothing else to do, I shall watch this Prussian Prefect, and see how he does his work.

The red cross folly is too much developed here. Nothing can be nobler than to tend the wounded; and I look with heart-felt envy and admiration at the men who devote themselves to that cruel task. The group of good Samaritans who work here with Horace Delaroche, and who form the Versailles branch of the International Society,

merit all praise and real deep respect ; but what is to be said of pert young girls who have never been near a hospital, and who, I am sure, would turn up a side street if they saw an approaching litter, but who come trotting over the pavement in high-heeled boots with the Maltese badge on their arm or shoulder? For these young idiots the red cross is an article of dress. I have seen men swaggering in spurs, to make others think they have a horse. This war has produced a new type of snob—the sham ambulance girl. Their parents ought to whip them.

Saturday, Oct. 1.

No pleasanter for us to-day. Shooting has been prohibited in France this autumn ; and though Versailles is surrounded by all sorts of game, we can obtain none of it. The Princes and the staff are firing away all day, and we see them come back from the Satory preserves with heavy bags, but there is nothing in them for our consumption ; it all goes to the kitchen of the Réservoirs.

Game makes me think of something else. The Prussian soldiers do smell most villanously ; a Red Indian or a dog would follow them a mile off by the scent. I admit that they have few facilities for washing ; tubs are not supplied to them by their commissariat ; they grease their feet with some odious unguent to keep them hard for marching. All that is true ; but whatever excuses they may invoke, the fact remains the same—their smell is demonstrative. From what I see of the habits of an army in campaign, I am quite disposed to think that any other troops would poison the air to the same extent, and I in no way charge the Prussians with possessing a special German odour. I take it to be the emanation of soldiers in general, and fervently I hope we shall never drift into it again. Once when I was crossing the Southern Pacific our ship passed under the lee of a dead whale, floating as he rotted. I have always regarded the smell on that occasion as being the most ruthless nature could produce ; positively these Prussians get very near it. They give out an asphyxiating gas, which lays hold of you by the throat. I carry a bottle of ammonia as an agreeable antidote to it.

Sunday, Oct. 2.

Impossible to find one word to say, except that we have been sulky all day long.

Monday, Oct. 3.

Our sulkiness continues ; our weariness is taking the form of rage. We want to be somewhere else ; we have actually broached to-day the mad idea of going to England, simply to get out of this. The

journey would be altogether impracticable with children ; it might even be somewhat dangerous, for we should have to get through both French and Prussian outposts ; and, furthermore, the expense is altogether beyond our means. But the mere discussion of an impossible project is often satisfying, and soothes down irritation ; so we talk about it as if we meant to do it, knowing all the while that we shall and must stop here till all is over.

Amélie is the wildest of us all ; she can't even look at a Prussian without a shudder. She says she now understands the state of mind of an electric eel, for her one desire is to sting.

Our house has not yet had much billeting. Two gendarmes have been here for ten days ; we see them sometimes in the doorway. They seem to be decent, quiet fellows, and I almost fancy that they wash themselves. They play with the little child of the *concierge*, and laugh when he says to them, "Moi prendre gros canon et tuer méchants Poossiens." They know enough French to be able to understand the boy, and the fury of his eyes must aid them to seize his meaning. But they are magnanimous, and don't mind.

This morning we all went to market. We thought we had waited long enough for the promised famine, and we went to see with our own eyes if it were coming. Our disappointment was complete. There is no apparent probability that Europe will have to say, "Those unhappy people at Versailles, literally dying for want of food ! Poor creatures, how very frightful !" I had already judged, from the variety of our eating, that the town was well supplied with food, but I was not at all prepared to see, in the very midst of war, so astonishing a show. As for fruit and vegetables, they were in such abundance that the mere sight of them was strong evidence against the reports of pillaging outside. Dairy products were scarce, cheese especially, but there was butter for those who are able to pay five francs a pound for it. Everything else was incredibly plentiful. There were endless piles of snowy cauliflowers, of blushing tomatoes, of salads, of every kind of beans. Poultry hung in interminable strings. The overflowing baskets of yellow pears, of ruddy apples, of bloom-covered grapes, were pictures to contemplate. And prices were extremely low, certainly far below the average of previous years.

I learnt the reason of this abundance. The villages round Versailles are full of market-gardens, poultry farms, and orchards, all for the supply of Paris. Paris is locked up ; consequently all this mass of food is sent in here. No other market is accessible ; and as the things must be sold or thrown away, they go for what may be

offered for them. This is ruinous for the growers, but it is very pleasant for Versailles. How long will it last?

If we were honest, we should congratulate ourselves on our lot, and should heartily thank Providence for placing us in so privileged a position, while all France is suffering and in danger. But evidently we are not honest, for we have growled and grumbled all day long.

Tuesday, Oct. 4.

To-day there was a review of cavalry, before departure on the road to Orleans. We did not go to see it, partly because it was some way off, partly because we have got a thorough indigestion of Prussian soldiers, and don't want to see more of them than we can help. But notwithstanding our ill-temper, we could not help admiring the four regiments which passed our windows after the review. First came the Prussian Black Hussars (not the Brunswick death regiment); they wear black tunics, heavily brocaded in silver. Then followed the Brown Hussars; a most effective dress—the chocolate jacket embroidered in yellow. Both corps in tights and Hessian boots. Third rode the White Cuirassiers of the Guard, the strangest and heaviest-looking troopers in Europe—a mixture of Cromwell's roundheads and of Rhenish reiters of two hundred years ago. These are the men of whom General Palikao said, "They are all annihilated: there is not one left." If that was true, they have come to life again surprisingly, for I counted about eight hundred of them, all in blooming health. The Augusta regiment of dragoons came last, a superb mass of light blue and glistening helms. Altogether more than three thousand men went by, all looking desperately as if they meant it. Indeed, the most striking characteristic of the Prussian troops, even of the dandy hussars, is that they look so workmanlike and real. One feels that they are not at play, and that they have come to fight, and nothing else. They rarely laugh; and as for fun or amusement of any kind, they literally don't seem to comprehend it.

I have been strolling all about the town to-day, and have met a good many friends. Their complaints seem to be somewhat diminishing: habit is perhaps producing its effect, and furthermore the ruinous cost of feeding soldiers has ceased to be a subject of declamation, for it is announced that the outlay is to be repaid to each householder hereafter, when accounts are settled between France and Prussia: the money for nourishing your lodgers has still to be provided, but it is to be a simple advance henceforth, and it will come back some day or other.

The general look of the town itself does not seem much changed. The substitution of Prussians for French soldiers is not the cause of any radical* modification in the aspect of the streets. What strikes one most is the almost total absence of ladies. At this time of year Versailles is generally full of Paris families come down for air; there are none here now, and most of the Versaillais have run away. Some of the men have stopped, but they have sent their wives and children into safety westward. The consequence is that, as it was in Paris before we left, one may walk a long way without meeting any bonnet. That is certainly the most salient detail in the general character of the place, and it gives an air of special dulness to all but the Place d'Armes and the streets converging to it. There the Prussians are always in active movement, but if we turn out of the Avenues you are in silence in an instant.

Perhaps we shall have an increase of excitement soon, for the King's head-quarters are to be moved in here to-morrow. That will more than double the number of staff officers, which is already large enough, and will consequently increase the billeting. But we shall see Bismarck and Moltke; that will be a spectacle, and perhaps it is a sign of peace for the King and his Ministers to lodge so close to Paris. May it be so!

(To be continued.)

THE ROUGH GALLOP.

A SPORTING SKETCH.



WHEN the "wars are all over," and ere yet "the spring has come," a profound quiet reigns in the great stable whose banner has shone so prominently in many a contest north and south during the campaign just concluded. The jockey boy will no more be summoned to attend his charge in journeys to and fro, with a muzzle containing all the stable paraphernalia slung on his ash stick; the long string will cease to clatter down the dusty lane *en route* for Newmarket, or Epsom, or Doncaster; and the trainer's wife is reprieved awhile from those long hours of suspense which precede the wired message of victory or defeat. The Derby hope of the stable saunters listlessly round the home paddock or in lee of the wood; the cup horse takes things easily in his box, and handicap nags of all kinds and degrees are laid up in ordinary for the winter. Stay, there is the schoolmaster still in exercise, and a smartish three-year-old, whose form has been ascertained to a nicety at Warwick or Shrewsbury. Their labours have scarcely been completed yet, for they have to conduct an examination among that restless, capering, playful coterie of yearlings, which the trainer looks over so anxiously every day, and whose gallops are so carefully superintended under his personal inspection. The time for the closing of January entries is close at hand, and the measure of their capabilities has to be taken, whether they shall be engaged in the cream of two-year-old races, entered for the minor stakes, or relegated to inferior company and the tender mercies of the handicapper. Perhaps one of them has "bullied" all the rest in their gallops together, but their capabilities have never been fairly tested, and some allowance must be made for undue precocity, as with children, among whom its possessor does not always come off best in the great race of life. Bred in all sorts of places, and bought at all sorts of prices, the string numbers some half score, of which more than half are ripe and ready for examination. The weeds have long since been picked out, and if they do not, as some few have done before them, develop into nags of high class, will be useful in doing the drudgery of the stable, running in selling races and small

stakes, and ultimately find their way into Mr. Tattersall's catalogue in a draft from the stable sent up for the sale to Albert Gate. As they walk in a ring in the great park-like meadow which slopes away from the trainer's house to the farm-buildings below in the pale sunlight of a December morning, you may note the style,^{*}bearing, and characteristics of each, and, if you are judges, perhaps assign to each his proper sphere as a racehorse. The flash, cocky gentleman, whose arched neck and proudly streaming flag tell of the Red House In or Spencer Plate; the long, low, business-like looking nag, who walks so fast, and moves so truly; the wicked-looking rogue who is never in the humour to try when wanted; and the neat, compact little gentleman likely to be at home in any sort of company short of the highest. The big brown colt who walks first in the string comes of a famous stock in "North Countrie," but is a mere baby yet, a "late foal," as his breeder described him, and therefore backward as yet, and not so handy as the next little bay horse of equally aristocratic lineage who strides so proudly behind. Look at his long, lean, taper head; large, intelligent eye; high-bred ears, tipped so daintily with black; strong, well-proportioned neck, and unexceptionable set of legs and feet. He is quite a marvel of quality, and when the sheets are whisked away, you can gaze long and fondly at his short, strong back, muscular arms and thighs, and hock clean, well-shaped, and in perfect harmony with the machinery which works so smoothly on any kind of ground. This is a home-bred one; the apple of his trainer's eye, the pet of his good housewife, and hope of the stable. His lad is proud enough of him, you may be sure, and confidently brags among his fellows how he will give them the go-by this afternoon at Turnagain Bush. Next to him walks a magnificent chestnut, with blaze face and two white legs; for them his owner gave a fabulous price under the Middle Park elms last June, when all the rank and fashion of London crowded to the famous Kentish pastures, and idled away the sweet Saturday afternoon in the hospitable groves. The "governor" is especially proud of his fancy, and will have it that he will make the others lie down when it comes to mounting the hill. That magnificent symmetry and wonderful propelling power—what size and substance are his! You do not care to inquire whether or not there is a softish look about his head, whether the white of his eye shows the least bit too prominently on occasions, whether the silky delicate nostril so nervously expanded and contracted is not indicative of a temperament more excitable than courageous. Then there is a hard bay mare with plainish head (which her owner, nevertheless, loves for her dam's sake), and steelly well-formed legs, deep girth, and unexceptionable

quarters, but with the tail set on a trifle low into drooping quarters. This high-bred lady is a Royalist of illustrious birth, and neighed her first whinney when the rooks were busiest at their nest round the snug Hampton paddocks, and the milky cones of the chestnuts had not yet unfolded the glory of their snowy pyramids. The black who paces on so staidly behind her hails from the green hills and sweet-tempered vales of Devon, one of the last scions of a race now dispersed over many counties, and in whose sun-sheltered paddocks the red steers chew their cud of idleness. Massive strength and substance, rather than beauty of outline, is his characteristic ; yet, though coarser and commoner than his fellows, he bears the mint mark of high breeding, and his dark coat is ticked with white, proclaiming relationship with the best blood of the land. These will tell your eye the most ; for the rest, we shall not care to gaze on them so long, but follow in their track as they wind up the narrow, chalky, turf-bordered road leading up to that huge billowy extent of downland which has so frequently from a distance broken the sky line with its purple mass, and to which our gaze has so often wandered when, with the eyes of children, we regarded it as the limit of our world. A few of the trainer's "afternoon division" are filing out of the stable on their way to the paddock, and the lads turn round in their saddles to look after us, and the brood mares heavy in foal turned out for a few hours' sunshine in the snug paddocks stand in silent contemplation of the cavalcade. Some of them are well represented by their progeny in that yearling string, and follow its progress meditatively, perchance recalling the winter afternoon in days gone by when *they* were actors, instead of spectators, in the little piece shortly to be enacted on yonder breezy heights. Leaving the home-stead, we can hear the low deep baying of the Cerberus of the establishment, the terror of touts and loafers about the well-guarded premises. A shepherd on his way home pulls up at the side of the road to take a long wistful look at the lengthy file, and nods his recognition to the trainer, who rides by their side in earnest conversation with his *aide-de-camp*, the guardian-in-chief of the stable and formidable confederate of the watch-dog. The head lad leads the way on a battered old servant-of-all-work, who, though unqualified for stud honours, is, like a late celebrated character, to be "always retained on the establishment." The trainer and his familiar bestride a couple of these cobby, thickset animals, apparently peculiar to racing stables. The day is fine and still, with just a breath of wind now and then to rustle among the brown oak leaves, clinging so affectionately to the parent stem, and to shiver through the larch plantation with

a touch of frosty influence. Just where two roads converge at an angle of the wood, and where the horse-track turns away from bye-way into the full expanse of downland, the procession encounters a momentary check, and the leader touches his cap and pulls his horse round to await further orders, while the trainer trots up to a fly, drawn up on the turf by the road-side, from which the "governor" and a friend are in the act of descending. Their Jehu is an old hand, well known in the district, and, if rumour speaks truly, devotes his spare time to a little business on his own account, by a system of amateur touting. He would give his ears to be lurking in the gorse, which spreads so temptingly round the trial ground, and deeply bemoans his durance vile on the box seat, while such exciting scenes are being enacted a short distance off. Owner and trainer are in deep consultation, as the boys get their orders to be moving on, and follow slowly in the rear, while the watchful dragon is left in charge of the pupils, who begin to exhibit their appreciation of the soft, elastic turf, by playful gambols in every direction but the right one. In vain does the head lad try to steady them, for the old 'un has caught a trifle of the infection, and "feels his legs" as manfully as in his yearling days. There is quite a scene of confusion with the horses plunging in the exuberance of high spirits, lads now soothing and now threatening, and Mentor remonstrating in vain, until they reach a fair sweep of sound galloping ground, where they are indulged with a brisk canter, pulling up on the top of yonder brow, and walking more steadily back to where owner and trainer are descried, mounting the last ascent. Close by there stands a bush, one of Nature's landmarks, such as she has placed in the familiar hollow of the famous Heath, or on the broad Hampshire down, where the undulating course leads past rustic enclosure and primitive stand to the world-renowned fastness of the Days. Towards its gnarled and naked branches, the sport of many a storm, and weather-beaten in every breeze which sweeps across the ridge, there slopes up a broad expanse of the most yielding turf with which Nature has carpeted her wild domain. With gentle gradients, it rises from a flat stretch of the same mossy texture of half a mile in length, until all vestige of the track is lost upon a brow of downland forming the background of as sweet a course as the fairy stud of Queen Mab could desire. Taking your stand at the bush, the eye may wander over that fair vale spread out beneath, whose distance the grey winter mist is softly enveloping in its embrace. There you may trace the cold steelly-blue river in its windings through hamlet and deep pasture and brown wood, until it

mingles with the ghostly film stealing over all ; the sound of village clock comes dreamily up from that sleepy hollow, and responsive to its note the sheep-bell tinkles close at hand. Above, the sky is flecked with cold feathery clouds, and in the horizon the sun is half hidden behind yon stretching bank of purple mass, which grudges to earth her full fruition of the short winter day. There is a feeling of frost in the air, and the distant bark of sheep-dog and caw of rooks, as they sail homewards in straggling flight, fall distinctly upon the ear. Yonder coppice will scarcely hold a tout now, these worthies being engaged in their daily elaboration of "reports" in the village alehouse below, or snoring before its taproom fire, in happy ignorance of what is going forward "on their beat." The sheep scamper off their favourite feeding ground as the horses take possession of it, and a startled hare goes bounding away down the hillside as if she was leading in the deciding course of a Waterloo Cup, and Master McGrath and Sea Cove had just been slipped to her. The larks rise only to flutter away for a short distance and settle again, and a flight of twittering finches sweeps homewards on their way to roost in some snug corner of the wood in the hollow. Now the rich argosy of high lineage is on its way to the starting-post. As the string winds homeward in more sober guise than on its journey outward bound, a star peeps out here and there, and the filmiest of crescent moons floats above looming downland and gloomy pine-wood. There is something nipping in the air too, which tells of coming frost, and unmistakeable signs of its influence in the crisping turf and hardening track. The rabbit scuttles hastily to his burrow over the dead leaves, and an owl (*absit omen !*) preludes his nocturnal rambles with mournful screech. A mist steals over the distant landscape, but lights twinkle cheerily here and there, in some upland farm, from which the labourers are turning wearily homewards. The trainer, who has lingered at the cross roads for a last word with his employer, follows moodily after his pupils, who seem to stride along more spiritedly as they near the snug homestead, whose gates are now close at hand. So silent and deserted looks the whole domain, that you might fancy its precincts untenanted, did not a dull light gleam for an instant through yonder stable window, and the refrain of some stable boy's song fall fitfully on the ear. Presently, all will be bustle and animation at evening stable time, till things have been made snug for the night, and the trainer betakes himself to the comfortable arm chair, where, as he sits watching the glowing embers, all manner of fanciful scenes are enacted, in which the favourite bay colt is a conspicuous performer. Now he is watching him take


his canter down the Bushes Hill, on his way to the post on the Rowley Mile ; now his eyes are fixed on him as he advances or retires with that wondrous rainbow wake, which sweeps up past Sherwood's with such mighty force, on the day of days at Epsom ; now he is leading him back to scale at Doncaster, with a cloud of excited Yorkshiremen in affectionate attendance. Then, rousing himself, the trainer will scan the long list of heavy Yearling entries, and table up the "pyramid of forfeits" for which his pet is liable, and reckon what number of his engagements are "mere matter-of-health" or "moral certainties" for the crack. Meanwhile, the subject of his thoughts is taking things easily in his cosy box, wondering perchance at the new ordeal in which he has so lately borne so successful a part, and waiting patiently his time, until plaited mane and plated hoofs shall signal the advent of actual strife. The "shadow of glory" and "dim image of war" have been presented to his astonished spirit for the first time to-day, and when the all-important hour shall come, on which he is to struggle for the acquisition of a motto for his maiden shield, let us hope that he will bear himself as proudly, and struggle as gamely, as on the evening when he left his schoolfellows "standing still" halfway up the last incline, or, as his master expressed it, "had a long way the best of them all in a rough gallop."

ASTEROID.



DUCK-SHOOTING AND RETRIEVERS.

BY "BLACK MOSS."

OR many years of my life I lived close to the sea, near an estuary frequented by ducks of all kinds; during a severe frost, every little stream and open spring afforded snipe, teal, with woodcock to vary the bag, and the coast and river abounded with wildfowl; till the coastguard, with their eternal pacing up and down, drove them from the shore to the estuary. I must confess to a sneaking weakness for smugglers, originating probably in the tales of daring which were the delight of my childhood, the principal actors in which I adopted as my heroes, and whose feats I proposed some day to emulate. Our coast was the favourite resort of such gentry, and in my grandmother's time, it was a common thing to find in the morning that the cart-horses had been pressed into their service, and were wet and dry with the night's work. Many a cargo has been landed in Church Bay, and conveyed in kegs, slung on horses, to the fastnesses of Dartmoor; and even in later days, when on the look out for poachers, I once saw a glazed hat appear cautiously above a bank, I jumped to the top expecting to see a snare or a gin, instead of which there was a neat little row of kegs in the ditch, and a man watching by them till night fell to get them away. No doubt the right course would have been to have informed the coastguard; but when a smart-looking fellow sprang to his feet, touched the glazed hat, and said: "No offence, sir, I hope?" it was not in my heart to say anything but "None to me." But all that has gone by. Brandy is not worth smuggling, and the preventive men might safely leave the coast to the ducks and to me.

The banks of the estuary are steep and wooded, and cast so deep a shade on the tide by moonlight, that the ducks are most difficult to see; and often, when in my punt at night, I could hear them all round me, but could distinguish none, and was thus obliged to resort to every sort of device to get within gunshot. I have a large fox-coloured retriever, and after waiting for hours one bitterly cold day under a sheltering holly bush, for a shot at a flock of widgeon which had pitched on the other side of the river, I made a sign to my dog to go down to the water's edge, which he did, hunting about as

for a lost bird. Directly the widgeon saw him, instead of showing any alarm, they swam across and followed him to within half a gun-shot of me, and I got two barrels with excellent result.

I do not agree with some writers who assert that ducks have an acute sense of smell; on the contrary, I have found that their sight and hearing are exceedingly quick, but whether you work up or down wind, of ducks or geese, is not of the slightest moment. For instance: in some flat marshes belonging to a neighbour of mine there were long pools, upon which the ducks were visible from a great distance. I stalked them by crawling flat on the ground, always down wind, till their heads were just perceptible, and on a level with mine—then springing up, and running as fast as I could, gained many yards on them as they rose against the wind (as nearly all birds do, but especially ducks)—thus securing a double shot flat on their breasts as they turned towards me, and adding many a one to my bag that but for this device would have been unapproachable. Had their sense of smell been as acute as is supposed, they must have winded me. These marshes, which were only separated by an embankment from an estuary, remind me of the old keeper—long since gone to the happy shooting grounds—in whose house I saw a large duck-gun hanging up, and on questioning him as to its capabilities, he replied: “I should advise you to have naught to do with it. If you fire it once, ’twill make your head ache for a fortnight. For all that ’tis a terrible gun to kill. One time I was watching on Orcheton bank, and see six ducks come in. I fired to ’em, *and when I got up again*, I found I’d a killed five on ’em.”

Many a time after a hard day’s shooting I have gone to bed at nine, with orders to be called at two o’clock, and after a cup of hot coffee walked two miles over to the river, to greet the rising moon and the flood-tide, to sit on the rocks opposite to one of the fresh-water rivulets that trickle down through the mud, and watch for duck and widgeon feeding up them with the rising tide. My duck-gun was loaded with nine drachms of powder and three and a half ounces of shot. This was a heavy charge to fire from the shoulder, as a friend of mine discovered one day to his cost, while accompanying me in the punt. Having been unsuccessful with the ducks, I persuaded him to have a shot at a flock of peewits, which were circling round us, before pitching on the mud. Standing up in the boat, he took his shot as the birds were flying back past him, which brought the hammer nearly under his nose; he pulled; away went the peewits, my friend being nearly knocked overboard, dropped the gun, clapped both hands to his face, and ejaculated: “By George! what a horrid gun!” Although roaring with laughter at his ridiculous appearance,

I was just in time to catch the "horrid gun" by the barrel, as it was sinking.

I have spent five nights during one week in my punt, without going to bed at all ; sometimes punting against the wind, and sometimes floating with wind and tide down on a flock of ducks, which could be heard but not seen ; sometimes making a good bag, sometimes none at all, but never wearied nor discouraged ; for I loved the stillness and solitude—the dark shadows—the cries of the wildfowl, and the whistle of the otter—all sounding doubly wild on the clear night air. These sounds were occasionally varied by the report of the poachers' guns in the neighbouring woods, followed not unfrequently by an old cock pheasant flying away chuckling at the clumsiness of the night marauders.

And now a word on retrievers, of which I can write from long experience, having always broken my own, and been exceedingly fortunate with most of them. The first thing to teach a puppy is to lie down, the next to lie in the exact spot pointed out, and never to leave it till told to do so by voice or signal. When this is accomplished your dog is more than half broken. After that never let him pick up anything he sees fall, but teach him to use his nose, and work by scent, not sight ; and when he has learnt he is only to recover winged or wounded game that he cannot see, he will soon give up attempting to run in, or chase. Many a good dog has been spoilt by a keeper sending his pupil to pick up a dead bird that every one could see. He will naturally watch everything his master fires at, and if when sent to retrieve he cannot see it, will by my method *hunt* for the bird instead of *looking* for it. If all dogs were taught in that way, there would be more good retrievers than useless ones, and I think most of my brother sportsmen will agree with me, that a really good and reliable dog is the exception, not the rule. I have always taught my retrievers to work by signal, and in one instance killed a rocketing pheasant, whose impetus and the height at which he was flying caused him to fall on the other side of the estuary, amongst some bushes at the top of the cliff. A farmer who stood by me turned to another and said, "I bet you half-a-crown the old dog don't get that one." But he lost his money, for I signed to the dog to cross the river—the tide was full in. On landing he looked for directions, went up the cliff according to orders—looked back again—hunted about, and in a few minutes appeared with the pheasant in his mouth, which he brought back to me across the river. Curly-coated dogs are a mistake. Their coats hold the water for hours, and hence ensue rheumatism, premature old age, &c. Canker in the ear is a common complaint amongst retrievers, and is certainly hereditary, though low

feeding will retard, but not prevent, the progress of the disease. The shape of the feet and legs should be studied in selecting a puppy—as a retriever ought to stand up on his toes, like a foxhound, or he will weary in a long day, and cannot keep up with a horse or carriage without fatigue, or getting footsore.

A good retriever is an essential for wildfowl shooting—the best I ever had was a Labrador; but all delight in ducks, and hunt for a wounded bird entirely by scent, not sight. Ducks leave a very strong scent on the water (nearly if not quite as strong as an otter), which is proved by dogs retrieving them, after a search of twenty minutes or half-an-hour, amongst thick reeds and rushes. I have seen a dog go into the water for a duck, swim up and down, and, suddenly catching the wind, make for a projecting bank or root (under which a winged bird will often lie perfectly motionless), and fetch it out triumphantly.

Spaniels, colley-dogs, and even greyhounds, will go into water and take a floating bird in their mouths, but can never be depended on to bring it to you—as they will probably land it on the nearest bank, and should that be the opposite side of the river, nothing will induce them to fetch it. I never knew a well-bred retriever do this; if he did I should class him as a mongrel, and treat him accordingly.

The sole delight of a retriever, *pur sang*, from earliest puppyhood, is to carry; and later to bring everything to his master, for whom alone he works, and whose ways and even thoughts he knows with infallible instinct. Often, when wearied with waiting, have I dozed off, to be awakened by the dog, curled up at my side, making some slight movement, to warn me of the approach of ducks, which, but for his sagacity, would have passed me with impunity. Those who have visited the celebrated Slapton Lees may have wandered on as far as Torre Cross, a fishing village a mile or two farther down the coast, and been amused by the dogs kept by the fishermen to assist in beaching the boats, which are built sharp at both ends. The dogs, a species of Labrador—fed almost entirely on fish—lie about in the sun, apparently asleep, but on a boat nearing the shore swim quietly off, when the painter is thrown to them, with which they return to the men waiting for it, who run the boat up on the beach, and the prettiest sight I ever witnessed was an old mother performing her accustomed duty, accompanied by two or three little bear-like puppies, who followed her into the sea. I could multiply stories of the sagacity of dogs, but of all the species commend me to the retriever—for his boldness, perseverance, and affection.

THOUGHTS FOR TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

BY R. H. HORNE, AUTHOR OF "ORION," &c.

EARL DUNDONALD'S WAR SECRET.



As an example of excessive vain-glory and over-confidence, founded upon utter absence of real preparation and capacity for action, what we have just witnessed with regard to the military downfall and prostration of unfortunate France is obviously without parallel in history. Our own war chronicles, however, should cause us not to be too unsparing in our censures of our late sister and ally, when we revert to the dreadful cost in blood and treasure which has resulted from our own unreadiness, miscalculations, blunders, and confusions, especially in the commencement, and not unfrequently during the prosecution, of some of our own military expeditions. As to the worse than equivocal condition of our army and navy in this highly-charged and precarious state of the European atmosphere, it is not the business of the present paper. But let us turn back a few of our blood-red pages—not so far back as our Affghanistan wars—and bring our mental field-glass to bear upon the Crimea during the time we were wildly sacrificing so much gold and so many lives in our abortive attempts to reduce the terrible fortress of Sebastopol.

At the most disastrous period of our reiterated efforts (for, somehow, we always eventually succeed, men and money being of no account) Lord Dundonald, the hero of many a sea-fight, not only in the service of his country, but in the South American patriot services,—this unsurpassed naval commander, or surpassed only by Nelson, is credibly reported to have presented himself before the “ruling powers” of the war, proposing to put an end to the defence of Sebastopol within four and twenty hours after the commencement of a certain operation. This would be the effect of a secret he possessed, the result of many years’ private consideration and experiment. Its practical aim and end was to put the whole host of the

garrison of Sebastopol proper, as well as the outlying posts, out of existence without striking a blow or firing a shot. Reduced to its simple elements, such was his lordship's proposition.

Now, as government commissions, or military boards and war-councils, who "sit upon secrets" are invariably most exacting in their requirements, and equally reticent of all promises, there can be no wonder that Lord Dundonald would have been compelled to divulge his dreadful secret, and thus furnish the "board" with comprehensive data upon the subject. Briefly, it was to send into the fortress projectiles which should burst on falling, by their own weight only, and therefore could not wastefully burst in the air; and their explosion would liberate and disperse certain gases and effluvia that would at once both suffocate and poison every living being within their influence. The hair of the "board" (to use a bold figure of speech) stood on end! They said the proposal could not be entertained. It was not in accordance with the laws of civilized warfare. They could not exactly point out the law that forbade this, but it was not in accordance with the recognised laws. "But would you not," his lordship is said to have argued, "would you not destroy the whole garrison of Sebastopol by shot and shell, with bullets and bayonets to follow, if you could?" This was substantially admitted. Then where was the difference? The reply was that the thing seemed too shocking—barbarous—in fact, not in accordance—new. No such "arm" as this dreadful secret had ever been used before, and Lord Dundonald was, with many thanks, bowed out of the council room. So the fortress of Sebastopol was eventually reduced by the usual methods of yet more torturing destruction of lives on both sides. Each argument was right in its way; but surely we may hope that the progress, not merely of intellect, not only of humanity, but of the homeliest process of understanding among the people, the poor "food for powder," will compel the world to perceive that both arguments were *wrong*, and that the whole of the processes and diabolical "arts of war" are essentially wrong, and an insult to our boasted and semi-sincere Christianity, as of the commonest sense of the common family of mankind. This is, of course, supposing that a nation is not actually forced into war.

And now a word as to the novelty of this new and secret engine of human destruction. In the time of Nelson, and previous great naval commanders, a missile was commonly employed when ships held each other by grappling irons at close quarters, and just before the rush of the first boarding party, which was known by an equally offensive and ridiculous name, and which effected, or was intended to effect, a

poisonous and suffocating destruction. At any rate, it was thrown with the direct purpose so to stupefy, choke, and blind the enemy that he should fall a more easy prey to the cutlasses, tomahawks, pistols, and musket-clubs of the boarders. As for the old saying that there is "nothing new under the sun," it is no doubt true of most things in principle, and to a certain degree in practice; but it is not true in the full sense of the expression. Surely the discovery, or invention, of gun-cotton is new; the whole system of telegraphy, by land and sea, is new; the sewing machine is new; Daguerre, Fox Talbot, Niepce, and Claudet* may have been unwittingly defrauded of their due honour by the scientific substitute of the general term "photography," instead of combining men's names with their wonderful discoveries, — nevertheless, the sun-pictures and portraits really are new things "under the sun." So, among other beneficent novelties of our age, we must assuredly rank the humane discovery, by the great Scottish physician, Sir James Simpson, of the use of chloroform in surgical operations, and obviating the apparently predestined pangs of parturition, and other cases of human suffering. Would it not also be a new thing under the sun of our vaunted civilization to suggest that, so long as capital punishments are allowed to exist on the legal codes of nations, some means of painless extinction should be adopted? Wherefore not? Is a dog's cord the only sure means of producing asphyxia? Cannot a criminal's death be as certainly and suddenly effected with his head upon his shoulders as if it were thrown into a basket? It is of course admitted that the object of a penal code is not that of revenge, but to prevent an individual from again committing a special act of violence, or other wrong, towards society; and also that the "example" of his judicial murder should deter others from similar offences. The former might surely be regarded as sufficiently carried out by a penal servitude for life, useful to the community; while the latter is *obviously*, as well as statistically, of no effect whatever.

ANTIQUITY OF RIFLES AND BREECH-LOADERS.

That the first inventors of the mitrailleuse among the French, like the first inventor of its amicable sister the steam-gun (by Mr. Perkins) in England, now thirty years ago, should have met with a cold and paralyzing reception from the "old cockt hats" in authority, and incredulity or indifference from the public, is only the usual course of things; but that the breech-loading muskets and artillery of the

* See "Memoir of A. Claudet, F.R.S." By Joseph Ellis. Pickering. 1868.

present day should really have been scientifically manufactured ages ago, the great majority of readers may not be equally prepared to learn. Anybody, however, who will pay a visit of inspection to the Royal Arsenal at Woolwich, can there see and examine specimens of breech-loading muskets and guns, of large calibre, that were made at a date, not to speak of other countries (China! for instance), that will surprise most people.

We note down the following as among the most remarkable :—

1. A breech-loading peterara of forged iron ; date Edward VI. (A.D. 1461—1483).
2. Wrought iron breech-loading French gun ; date Louis XIII. (A.D. 1619).
3. The celebrated *Bhurt pore* brass and breech-loading gun, *in two pieces*, screwing together in the centre ; date 1677.
4. Cast iron gun (a breech-loader), evidently of very early date, but precise date unknown.
5. Brass gun, rifled : sixteen grooves, by Joseph Manton ; date 1790.
6. Wrought iron breech-loading muskets (weight 60 lbs.), date Louis XIII. (A.D. 1619).
7. Breech-loading flint-lock wall pieces, 17th Century.
Ditto ditto wheel-lock, date about 1640.
8. Revolver, flint-lock musket, A.D. 1702.
9. Breech-loading flint-lock musket, date James II. (from the Tower of London).
10. French double-barrelled breech-loading rifled wall-piece, date A.D. 1690.
11. Breech-loader, rifled (14 grooves, 1 in 74" twist), by Fullick Sanem, 17th Century.
12. Harquebus, rifled by Kotter, A.D. 1623.
13. Several iron breech-loading guns, *made by the Chinese*, looking very old, but date unknown, probably of the 15th Century.
14. German breech-loading guns and muskets, date A.D. 1550—1600.

On referring to books in the late Prince Consort's Library, we find that breech-loading siege-guns were used in 1580, some of which were to be seen (at the time the fact was noted) in the Arsenal of Paris. By this time, perhaps, they may have gone to add to the melting material of the church bells. A five-chambered revolver, which belonged to Henry VIII., is now in Warwick Castle. Rifling is said to have been invented by Gaspard Zollner, of Vienna, A.D. 1498. The grooves were cut straight ; but in 1520, Koster, of Nuremburg, adopted spiral grooving, apparently as an experiment.

The earliest known specimen of an English rifle bears the date of 1588. But how wonderful have been the improvements of late years! With regard to the mitrailleuse, even this complicated machine for human destruction was originated many years ago. A paragraph in the "Table Talk" of a contemporary* informs us that "a real mitrailleuse is described in a Scotch patent granted to William Drummond, of Hawthornden, in 1637, by Charles I." This is interesting and yet more surprising. "It was to be called *seu currus fulminans*—in the vulgar tongue, 'fyerie dragown' (or 'wagown,' it is uncertain which). By its aid, 'a single soldier is to be able to take the place of a hundred ordinary men.' It was to be formed of musket barrels, 'conjugate,' or fastened together, apparently like the Montigny mitrailleuse; while 'three, four, or even five balls may be fired in the same time as it now takes to fire one.' Some other strange weapons are spoken of in this very curious old patent—such as the 'pikkarquebus,' or shooting-spear, which seems to have been a sort of musket with fixed bayonet. It is curious to notice how the spear was still the more important part of the weapon. We fix a bayonet to our rifle; the soldiers of that time were to have a spear with a shooting apparatus fixed to it. Another weapon was the *seu baculum tonitruale*; or, in the dialect of the day, 'box-pistoll, muskett-box, carrabin, or box-dragown.' Apparently, this was a sort of repeating-gun. The patent, or a copy of it, is still preserved in the Edinburgh Rolls Office; and it is also printed, with some slight variations, in an old collection of Drummond's works, published in 1711." The invention is referred to in Grose's "Antiquities," vol. III. The same writer ("Table Talk," December 3rd, 1870) traces the use of rifles, not so far back as we have already shown, but clearly establishes the fact that they were still in existence, if not in operation, more than two hundred years ago. In 1635 he finds that "a patent was granted to one Arnold Rotsipar for a machine 'to rifle, cutt out, or screwe barrells as wyde, or as close, or as deepe, or as shallowe *as shalbe required*.' So, also, of revolvers. In 1661, a gun was made, which, says the inventor, 'in the tenth part of one minute of an hour may be re-charged the fourth part of one turne of the barrel, which remains still fixt.' This also is ingeniously vague; but it seems to refer to some sort of revolver, in which part of the barrel was movable. Unfortunately, the object of these old inventors was, apparently, to give as little information as possible about their machines, for fear some one else should take unfair advantage of their descriptions.

* *Once a Week*, December 10th, 1870.

Even a more curious weapon (patented 1717) is a revolver, of which the chamber-piece was movable ; so that, as one was emptied, another might be inserted. The chambers all radiated from a centre, instead of being parallel, as now ; and they thus formed a sort of *wheel*, revolving in a line parallel with the barrel." As the writer informs us that these breech-loaders and other ingenious pieces were as likely "to shoot *backwards* as forwards," it is no wonder this did not start into extensive use among the soldiery, nor become popular in private hands. It appears that the shapes of the chambers of these revolvers varied, "some being formed to shoot square bullets against the Turks," and round bullets (as a complimentary consideration) against the Christians. But the most complete proof that all the family of revolvers is of early origin exists in the fact of a five-chambered revolver which belonged to Henry VIII. being now in Warwick Castle, from which it seems obvious that Colonel Colt took his first idea. The first revolver made by Colt is now in Warwick Castle, near *the original*.*

The speculations of our contemporary are no doubt well founded as to the treacherously explosive character of these early "patents," causing the inventions to fall into desuetude. Even the ex-Emperor Louis Napoleon, in his well-known "Treatise on Artillery," when alluding to a certain "organ-gun" of the fourteenth century, which had three tiers of pipes, and propelled 140 balls at once, designates the diabolical diapason of this early mitrailleuse as an "imprudent innovation." Yet the patentees of these very dangerous allies generally puffed them off with most attractive skill. Of one of these front-and-rear terrors the inventor blandly assures the public that "it is cooled by charging, and cleaned by firing it !" Many other advantages are added, some of which very likely only needed time and expense in experiments in order to prove themselves at least founded on true principles.

We may appropriately conclude our list of deadly projectiles by a brief notice of England's largest gun, intended to surpass Krupp's monster gun for Prussia. In December last at Woolwich the final operation in constructing our "great gun" was thus carefully and admirably described by a reporter of the *Daily News* :—

"Woolwich, December 13, 1870.

"This afternoon the final operation in the construction of England's greatest gun was successfully performed at the Royal Gun Factories, and the monster

* The Editor of *The Gentleman's Magazine* has been furnished by Mr. R. H. Horne with a satisfactory authority for this startling statement.

cannon now only requires to be vented and proved, to be ready for service, which it is confidently expected to be by Christmas. This morning the tube of the gun, which is about sixteen feet long, was brought out of the factory in which it has been rifled, and fixed, muzzle downwards, in a pit, under the most powerful crane which the Royal Arsenal possesses. At the same time the heavy breech-piece—a mass of iron weighing fifteen tons, and in shape something like a tailor's thimble—was heated nearly to redness on an adjacent gridiron, in order to expand the metal, and soon after noon the heated mass was carefully lifted and dropped like a cap over the breech of the perpendicular tube. When cold the calibre of the breech-piece was slightly less than the diameter of the tube, but the heat expanded it so as to allow nearly half an inch free play between the two, the cooling process being afterwards assisted by jets of water so as to fix the cap-piece firmly down on the shoulders, and thereby increase the tension on every part of the surface. The gun, now it is complete, weighs 35 tons 7 cwt., the diameter at the breech is 4 feet 8 inches, and at the muzzle 1 foot 9 inches. The interior of the bore is rather less than one foot, and is rifled on the 'Woolwich' system. It consists of an inner tube of steel, tempered in oil, and encased in massive folds of wrought iron in accordance with Fraser's double coil system, in addition to the caseable screw and the trunnion ring. With a gun so strongly built it is thought possible to throw a shot or bolt 700 lbs. in weight, and to pierce iron armour fifteen inches in thickness, the ordinary charge of powder being calculated at 120 lbs., and the proof charge 150 lbs. The Krupp steel gun, the next most powerful ordnance in existence, weighs about forty tons, but its projectile weighs only 600 lbs., and it is doubtful whether it has ever been proved with even that. It certainly had not been so proved when the Prussians sent it to the International Exhibition at Paris. The moderate calibre of the new gun is designed for penetration, and the shot will probably be three times the length of its diameter. The estimated cost is 2,500*l.* Sir William Armstrong's estimate for a thirty-five-ton gun was 3,500*l.*, and Sir Joseph Whitworth's 6,000*l.*"

Doubtless there is a limit to these monsters as to any practical use. It is not only said that the Krupp monster has never yet been fired with the boasted charge, but that the "authorities" are afraid to fire it! In the foregone notice of these two enormous guns we are told the weights they can throw, but we are not informed how far, nor with what degree of accuracy, or the contrary.

BLOODLESS VICTORIES OF SCIENCE.

In a paper read at the Theatre of the Royal Artillery Institution at Woolwich, February 1, by Captain C. Ord Browne, R.A., before a large attendance of officers, on "The Development of Artillery Missiles during the Last Year," the lecturer denounced the use of explosive shells; giving the preference to the shrapnel shell, as it wounded a greater number, while the former only destroyed a few. But "he questioned whether it was necessary or desirable, either in a humane or military sense, to blow an enemy into rags." The statement is equally cool and dire; but there is hope at bottom, for Captain

Browne added that "he did not expect such an advance in the art of war as to disable men only, and to look upon every one killed as a mistake ; but he thought humanity favoured striking the enemy rapidly with the shrapnel bullets to torturing him needlessly with fragments of common shell." So, then, military men are in a fair way, at last, of discovering that the right object of a battle is not to destroy, but to be victorious with as little loss of life as possible.

The advances of civilized mankind in the art and science of wholesale human destruction, on which kings and governments spare no expense, seem gradually to be attaining their utmost degree of satisfactory completeness, as well as of endurable devastation. This latter circumstance does not yet appear to have occurred to crowned heads. Yet the wonder is, individual valour and prowess being now almost superseded, how long the old heroic dream of glory can endure after all the fair means of winning its fatal laurels are dashed to gory atoms and smoke, in most cases before a single blow of the hand has been delivered. That men can still be induced to face almost certain destruction, without the opportunity or chance of striking a blow, and probably with no successful result to their cause, as we have frequently seen of late, is one of those anomalies that must work its own cure before long. It appears as if we only now awaited the advent of some supreme professor of "natural magic," in order to make the earth crack and yawn beneath the feet of an armed host of enemies ; that he should cause the air of this host to be poisoned till the breath of life was taken from them ; or that another Franklin, but with a genius for killing people, should find means to collect and bring down the rain-clouds till men were drenched with water. This would be introducing a new element in warfare more numerically fatal in its effect than fire, if it could be used in a winter season, carrying with it all the crippling and paralyzing influences of cramps, agues, fevers, spasmodic pangs, bronchitis, sciatica, and dysentery. "What a pity we could not do this !" the Parisians might think ; and "What a pity we cannot yet discover the means of causing an earthquake under the Tuileries !" the Prussians might think. We are arriving at a beautiful state of speculation, we highly-civilized, scientific homicides of Christian countries ! Surely these depopulating and ruinous slaughters must work their own cure, and cease throughout the world, by causing a congress of nations to sit in judgment on all declarations of war by great military Powers. Whenever it comes to that, there will soon cease to be any need for the existence of the costly national curse of vast standing armies, or the systematic arrangement for their creation.

To revert for a moment to Earl Dundonald's "secret," a thought of a similar kind, in a chemical and conquering sense, but superseding the need for slaughter, had once passed through the brain of a fictitious character named "Michael Salter" in a novel, which, being quite out of print, the writer thinks he may be pardoned for quoting. This character, not only accepting the world's cowardly and ungrateful sarcasms at all dreamers, visionaries, and enthusiasts (who have always been the "movers" of the world), but glorying in the thorn-crowned appellation, promulgates, among other ideas, the following—to wit, that when two hostile armies meet, the wiser general, instead of using murderous shot and shell, should overspread, envelope, and permeate the mass before him with a certain chemical vapour—a secret not very difficult to discover, yet not necessary to divulge—whereby the serried ranks of the enemy would in a few minutes be laid prostrate. In this condition all their arms and ammunition, not to speak of provisions and baggage, could be quietly taken from them. They would recover after a short time, and then terms could be dictated by the conquerors just as well as if they had covered the field with dead and wounded—in fact better, in several respects.* All this seems rather ridiculous to our present view of blood-reeking fields; in fact, almost ludicrous, like the idea of "putting a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes," which is now very nearly accomplished.

The proprietor of a celebrated hotel, not a hundred miles from Drury Lane Theatre, had a great fancy, some twenty years ago, for novel inventions in warlike boats, and had purchased from a nautical adept in boat-building the patent of a new and invisible power for locomotion, which he designated "The Submerged Propeller." Its advantage over other war-boats was that the whole of its external machinery acted underneath the vessel, and could not, therefore, be struck by the shot of the enemy. A day was fixed for a trial-trip down the Thames. Invitations were issued to scientific lords and commoners, including professors, engineers, authors, sea-captains, and gentlemen of the press, together with a nice floral sprinkling of young ladies, as propitiatory goddesses, amidst the assemblage of naval judges and miscellaneous critics. Our host of "The Propeller" of course did not forget the usual assortment of cases, tins, and hampers, appropriate to such occasions, on account, it was said, of the ladies. It so befel that the author of the novel just alluded to had the honour

* "The Dreamer and the Worker," a novel, by R. H. Horne, in two vols. Colburn. 1851. First published in Jerrold's *Shilling Magazine*.

of finding himself seated on deck beside the valiant naval veteran, Earl Dundonald. During a desultory conversation, in which the present writer was little more than a listener, the question of the use of a certain æriform fluid exuding from exploding projectiles was discussed, though no mention of the "dreamer" in the novel was hazarded. His lordship expressed his conviction that gunpowder was but the infancy of those means of destroying armies which the modern system of warfare would be certain to discover and develop. More than once he approached his "secret" in reply to leading questions touching "Michael Salter's" idea, but he always smiled rather sadly, and checked himself, saying it was all a dreadful business. One wonders, if he had been living at this time, whether he would have offered to place his "secret" at the service of the French at the crisis of their national prostration, and whether Mr. Cardwell would have interposed his prohibition in the interest of British experimental war-science.

It should just be mentioned that although our day on the Thames was pronounced a great success, "The Submerged Propeller" was not considered to be equally so. Lord Dundonald thought the speed insufficient, as it was barely four knots at best; the power underneath the boat being checked by too much back-water.

SHIPWRECKS ON THE BRITISH COAST.

In that excellent little publication the *Life Boat*, we find, on examining the "Wreck Chart of the British Isles" and the "Wreck Register" for 1869, that no fewer than 2,114 shipwrecks occurred during the last year, with the loss of 933 lives. We also find that, owing to the brave and admirable services rendered by the National Life Boat Institution, the rocket-apparatus of the Board of Trade, and other means, 5,121 lives were saved, most of which may be considered under the head of narrow escapes. And all this, be it borne in mind, has occurred on the British coast only, and not including those on any of the neighbouring coasts, and all during a single year, viz., 1869. Next to this prodigious number of shipwrecks in so short a period of time, that which most strikes one in this too truthful record is the shamefully reprehensible fact that, instead of the number of wrecks diminishing year by year, with our assumed advances in knowledge and so forth, the number regularly increases with the annual increase of the number of vessels built. A table is given, showing the average wrecks reported since the year 1850, the averages being taken for every five years, which show a rising average; and worst of all, the average of the *last* five years exceeds the averages of all the previous years,—as though, instead of growing more wise and wary,

we became more stupid and careless as we got older in years, knowledge, and experience.

To say that all this is a disgrace to the present age and the present day, would be a trite remark ; but the nautical, commercial, sinister, and other causes are of an intricate nature. First on the list we may place the atrocious cases of those vessels which, when not directly *intended* to be lost, are known to have every chance in their favour, and are "insured" accordingly. Among the causes most common, however, must be stated the well-known fact that so large a proportion of vessels are very badly "found," their hulls rotten,—masts, spars, and rigging to match ; anchors deficient ; cables sure to "go" with any good strain ; compasses out of all decent order ; chronometers worse ; charts obsolete, or very often indeed, as every old voyager must have witnessed, defaced and blotted by grease, ink, candle-droppings, coffee-slops, quid-squirtings, besides being tattered and torn. Then we have leakages that cannot be got at through the cargo, or else the pumps will not work ; bad seamanship ; equivocal or deficient coast-lights ; and many fatal cases of collision at sea, the great majority of which might be prevented by means of bells, mast-head lanterns, fog-trumpets, and rockets—none of which are on board, or not used when they are. The proofs of all this are manifest by the *Life Boat's* record that one half of all the numerous wrecks which occur on the British coast is comprised in the loss among the colliers and other vessels of the carrying trade, all notoriously the worst "found" and most unseaworthy vessels in the wide world of waters.

It is a curious fact that vessels are not lost on account of their age, the proportion of losses being shown to be on the side of the "comparatively new vessels," but because they are not seaworthy from various causes, are deficient of "hands," and so badly "found." According to the *Life Boat*, in every gale, "even if it be of a moderate character only, it becomes a *certainty* that numbers of them" (colliers and other carrying vessels) "will be destroyed." In the year 1864, eight hundred and forty-four of them were lost ; in 1865, nine hundred and thirty-four were lost ; in 1866, considerably more than a thousand were lost ; in 1867, more than twelve hundred ; in 1868, above a thousand ; and in 1869, twelve hundred ; amounting to 6,357 in six years ! (See *Life Boat*, Nov. 1, 1870, p. 551.)

To the total number of wrecks registered for the last year, and indeed for all years, we have to add those vessels which have sailed for a certain port, but have never arrived there, and have been heard of no more. The "Wreck Register" sums up its account with the

calmly terrible statement that, after examining the aggregate losses of the last ten years, it is found that no fewer than 3,249 vessels were lost during that period from "really preventible causes." In these losses we are of course to include an immense number of lives.

But there is something else worthy of notice and remonstrance. The physical world, as well as the moral and political world, is undergoing changes in different parts of the earth. England, for instance, is not generally so cold in winter as it was fifty years ago; and the colony of Victoria, in Australia, is by no means so hot in summer as it was twenty years ago. The surface of our globe is changing in many places, both on land and sea; rocks and islets sink here, rise there; and many quicksands as well as ocean-rocks, whose positions were once known and recorded, have shifted their fatal presence, in some cases almost abruptly, in others imperceptibly. And we now come to one of the causes of shipwreck which has never been duly considered. The chief and regular nautical books of our merchant navy are substantially what they were thirty or forty years ago. New editions from time to time issue from the press, but they are written with the scissors, and have few revisions beyond those necessary to mark the dates of re-issue. A similar remark may be made with regard to the charts in common use by the whole of our merchant vessels. Now suppose any old and well-experienced captain in the merchant service, or carrying trade (for, observe, the wreck of any ship of war is, comparatively, of very rare occurrence), and one who had proved himself a trustworthy navigator for years,—suppose such a man were to "loose his fore-jib" for a sudden turn into Printing House Square, on this question of the continual re-issue of old nautical books as new editions, revised and corrected, &c., declaring that they were full of dangerous errors of commission and omission, what would be the consequence? All the best pens, as well as scissors, of the "vested interests" would instantly be put in motion, to prove, by elaborately confusing figures and irrelative or insignificant facts, that the re-issues of nautical books were as correct as possible up to the present time, and, indeed, were guardian angels of the merchantmen of the whole navigable globe. And the same, with equal confidence, might be said of the charts. No new observations, soundings, or calculations were required in either. Pay your money, and hold your tongue. If your ship is lost, there's the "insurance" ready to heal your owner's wounds, and the sea has buried her dead.

From the foregoing remarks let us carefully except the "Nautical Almanack," the tables of which furnish the best data for seamen. But many captains of ships do not study these with due care, or may

be incompetent to the task, while a few, of a speculative turn of mind, draw from them erroneous conclusions. During one of the present writer's voyages across the Pacific an erudite skipper assured him that the north polar star was not in the same place that it occupied fifty years ago. How wrong, and how unconsciously right, was the worthy seaman! The *relative* positions of what are called the "fixed stars" have not, sensibly, changed with the historical period. The co-ordinates of right ascension and declination have undergone very sensible changes during the last fifty years—different in amount for different stars.* But modern astronomy regards nothing as absolutely fixed in space. The whole unspeakably majestic scheme of the star-studded universe is imperceptibly gliding onwards—somewhere!

FIRES AND FIRE-ANNIHILATORS.

With regard to fires in general, and more especially when occurring in private houses, the late Mr. Braidwood, formerly captain of our excellent Fire Brigade, assured the writer that the great majority of fires need not do any mischief beyond the room, or part of the room, in which they first break out, if the inmates did not instantly lose all presence of mind. Instead of attacking the fire at once and smothering the flames with water, rugs or blankets, door mats, &c., the first thing they always do is to rush out of the room, leaving the door open behind them, which causes a draught. In very many cases they throw open a window to cry "Fire!" and then rush away, leaving both window and door open; and this through draught makes the increase of the flames certain. Mr. Braidwood considered that if there were no particularly combustible articles in a room, and the inmates retreated, after carefully closing all windows and doors, the fire would in most of the ordinary cases die out of itself. What is continually said about a "spark" dropping, is great nonsense. It is not at all easy to set fire to a house, without first lighting curtains or other immediately inflammable articles. A sporting gentleman—one of the amateur attendants at great fires—offered once to lay a bet that he would empty the whole of a good winter fire in a drawing-room out of the grate, and place it upon the carpet in the centre of

* "This is owing to the Pole (not 'pole-star,' which is a popular but not scientifically recognised term) not being fixed, but describing a small circle round a certain point in the constellation Draco, viz., the pole of the Ecliptic, in such a manner that the arc joining these poles describes an angle of about 50" annually round the latter."—*Note by an Astronomical Friend.*

the room—all the company being seated in a large circle ;—and not only the house, but the drawing-room should not take fire. Mr. Braidwood said he would have backed such a bet. In all probability there would only have been a large hole burnt in the carpet, and another of much less size in the floor, so that very little of the fire would fall through upon the centre of the carpet or dining-room table below.

Now, the active principle in all fire is flame. The red heat is a subsequent and almost fatal condition ; it is clear, therefore, that something should always be done at once to destroy the travelling and communicating principle, viz., flames. For this purpose the agent invariably applied is water, both on account of its antagonistic elementary nature, and also its weight. It strikes blows as well as pours torrents. But there exists something far more potent ; that is to say, more rapid and more certain in its effects. In the early numbers of Mr. Dickens's *Household Words* there appeared two papers, entitled the "Fire Brigade" and the "Fire Annihilator" (by the writer of the present paper), and, in a descriptive account of the latter, it was related that a wooden house, containing shavings daubed with resin and grease, loose papers, straw, and other inflammable rubbish, was set on fire ; Mr. Phillips, the inventor of the "Fire Annihilator," accompanied by the writer, having mounted by wooden stairs to the first floor. The room was presently enveloped in smoke, and the flames began to show their contentious tongues as they came up-stairs. A machine in the room below, not larger than a jar or tin can of about two feet high, was then exploded by a blow upon a capsule at the top ; and instantly a dense vapour ascended the stairs, and began to spread its ominous clouds. It met and mingled with the flames ; a contest visibly ensued, reminding one of some of the Tales of the Genii ; and the flames, rapidly changing colour, turned pale,—drooped,—and succumbed. The victorious vapour, it is important to attest, was perfectly innocuous to the human lungs ; and the two salamanders presented themselves, each at one of the first floor windows, in attestation of the perfect success of the invention.

It was shortly afterwards offered to the Government. The importance of this discovery and invention, if found to be available in all respects, was unquestionable. It was proposed to apply it to all the Government warehouses, docks, and public edifices ; all ships were to have it ; museums, public libraries ; all large manufactories ; in fine, a new blessing of science had been conferred upon society.

But it too often occurs, and indeed in most cases it occurs, as if

by some law of nature and art, that first experiments upon a large scale are failures ; partly because more time is needed for improvement and precision of effect, and also that in the great majority of instances, the recluse, who dreams and invents, requires a different class of man, as a worker rather than a thinker, in order to carry out the practical result satisfactorily. While the "Fire Annihilator" was under the consideration of the Government—not in general a particularly rapid process—Mr. Phillips, probably needing some replenishment of his exchequer, in a fatal hour undertook the delivery of a Lecture, with illustrative experiments. Having been singularly successful as to a house (fortunately for the two who were in it), the inventor now proposed to demonstrate the applicability to ships. He therefore had a large model of a ship upon the platform, on a stand at one side of his lecture desk. It contained, most conscientiously, various inflammable articles ; and it was set on fire. While the flames took possession of the cabins and hold of the model, and were running merrily up the rigging, the lecturer went on discoursing, calmly and confidently, till he saw there was not another moment to lose. He then found that he had "left something at home" which was indispensable to the success of his experiment. His intended demonstration was consequently reversed, and the model ship was hopelessly enveloped in flames. Seeing this, a fireman from the Brigade, who had attended the lecture, no doubt as a sceptical amateur, suddenly darted out, returned with a large bucket of water, dashed the whole of it at one blow upon the blazing model, and then flung a piece of green baize over it, thus extinguishing and smothering the flames. His reticent grim smile on retiring was most provocative to behold.

After this the Government, ignoring, or not having heard of this surprising lecture, had a house of two stories high built upon the Plumstead Marshes. It was well-nigh filled, by the full consent of Mr. Phillips—indeed, by his express wishes—with resinous shavings, bundles of dry sticks, several old tar-barrels, heaps of straw, rags steeped in turpentine, and broken hurdles. This was surely not fair ; but such was the fact. A day was appointed ; and several engineer and artillery officers of high rank, with a number of artillerymen and sappers and miners, attended. The brilliant experiment was also open to the public, and some hundreds were there. As Mr. Phillips himself, on this important occasion, was to be engaged outside near the open door to conduct the annihilating process, his complimentary proposal to a previous amateur again to take an inside place, was, with many thanks, declined. It was difficult to forget the lecture.

Everything being declared by Mr. Phillips to be ready, one of the artillerymen set fire to the lower room of the house by throwing a bunch of lighted oakum through the open door. The flames rapidly rose, spread, travelled, ascended the stairs, and were soon busily at work in the first floor. The old tar-barrels took to it amazingly. The chief engineer officer on the ground told Mr. Phillips that he and his brother officers were quite satisfied with the state of things, and requested him to extinguish the fire. But Mr. Phillips was for a more complete demonstration, and he waited till the flames had possession of the second floor. Unfortunately it was a very windy day. A strong draught was rushing through the open door and both windows below. All the officers seeing this, begged of the exhibitor to proceed at once with his annihilator. This Mr. Phillips now began to do, employing only his ordinary machines. But the flames were now raging all over the house, below and above, curling up out of the second-floor windows, and licking the already crackling rafters and roofing. Mr. Phillips now became aware that he must immediately bring into action his greatest power—his “reserve force”—which was an immense machine, six times the size of any of the others, kept ready for emergencies, and mounted upon wheels, like a piece of field artillery, drawn by one horse. The wind, as already explained, was most unseasonable. Mr. Phillips seized the horse’s head, and began to “back him” towards the house, so that he might explode his irresistible vapour into the open door and lower floor of the roaring structure. But the horse was not a trained horse—not one of the artillery horses, or a circus *habitué*, as he ought to have been—but an ordinary “rough” from the roads; and this animal feeling the excessive heat at his dorsal region, very naturally insisted upon turning round his head, and seeing the conflagration, showed the whites of his eyes—his ears standing up like two horns—and absolutely refused to back any nearer. In his sudden despair, Mr. Phillips exploded his monster reserve-force machine in front of the door only, instead of inside, hoping it would be carried in by the wind; instead of which the cruel whistling winds bore the great vapour of genius clear round one corner of the house, and off it rolled its potent but deserting volumes far away over the bleak Plumstead marshes. The house was burnt to the ground before our eyes. Everybody looked sagacious.

The military magnates who were present, and had their report to make to the Government, behaved like true gentlemen and men of science on this very painful occasion. It may not be without a touch of the ludicrous in narration, but nobody laughed at the time. The

officers assured poor Mr. Phillips that the cause of his failure was perfectly obvious, and did not really affect the question of capacity for success ; another trial would, no doubt, settle the matter. These encouraging compliments, though diplomatically equivocal about the edges, were rational, kindly, and to the point. In consequence of their reports, the Government agreed to give the invention another trial, but stipulated that on this occasion Mr. Phillips should erect the house at his own cost. This unexpected but very pardonable call upon his diminished resources put a stop to further experiments. Capitalists who had been on the ground, ready to step forward in the handsomest manner, and take up the invention (with all its profits), now stood aloof. The Government could not be expected to make an offer, neither could the proposed Company, and there was no more money.


This striking example of the need of a different class of man to carry out and practically "work" a new invention, did not terminate with what has just been related. Mr. Phillips managed to start a manufactory for his annihilators. He had devised an equally ingenious, efficient, and simple means for rendering the machines self-acting, for the protection of large warehouses, churches, palaces, and public or private buildings of all kinds. Being self-acting was considered by most people a very great improvement, after what they had witnessed. The mechanical device was excellent. As the machine was exploded by a blow upon the top of a capsule, leaden wires, with iron weights at the end, were to be suspended directly over each machine, so that when the flames rose in a warehouse or other building, they would at once melt the leaden wires, the iron weight would fall upon the capsule, and the irresistible vapour would instantly rise and exercise its necromantic powers. Nothing could be better. One day the morning papers announced that the manufactory of Mr. Phillips in the Vauxhall Road had been burnt to the ground !—cruelly adding, "before a single engine of the Fire Brigade could arrive to throw one jet of water upon the blazing edifice." This was the *auto da fê* of a most ingenious man and his admirers.

Whether this disaster was originated by some malicious or interested incendiary ; or that the inventor had forgotten to arrange "leaden wires with iron weights" over a few protecting machines, which is more than likely, it is not material to inquire. The incandescent *tableau* of this last scene was but too glaring a fact, and both the inventor and his invention vanished from that hour. Nobody pitied him—nobody believed in his discovery—nobody thought any more of his chemical vapouring—or, next to nobody. One solitary

individual, however, and perhaps no more, believes, in the face of all this self-damnatory defeat, that there was truth in the thing that so utterly failed, and here records his sympathy. A chemical vapour or cloud *can* be produced, in which no flames will be able to exist. It will not be effective when a red-heat has been attained, but it can confront and subdue the active principle of all conflagrations—flame. These concise remarks cannot be permitted to diverge into any technicalities ; but let the reader consult any clever experimental chemist, or let him find any good specimen of Lord Macaulay's "school boy, who knows," and his sympathies with the ruin of one of the martyrs of the fatally-fascinated family of discoverers and inventors, will inevitably be elicited.

If then this thing, or call it this idea, be founded upon a truth and a fact ; if it be well known to certain persons that a chemical vapour or cloud can be instantly generated and set free, in which no ordinary flames can live,—what are the gaping innocents of the general public to think of our rulers and "men having authority," when they hear of richly-stored exhibitions and museums full of treasures, like the Crystal Palace,—cathedrals, picture-galleries, and priceless libraries, like those at Strasbourg,—elegant and costly palaces, like St. Cloud,—not to speak of entire towns and magnificent cities,—all consumed by flames, which might certainly be subdued, like many other evil powers, if man could but be brought to use all the best brains he has, to do all the good he knows.

MANNERS MAKYTH MAN.

UCH was the favourite maxim five hundred years ago of William of Wykeham, Bishop of Winchester, the pious and munificent founder of the "Two St. Mary Winton Colleges. in Winchester and Oxford:" pleasantly paraphrased by the lively Luttrell, in his "Advice to Julia," just fifty years ago—

"Do what you will, say what you can,
'*Manors*,' they tell you, 'make the man.'"

I confess that in my time, at Winchester, the motto of the good Bishop was more frequently quoted, than exemplified, by the rough-grained *alumni*; and I am sure that if the following axioms of Chesterfield had been painted on the walls of our school-room, they would have been of more service to us than the monkish rigmarole of the "*Tabula Legum Pædagogicarum*."

"The deepest learning without good breeding is unwelcome and tiresome pedantry, and of use nowhere but in a man's own closet, and consequently of little or no use at all.

"A man who is not perfectly well-bred is unfit for good company and unwelcome in it; will consequently dislike it soon, afterwards renounce it, and be reduced to solitude or (what is worse) low and bad company."

If, as has been said, the tone of society at the present day is much lower than at the commencement of Her Majesty's reign, if the ladies are more free and easy, and the men more careless of the "*bien-seances*," it may not be inappropriate in a Magazine devoted to the interests of "Gentlemen," to reproduce for the benefit of our gilded youth, some of the manners and customs of our ancestors. Stilted and absurd as many of them must have been, they at all events contributed to that perfect good breeding which is the chief charm of good society.

I have before me a little work, entitled: "*Nouveau Traité de la Civilité qui se pratique en France parmi Les Honnêtes Gens. Quatrième Edition. A Paris, Chez Helie Josset, rue St. Jacques, à la Fleur de Lys d'Or. 1675. Avec Privilege du Roi.*" The name of the author is not given, but at the end of the dedication to the Duke of Chevreuse are the initials I. M. In an advertisement to the

fourth edition he says: "The success that this treatise has had verifies the opinion that a large number of persons of merit and quality have always had of it." We may, therefore, fairly suppose that the author was in a position to write with authority. That he was a person of amiable character we shall have many opportunities of judging. "It is better," he says, "to cure the faults of our neighbours than to insult them, and it is for that reason that we give here the rules of politeness, in order that well-disposed persons who have neither the opportunity, nor the means, for visiting Paris and the Court, may learn them without difficulty and in a short time."

Terrible nuisance as calling is now-a-days, conceive the inconveniences and embarrassments which must have occurred during a morning call in those times. I don't quite see how any one ever got inside a house.

"In case the door of the house of a Prince or great Lord is closed, it would be impolite to knock hard, or give more than one knock. It would be a sign of great want of knowledge of the world, to knock at the door of the rooms, or of the closet. You must scratch. And when you have scratched at the door of the King, or Princes, and the usher asks your name, you must give it, and never qualify it by the name of 'Mister.'

"It is effrontery (Anglicé 'cheek') to enter of your own accord, without being introduced, if you are a total stranger in the house. And if there is no one to introduce you, and you have to depend on yourself for an entrance, you must try gently whether the door is closed; if it is, it must not be pushed, nor must you be in a hurry, but wait patiently till it is open, or scratch gently. If no one comes, go away, lest you incur the suspicion of listening or spying, which would be very shocking to people of good breeding."

I should be glad to know if anything like the following occurs at Windsor.

"You expose yourself to an affront if you keep your hat on in the room where the table of the King or Queen is laid; you must also remain uncovered in the bed-chamber, and even in the Queen's room; the ladies who enter salute the bed, and no one ought to approach it when there is no railing round it.

"It is also impolite to lean, or sit on the arms, or back, of the King's chair, which is commonly turned against the door nor is it good breeding to sing or whistle in the ante-chambers, while waiting, in order, as they say, to dispel your tedium; which you must also guard against doing in the streets, or other places where people congregate."

Our author thinks it possible you may be invited to stop to dinner, and a long chapter is devoted to the usages of the table ; and if you are called upon to carve, an enumeration of the choice morsels is made, which are to be distributed to the persons of quality. Some curious customs of our forefathers are revealed in his maxims of good breeding. "You must wait until your seat is pointed out to you, or place yourself at the lowest end of the table, according to the precepts of the Gospel, and in taking your place take care your head is uncovered ; nor put your hat on until everyone else is seated, and those of higher rank have covered. Nor must you in sitting down take off your cloak or sword, because it is the correct thing to keep them on."

The following is a curious fact, if it is one, and is worthy the attention of amateurs. For my part I prefer the legs of all fowl and game to any other part.

"As regards what we call the winged tribe, which are served roasted, the favourite maxim of those who are learned in tit-bits, and refine on the delicacy of meat, is, that of all birds who scratch the ground with their feet, the wings are always the most delicate ; as on the other hand are the thighs of all which fly in the air ; and as the partridge is amongst the number of those who scratch the ground, the wing is consequently the choice morsel."

I observe he gives the same advice for carving birds as Fin-Bec, in "The Epicure's Year Book."

"Of capons, turkeys, geese, and ducks, that part which can be served with the best grace is the white meat of the breast, cut obliquely in slices or fillets."

Who has not experienced that worst kind of host who is always watching his guest's plate, and boring him to eat what he doesn't want ? Let him lay the following passage to heart.

"It is the business of the master or the mistress of the house to invite their guests to eat, but politely, and at intervals, without always having their eye on their guest, lest he, whom they are pressing to eat, believe they are watching him, and are scandalised at his eating too much. Entire liberty must be allowed at the table. Nor must anyone be pressed to drink, for excess is injurious to many ; there are others who cannot stand wine at all, and who, bound by their character and position to sobriety, such as ecclesiastics, magistrates, &c., present a deplorable spectacle when intoxicated."

I bought the other day a shilling book on Etiquette, which in its way is nearly as amusing as our French author. From internal evidence I am strongly of opinion that it has been composed by one

of the staff of the *Family Herald*. It may be worth while occasionally to select parallel passages. Here is one.

“Wine should never be pressed upon those known to be averse to it; nor should comments be offered upon any established rules adopted by individuals, with reference to meats and drinks. The great privilege of the present age is liberty of opinion.”

The advice given on the subject of hot soup would surely drive all the guests from the table now-a-days, or at least prevent them from eating any more during dinner.

“If the soup is too hot it is indecent to blow on each spoonful. Wait until it has cooled. But if you have the misfortune to burn yourself, bear it, if you can, patiently and without betraying yourself. If the pain is insupportable, as is often the case, before others have discovered it, take your napkin quickly in one hand, carry it to your mouth, and concealing it as much as possible with your other hand, return the contents of your mouth to your plate, and pass it behind you to the servant. Politeness is the essence of good breeding, but it does not require you to commit suicide.”

The superstition about salt still exists. What the superstition is or was, about brains, I have never heard, though it was always one of my favourite dishes abroad.

“Salt must be taken with the point of the knife . . . and, *apropos* of salt, it is right to say that there are certain people who object to helping others to it, as well as to brains, though they are ridiculous superstitions. You must either put the salt on a plate to present it to those who are far off, or offer them the salt-cellar, if possible, to help themselves; and as regards brains, as they are considered a delicacy by some people, it would be more polite to offer them to others, than it would be to eat them all oneself.”

Salt-spoons are of comparatively recent date even in England, and in my time at Oxford (twenty years ago), were never used in hall; and to this day they are rarely seen on the Continent in private families. They are met with at *tables-d'hôte* frequented by the English, but even there, I have heard, were never seen fifty years ago. The salt-cellar was the common property of all, and as our author says, salt “must be eaten at the point of the knife.” The French do not put their knives into their mouths as the English used to do, and as the Germans do. When Madame de Stael visited England nearly sixty years ago, she dined at the house of one of our leading Whig noblemen, and having delighted a large party with her wit and vivacity, two of the daughters of the host were asked what they thought of her, when they remarked that they could not understand how

so celebrated a person could have such dirty habits,—“she actually helped herself to salt with her knife.” I have frequently seen foreigners do the same, even when a salt-spoon has been in the salt ; and I perfectly remember the expression of surprise from a nice young Frenchman—a thoroughbred gentleman—upon his seeing, for the first time, a salt-spoon placed over the salt-cellar. In answer to his inquiries being told that it was to help oneself to salt, he took it up in his left hand, then filling it with salt “with the point of his knife” in his right hand, he poured it on the margin of his plate, exclaiming with satisfaction,—“Dieu ! que c’est commode.”

The young gentlemen who used to wear toothpicks in their mouths two or three years ago, in the parks, at balls, the opera—in fact, in public—may like to know what was thought of the practice in the time of the Grand Monarque :—

“It is impolite to pick your teeth before company, or to pick them during or after a meal with a knife or fork ; it is at the same time rude and disgusting. Nor ought you to rinse your mouth afterwards before those we are bound to respect.”

Our English author is of the same opinion :—

“Avoid all ungraceful habits, such as using a knife in eating ; feed yourself with a fork or spoon, and use your knife for cutting only. . . . On no account pick your teeth after dinner ; it is a most unseemly habit. An odious custom of gargling the mouth is adopted by some few, who think that a foreign habit cannot be unseemly. Let nothing induce you to imitate them.”

That ingenious *farceur*, the late Captain D——, was dining at a *table d’hôte* at Boulogne, when he observed a British bagman, who was sitting next to him, picking up his peas very dexterously with his knife, and thrusting them into his mouth.

“You had better take care what you are about, Sir,” said the Captain ; “you can scarcely be aware of the danger you are in of swallowing your knife.”

The bagman scowled, but did not desist. The Captain watched his opportunity, and at the moment the knife disappeared with a larger supply than usual, he jogged the bagman’s elbow, and the knife went half-way down his throat.

“There, Sir,” he said, “I told you so ; you really ought to be more careful.”

Brillat-Savarin, writing in 1816, makes the following remarks :—

“Il y a à peu près quarante ans que quelques personnes de la haute société, presque toujours les dames, avaient coutume de se rincer la bouche après le repas.

“A cet effet, au moment où elles quittaient la table elles tournaient le dos à la compagnie ; un laquais leur présentait un verre d'eau ; elles en prenaient une gorgée qu'elles rejetaient bien vite dans la soucoupe ; le valet emportait le tout ; et l'opération était à peu près inaperçue de la manière dont elle se faisait.

“Nous avons changé tout cela.

“Dans la maison où l'on se pique des plus beaux usages, les domestiques vers la fin du dessert, distribuent aux convives des bowls pleins d'eau froide, au milieu desquels se trouve un gobelet d'eau chaude, et en présence les uns des autres, on plonge les doigts dans l'eau froide, pour avoir l'air de les laver, et on avale l'eau chaude, dont on se gargarise avec bruit, et qu'on vomit dans le gobelet ou dans le bowl. Je ne suis pas le seul qui se soit élevé contre cette innovation, également *inutile, indécente, et dégoûtante.*”

It would be a curious speculation as to what the habits of the less refined classes must have been in those days, when our author thinks it necessary to caution his readers against committing such enormities as the following :—

“You must not gnaw the bones, nor break or shake them to get at the marrow ; cut the meat on your plate, and then convey it to your mouth with the fork. I say with the fork, for it is very indecent to touch anything fat, or any sauce, or syrup, with the fingers. Besides, it commits you to two or three other indecencies. One is the frequent wiping of your hands on the napkin, and dirtying it like a dishcloth, which makes people sick when they see you wipe your mouth with it. Another is wiping them with your bread, which is again very dirty ; and the third is licking your fingers, which is the height of impropriety. To blow your nose openly without concealing yourself behind your napkin, to wipe the perspiration from your face, to scratch your head or any other part of your person, to belch, or spit, are nasty tricks, which disgust everybody. (I think Chesterfield cautions his son against every one of these habits. Indeed, it is not at all improbable that Chesterfield had studied this book, written exactly a century before his own.) Eat moderately, and according to your wants. Do not let your appetite appear unappeasable, or eat till you bring on an attack of hiccups ; on the contrary, contain yourself, and be the first to leave off, unless the person of quality, who from politeness does not have the courses removed till every one has finished, invites you to go on. And under no circumstances should you eat so fast as to lose your breath like a pursy and broken-winded horse. To get angry with your servant, to abuse him, or beat him in the presence of your superior in rank,

would show him a great want of respect, and, indeed, extreme contempt."

Let us now pick up some rules for polite conversation :—

"When you have to answer 'No,' in order to contradict a person of quality, it must never be done bluntly, but in a roundabout manner ; by saying, for example, 'You will pardon me, Sir,' &c. ; 'I ask your pardon, Madam, if I dare to say that coquetry is a bad method of pleasing,' &c. Nor is one ignorant that it is a boorish or village pleasantry to tack on the 'Sir' or 'Madam' to any word which appears equivocal, as, 'This book is bound in calf, Sir ;' 'That is a fine mare, Madam ;' 'He was mounted on an ass, Sir.' It is also very impolite to make the person to whom you are speaking serve as a comparison for some imperfection or misfortune in another, as, for example, if you say, 'I know that man ; I was there when he was drunk. He is about your height, Sir, and has long hair like you.' And the same way to a lady—'That woman's reputation is not of the best ; I know her well. She is tall, fat, and dark, like you, Madam."

"It is absurd for any one wishing to pass himself off as a man of the world to talk of his wife, his children, and relations in terms of praise before company which includes persons of quality. You may speak of them *apropos*, but without exaggeration ; and if forced to, always speak becomingly, lest if you hold your tongue altogether, you should be suspected of jealousy.

"Nor must you receive too eagerly the praise bestowed upon them, nor must you call your wife by her name, or quality, or sportive term of endearment ; as, for example, suppose it is a President who is speaking, and he says, wishing to talk of his wife, 'Madam the Presidentess, my heart, my ducky darling, is the most this—the most that'—&c. ; instead of simply saying, 'My wife.' And a man is thoroughly ridiculous who embraces his wife before company.

"It is uncivil to cut into the conversation of a person to whom we wish to show respect, under pretence of assisting his memory, when he hesitates for a word ; as if he were to say, 'Cæsar defeated Pompey at the battle of—of—of'—and we added, 'Pharsalia.' We ought to wait till we are asked.

"Likewise you must not correct a person who is talking, even when he's wrong, for it is a sort of contradiction. For instance, if any one, mistaking Alexander for Darius, were to say, 'It was a proof of the excellent heart Darius possessed when he wept on hearing of the death of Alexander,' you must wait till he corrects himself, or gives you the opportunity of speaking yourself on the subject, and putting

the matter right, and in such a manner as not to cause him any mortification. It is impolite in talking to say to the same person, 'You understand me?' 'Do you understand me?' 'I don't know whether I make myself understood?' And it is ridiculous, in telling a story, to repeat at every word, 'Says he,' 'Says she.'

"Beware of going to sleep, of stretching yourself, of yawning, while others are speaking; it is exceedingly rude, as it is a proof that you are bored, which is a painful reflection for your host. So that if you are bored, you must take care the company does not perceive it, and take care you never commit yourself by asking, 'What o'clock is it?' It is also disrespectful to touch a tooth with the thumbnail, as when you say, 'I don't care that for you,' at the same time touching the end of the tooth with the nail."

This is, of course, equivalent to Sampson's insult to Montague's servants:—

I will bite my thumb at them, which is a disgrace if they bear it.

And Decker describing St. Paul's Walk, says, "I see contempt marching forth giving mee the fico with his thombe in his mouth." To resume. "It is also indecent in the company of ladies, and indeed in all serious company, to take off your cloak, remove your peruke or pourpoint, to cut or bite your nails, to clean them, to scratch yourself anywhere (the skin of those days must have been peculiarly sensitive as this admonition so frequently occurs; Lady Hester Stanhope was constantly complaining of the eternal scratching of her female Arabs), to pull up a garter, or pull off a shoe which pinches, to put on a dressing-gown and slippers in order to make yourself comfortable. It would be nearly as offensive as if a cavalry captain were to appear before his general in camp in shoes instead of boots.

"On entering the chamber of a grandee, you must walk softly, the body slightly inclined, making a profound bow if he is present. If no one appears, you must not poke your nose here and there, but go immediately into the antechamber and wait there."

(Compare a passage in the "*Colloquies of Erasmus*:"—"Incivile est eum salutare qui reddit urinam, aut alvum exonerat.")

"When paying a visit, do not present yourself before your superiors in rank, and especially before ladies, with your skin appearing through your shirt, or pourpoint, nor with any part of your dress open, which politeness requires to be kept closed, as we have already remarked."

I will here transcribe a passage from an English author on the

subject of calling, as it contains a slang phrase which perhaps my readers like myself have never heard.

"Morning calls may be divided into three heads :—such as are paid at the time already specified ; weekly visits to intimate friends, or else by young persons to those advanced in life ; and monthly visits, which are generally ceremonious.

"With respect to the first, be very careful that you do not acquire the character of a *day goblin*. A day goblin is one of those persons who having plenty of leisure, and a great desire to hear themselves talk, make frequent inroads into their friends' houses. Though, perhaps, well acquainted with the rules of etiquette which prescribe the time when the doors of English houses freely admit all who have a right to pass the threshold, they call at the most unseasonable hours."

I fear that it must be inferred from the above that our author has been haunted a good deal about luncheon time with these goblins, who may have acquired the right to add a G to the end of their names.

I wonder if Mr. Odger the next time he calls on the Prime Minister, and the great man sneezes, will comport himself in the manner recommended by the Frenchman.

"If the grandee sneezes, you must not say to him aloud, 'God help you,' but make the prayer inwardly, uncovered, and with a profound bow. And if necessity compels you to sneeze, endeavour to do so gently, and not as some people do, who shake the house to its foundation, which is very annoying to those who hear it."

I will quote a few more passages from the visit to a grandee, to show what an intolerable nuisance etiquette must have been in those days. The following nice points would almost require a bench of judges to decide.

"If while you are in the presence of this person of quality, another arrives who is your superior, but inferior in rank to the other, you must not leave him to whom you are paying your court to greet the new arrival, but simply make some sign of mutual recognition. And if this last comer is superior in rank to him on whom you are paying the visit, then as he will undoubtedly, because it is his duty, stand aside, you must stand aside also, and leave your host to honour the last comer.

"If the person of quality is speaking to another, you must not take that opportunity to converse apart with any one near you. This familiarity would be out of place ; besides, if you spoke low it would look suspicious and be prohibited, and if you spoke loud the noise would cause interruption and annoyance.

"If the person of quality leads you to a window, even if there is

any sight worth looking at in the streets, you must not approach the window to look out, for that would be making yourself his equal ; nor must you spit out of it, at that, or any other time.

“If the person of quality conducts you to the door of the street, you must not mount your horse or enter your carriage in his presence, but beg him to re-enter his house before you mount, and if he persists in remaining, you must walk away and let the horse or carriage follow you until he is out of sight.”

I may mention here another nice point of etiquette upon which I was myself schooled many years ago, by a French lady of the highest fashion, and whose remarks I have never forgotten. I found one afternoon in her company a venerable English diplomatist, at that time well known in Switzerland. Upon his leaving the room she remarked, “How singular that a man who has seen so much of the world, should be so ill-bred.” Upon my requesting the favour of an explanation, she said, “Why did you not perceive that instead of occupying the chair next the one where I was seated, he left one vacant between his and mine?” Upon which she delivered a long Philippic against such *malséante gaucherie*, which edified me extremely, and upon my kissing her hand in taking leave, I thanked her with a quotation from “Rousseau”—“Les discours sensés d’une femme de merite sont plus propres à former un jeune homme, que toute la pedantesque philosophie des livres.” At the distance of a quarter of a century, I devoutly believe in the truth of this axiom.

The remarks on behaviour in church are amusing on account of the combination of politeness and piety.

“If you enter a church with a person of quality, you must, without putting yourself forward offensively, walk before him, in order to present the holy water, which done, kiss his hand and then drop behind, modestly composing your countenance. For if you are so unfortunate as to forget, or neglect to kneel, from indevotion, effeminacy, or laziness, you must at least do so out of politeness and consideration for the people of quality who may be there ; such improprieties in a sacred place would give a bad opinion of the education of the person committing them, according to the rule we have established, that you must suit your actions to the place in which you are.

“You must stand, sit down, or kneel according to the order of worship as observed in the church ; for example at the elevation of the Host you stand, and during the rest of the mass you kneel, particularly during the Presence, according to the practice even (!!) at the King’s mass, and by his orders, worthy indeed of the good sense and piety of His Majesty.”

"You must not make grimaces when you pray, nor pray in a loud voice, nor talk or converse with any one for fear of distracting the attention of others. Still less must you salute any one you may not have seen for some time, nor embrace or pass compliments, the sanctity of the place does not permit it, and those who see you are scandalised. It is also very indecent to comb yourself or to adjust your dress. If it is necessary you must leave the church. You must keep silence and your seat during the sermon, and if you have a cold or cough it is better to stay away than interrupt the preacher and annoy your neighbours."

In most of the churches abroad, invariably among the Protestant congregations, where the sermons are longer, the pulpit orator makes four or five pauses, of about a minute, during his discourse, on purpose that the spitting, &c., may take place periodically, so as not to interfere with his eloquence. One young Englishman wrote home to his father that the sermons were not, as with us, divided into heads, but into "*mouchifications*."

"If you are a private gentleman, when the holy bread is presented to you, you must only take one piece!!

"For the rest, the places of honour are generally marked in church. It may casually be remarked, for example, that in a procession, or if you will, in accompanying the Holy Sacrament to the house of a sick person, the rule of the wall is not observed. Only leave to the person of quality the right-hand side. For it would be very inconvenient and indecent in the presence of our Lord, who ought to command all our attention, to be wheeling round a person of quality, with a taper in one's hand, every time he crossed the gutter.

"It would be very convenient, and in admirable taste, if everybody in church were to accustom themselves to spit in their pocket-handkerchiefs, as we have already said they ought to do in great houses. For as a general rule there is no stable yard so dirty, and so disgusting, as the house of God."

Thackeray has said somewhere, that there are few of us who would not like to be seen walking down Pall Mall arm-in-arm with a Duke. Few of us would like to walk with two, if we had to conform to the following regulations.

"If you are walking three together, the middle is the place of honour, and consequently belongs to him of the highest rank; the right is the second, and the left the third. So that, for example, if two great Lords place their inferior between them, the better to hear what he has to say, the inferior at each end of the walk must turn round on the side of the Lord who is of the highest rank; if they are both of equal rank, he must turn at the end of the path, first to one

and then to the other, taking care to leave the middle when he has finished what he has to say."

But it is time to bring my extracts to a close. Before I do so, I beg to lay before certain whist-players the following precepts, which I hope they may study and lay to heart.

"Never show any eagerness in your play, or a desire to win. It is a sign of littleness of mind and station, and it is better to abstain altogether, if we cannot play with good temper, on account of the hundred inconveniences which may occur through want of it.

"Nor must you play carelessly, or lose out of complaisance, not only to avoid the suspicion of swagger, but to prevent the person with whom you are playing from supposing that you are not contributing to his amusement with sufficient care or attention.

"It is impolite, also, to sing or whistle, even softly, or between the teeth, as one is apt to do when musing over the game, or to beat the devil's tattoo with the fingers or feet. If any difference of opinion arises, do not be obstinate, but if you are obliged to maintain your point, do so quietly without raising your voice, and prove it quickly and clearly.

"Ask for the stake you have won calmly; if any one has forgotten to put in, do not say imperiously, 'Pay up,' or 'Stake,' but in polite and gentle terms. And when you lose, pay before you are asked, take all in good part, and never lose your self-respect or calmness of disposition."

The latter part of the book is, like that of the English author, devoted to the art of polite letter-writing. They are both in the exaggerated high-falutin' style of the period. Indeed, they seem in those days to have gone out of their way to invent ridiculous habits as proofs of high breeding. Addison remarks (*Spectator*, No. 45)—"A very ingenious French author tells us that the ladies of the Court of France in his time thought it ill-breeding, and a kind of female pedantry, to pronounce a hard word right; for which reason they took frequent occasion to use hard words, that they might show politeness in murdering them." This is, indeed, Mrs. Malaprop *au sérieux*. Nevertheless, to quote Chesterfield again—"Manners, though the last, and it may be the least, ingredient of real merit, are, however, very far from being useless in its composition; they adorn and give an additional force and lustre to both virtue and knowledge. They prepare and smooth the way for the progress of both, and are, I fear, with the bulk of mankind, more engaging than either. Remember, then, the infinite advantage of manners; cultivate and improve your own to the utmost. Good sense will suggest the great rules to you; good company will do the rest."

J. E.

ROOTED SORROWS.

BY J. CRICHTON BROWNE, M.D., F.R.S.E.

(*Medical Director West Riding Asylum*)



At the present time education is just one kind of company drill. Upon an extension of the principle that the sex of a bird does not make any difference in regard to the manner in which it is to be cooked or in the kind of dressing with which it is to be served, it is held that children are to be educated by means of some universal system which makes no allowance for individual peculiarities. If you go into some schools you will find them learning to read by fifties, just as modern bacchanalians sing the choruses in our music-halls. To some educationists it seems that there is not only no royal road to knowledge, but that there is no private way; and that, as in thoroughfares, procession is the only efficient means of progress—so upon that highway of learning schoolmasters must be sort of policemen, to see that their pupils keep line. Those prospectuses which promise a good mercantile education are a part of the process. It is as if mankind was contracted for, and had to be made to a certain cut. When you make contract-men you may be sure you are making them for the worms. We wish men—not business men, or practical men, or medical men. But education is at the present time a lathe which makes to a pattern. The moral treatment of insanity—which is really a kind of education—proceeds upon a similar principle. By most medical psychologists crime is regarded as a disease just as insanity is. A man steals because there is an organic necessity for him to “prig” a handkerchief. A man murders, gets the plate, and runs away, because his father was a drunkard, and he suffers from hereditary insanity.

And yet these persons do not go so far as to advocate the substitution of medical professors for judges, of hospitals for prisons, of medicine bottles for laws. They would still flog garotters, they would still attempt to prevent crime by the punishment of criminals. Their arguments may be stated thus: “We treat the body, not the mind. As a message from a battery will go wrong if the insulation be not complete, so will messages to and from the mind go wrong if its system of sensual communication be defective,

through deterioration of tissue or any other means. It is not the blots on the sun that make the day dark, but the clouds that come between us and it. If we wished to make the sunshine, we should 'treat' the clouds. Body is a cloud!" One of the most distinguished psychologists remarks, "We are constrained to come to the conclusion, which indeed observation has led us to, and serves every day to confirm, that exhortation, solicitude, and argument have not the slightest effect upon this state of depression, engendered by some cerebral lesion, and that the ideas which conduce to the development of this state must have an internal subjective origin, and therefore a character of irrefutability, so that they render the patient wholly impervious to anything like argument, and at the best only permit him to exchange one mournful train of ideas for another."* To say, therefore, that it is possible to argue a man out of his delusion is absurd, and to put the cart before the horse. You cannot argue the shafts off the horse. Such seems to be their theory. But as we have seen that in certain cases they think the rod useful, as they would still draw a distinction between prisons and hospitals; and as they indulge in a series of expedients to which they give the name of moral treatment, it would seem as if the distinction which they draw between crime and insanity was, that up to a certain stage the horse is the cart, and after that stage the cart is the horse. Freewill has something to do with the little acts of life, but all the great events are brought about by body; mind is responsible for petty larceny, and the criminal gets sixty days and the ministrations of a prison chaplain; but it is organism that causes a man to attempt suicide, and he is sent to an asylum and is put under medical treatment. Which is the cart, and which is the horse? But upon the hypothesis of such psychologists as he who is quoted above it is certain that every belief, every conviction, has in his words "an internal subjective origin;" and yet that fact does not prove this irrefutability by argument, but would rather tend to the establishment of the theory that very many delusions may be dislodged by the proof of their contradictions, and that the question which it is most important to determine is as to the kind of evidence which will conduce to this end. At the present time, as stated above, this kind of evidence in the treatment of insanity is used not with an appreciative reference to individual cases and peculiarities, but with a systematic inattention to everything except system. As children are taught to read by companies, so it is attempted to cure insane persons in regiments. So

* "Griesinger on Mental Diseases." Syden. Soc. Ed. p. 226.

many hundreds are sent to a weekly dance, and this amusement is regarded as an important agent in the moral treatment of the insane, while any possible benefit to be derived from individual moral and intellectual treatment, or from the use of argument with reference to insanity, false impressions, or delusions, is ignored or denied. It is, of course, a justifiable boast of our times that they have introduced an ameliorated treatment of mental disease, but while they are proud of their achievement their laurels wither. Fresh laurels are the only joy! The influence of music in certain forms of insanity is illustrated by very many cases, but by none more strikingly than by that of the king Saul, the waves of whose rage fell into a calm when David played, as the waves of the sea sink and crouch idly under oil. And mark, it was not music, but David's music that brought peace to Saul's spirit. There is a music

"That soft upon the spirit lies,
As tired eyelids upon tired eyes."

But of all arguments the arguments of musical sounds are the least logical; or, at least, we find it more difficult to bring mental sequences connected with musical sounds under the little laws of our formal logic, than to bring any other concatenations, connected with other forms of expression, into relation with these, our little arbitrary regulations. The most easily understood sequence is an invariable following of one act by another act, and it is more likely to be understood if the second of these acts is productive of pain. This is the theory of punishment. No institution could be conducted without some system of rewards and punishments. And the applicability of such a system to the maintenance of discipline naturally suggests its applicability, in certain cases, to the re-establishment of those conditions which constitute health. Bishop Butler said that, "he was all his life struggling against the devilish suggestions of his senses, which would have maddened him if he had relaxed the stern watchfulness of his reason for a single moment."* But who has such self-strength that he is independent of his environment? Who can say to circumstances, "I will do right! I have no need of thee?" It is well for every one that there are outworks to keep off the devil! Rewards and punishments, love of admiration, and the like, may all serve as backbones to that "stern watchfulness" which is necessary to resist the devil, and may all tend to re-awaken reason, which has fallen asleep. In one asylum a modified system of punishment was adopted with regard to that class of persons who, although insane,

* Coleridge's "Table Talk."

are yet able to appreciate the possibility of the happening of two events in succession, and of regulating their conduct accordingly. If one patient struck another, "he was deprived of his beer and tobacco, and, as if to make Nature weigh the punishment in her scales, this discipline was continued as long as there was any ecchymosis, or external evidence of the blow. This plan is said to have "reduced fighting and quarrelling to a minimum." And it would doubtless have the effect of inducing a very careful application of contusions. And, as the punishment continued while there was actual evidence as to the infliction of the blow, and gave it to Nature to commute, it was like the grand law of the universe shown in a test-tube, and in that way brought down to the meanest capacity. The re-actio is equal to the actio in the moral world! "The evil that men do lives after them." Crimes have a marvellous vitality! A child is born, and none can say what is the reading of that hieroglyphic destiny on its forehead. And so a crime is a living thing, and will beget others of its kind! The black and blue patch where the blow fell may be gone in a fortnight, but the sin lives on! Still, so far as the proportion between the crime and the punishment went, it was well calculated to serve the purpose intended. Inevitability is the great element of effective punishment; and when its duration was taken from the region of choice of an individual and made dependent upon Nature's cure, there was a rigorous fate about it. The door was shut against prayers! Nature goes on slowly removing the stain, but your cries for your beer and tobacco will not make her hurry! It was, perhaps, scarcely necessary to mention a system of effective asylum discipline, but as it led to a consideration of the relations of individuals to fundamental ideas, with regard to cause and effect, it is far from unimportant, and naturally suggests a consideration of cases in which such ideas have acted, as music upon Saul's anger, as the words "fall in," which went forth into chaos, and from rabble matter made armies of stars! That such is the case, that strange weird fancies have been stilled, as enthusiasms have been excited, by music or by words, that changes in mental conditions, as marvellous as those which have taken place in the physical world, when a brazen-serpent-antidote and faith cured a plague of living, writhing serpents, as a bane; as wonderful as hundreds of those which are recorded in the moral world, where a life's course has been altered by a warning, very few persons will be inclined to doubt after reading the cases which are stated below! Before, however, entering upon these, it may be interesting to trace the same process in a mind under the influence of the temporary anarchy of delirium.

"Hugh Miller was recently very ill with inflammation of the lungs, and related the following experience to his namesake, Professor Miller. He found as he was lying in his bed, and no doubt just emerging from semi-delirium, that he had lost his identity. What his name was he could not tell, but he settled that he was about to begin business as travelling merchant, selling crockery through the country to the sound of two bowls rubbed together, and he went through many elaborate calculations regarding his affairs. In the midst of these his eye lighted on a cornice in his bedroom, which he slowly recognised as something he had seen somewhere before then. He followed a line from the cornice to the floor; from the floor his eye travelled to the bed, which grew familiar to him, and finally his glance settled on his body. He exclaimed, 'Oh! I'm Hugh Miller;' and there was an end of the crockery business."*

And a very pleasant end, too. Had he not reasoned himself out of the delusion? Was not the cornice the end of the Ariadne-clue, which he wound until out of a labyrinth of impressions about crockery and the tinkling of the advertising bowls, he came to the mouth of the gulf, and exclaimed, "Oh! I'm Hugh Miller," and retired from the business. Now, it is evident that his eye might, instead of falling upon the cornice, have fallen upon some individual whom he connected with his former self, and this fact induces us to notice what has been called the psychical mode of cure, which is equivalent to what was above called education, and that is the action of one personality upon another.

Cases are the records of experiments in Nature's retorts. E. W., a young woman who had been a schoolmistress, laboured under acute dementia. Dementia seems to be the death of the soul; a person can digest, but not think. The face muscles move the jaws, but never shape themselves in that wondrous mosaic of expression. E. W. sat or stood; she did not care to move; there was not sufficient zeal in her to make her live; she had not enthusiasm enough to wish to die. Tonics, shower-baths, electricity, stimulants, were tried and failed. Hers was a dead soul in a drooping, dying body. One morning, however, upon the occasion of the usual medical visit to the wards, she accosted the physician. She said, "Doctor, I am better," and she smiled. Smiles are the ornaments of health's temple; joy, not sorrow, is divine. There was a dimple in her cheek; a dimple-eddy in a cheek is laughter at play. There was some activity and energy in her

* From "Memoir of George Wilson." By his Sister, Jessie Aitken Wilson. From a letter of G. W.'s.

movements and gestures. The story of her improvement and recovery was as follows. She explained the circumstances herself. At tea-time upon the previous evening, she said, she was in her usual state, conscious of all that was taking place around, but incapable of originating any action, and bowed down by a great weight—saturated by inactivity. A strange nurse entered the ward to relieve one of the ordinary nurses who was going out on leave ; it was a part of this nurse's duty to feed E. W. with her tea. During the meal she conversed with another nurse as she placed the morsels in E.'s mouth. In the course of the conversation she mentioned that she was somewhat strange to her duties, having just come from Lincoln, her native town. It was E. W.'s native town, and the mention of it raised the ghosts of a hundred dead events—of pleasant days of youth and love, perhaps—memories of home, with well-known faces about the hearth. A modern author has said, "Home is the honey of this world-hive, which cures the stings the bees have given." And if it is so, sweet memories are the mead that is made from it. Home!—to whom is it not a magic word? All your "prestos" are frippery, in comparison with that one word. It will bring tears into wanderers' eyes and smiles into dying faces ; and so it brought smiles and health to the soulless woman. There was sunshine in her life from that moment ; she is now energetic, industrious, and of sound mind. The recognition of the influence of one individual upon another is above all things important. When a physician has to administer, as it were, a dose of himself, where his presence, manner, conduct, and relation to his patient, are the curative agents, it is evident that it is by the introduction of mental impressions that the cure of the individual is effected. And the physician is, as it were, a part of that evidence by which in that life-argument, for the relative truth of impressions, normality is again brought about. It is of interest, as it shows the necessity of most careful consideration of one's personal bearing with regard to each individual case. This necessity will be shown by the following case also.

M. O., a man with a very prominent nose, with sunken eyes and nervous, twitching hands, was confined in a lunatic asylum. How many men kill themselves because they are afraid of death ! M. O. was in terror of being put to death ; and an imagination, probably in the leading-strings of his trade associations, suggested that he was to be "boiled down !" He had a conscience, and he looked upon this frightful death as a recompense for those "wild oats" he had sown in his youth. To sow wild oats, and yourself to be garnered into a cauldron ! Inventive Nemesis ! Naturally the poor man suffered ; who

can be comfortable when they stand by while the furnace is being heated seven times? His misery ran into motion, as most pain does; and he would walk up and down, and press and wring his hands, repenting as hard as he could for his sins, thinking perhaps to appease that boiling-down Nemesis. He would moan and rock himself for hours, and crave assistance from all who would listen to him. There is not much sympathy amongst lunatics. Once he was taken to the laundry to assist in carrying some clean clothes. A sad day that! He reached the door, and there before him was a huge boiler, with its fire (like a mouth under its boiler brain) glowing underneath it. He shrieked, and fled. Oh, great legs! the head cannot say, "I have no need of thee." More heads have been kept safe from blows, by legs than by their next neighbours, arms. Well, he fled, naturally believing that his hour was come, and that the laundry was the place of execution, to which he had been unfairly decoyed. One day the medical man of the establishment noticed that his patient derived considerable comfort and satisfaction from assurances of protection, and that in consequence of these assurances he seemed to regard him as in some way connected with his fate. The assurance was an assertion to that effect. It was, however, not sufficiently definite; and so one day he announced with some formality to M. O. that he was reprieved, and that his execution was postponed for two days. M. O. had faith as well as a conscience, and he believed, and was during the continuance of these two days comparatively happy and comfortable. Of course he could not be quite happy. But to be boiled down two days hence is an infinity of bliss in comparison with being boiled down at once. Time is always hope, and hope is heaven! But the sands of two days ran out, and he became restless and unhappy as the time of his immunity came near an end. His medical man again visited him, and assured him that he would be spared for three days. Tears ran down his cheeks on each side of his great watershed nose, and his thanks were warm and earnest. The visible pleasure of the man tempted his physician to be too kind; and when, by various reprieves, he had reached a week, making those dead reprieves a stair by which to rise to higher things, he generously lengthened the time to a fortnight. M. O.'s joy was great! A fortnight!—Eternity! But it was too long. When ten days had sped, he again began to fear—he could not realise it; so that he had to be reduced again to two days. From this beginning, however, he was conducted up to a fortnight, three weeks, a month, three months, with perfect success. One evening, however, the physician was sent for. M. O. was in agony; there he was wringing his hands again,

and piteously moaning. The time of the reprieve had run out, and the superintendent had neglected to renew it. Soon, however, he began to smile at the reprieves ; but still asserted that he could not be comfortable without them. Subsequently their term of duration was much increased, and ultimately became unnecessary. The man now works in the laundry beside the cauldron. He stokes its devouring maw !

One other case is worthy of mention, in which a direct statement, which is the simplest form of evidence, had the effect of eradicating a delusion which was brought about, not by a playful Puck, but by that direr spirit which hunts

“ Through bog, through bush, through brake,
Through briar,
Like horse, hound, hog, bear, fire,
At every turn.”

R. W. was once a soldier in the Royal Artillery. He had his head injured in one of those joy salvoes, by means of which the civilised world, according to M. Victor Hugo, blows away three hundred million francs a year in a cloud of smoke ! A joy salvo—a great noise ! and a spoiled life, full of delusions ! When he was incarcerated in a lunatic asylum, he laboured under an attack of acute mania. He recovered sufficiently to be discharged, but the curse of the joy salvoes had not worn out, and not long after his discharge, he was returned to the asylum. He was worse than he had been. His memory was a chaotic lumber-room, he never found what he went to seek for ! He was restless and destructive, and the darkness did not silence him. Night noises are terrible, and to hear a maniac's shout in God's “ ebony box,” which seems to be the temple of peace, is as it were a desecration of the grand, slow, silent, mystic panorama of the stars.

R. W. would stand for hours in one attitude, rigid as if his delusion was the Gorgon's head projected on to an aery Ægis. A stalactite dripped from his unbraced jaw. He was thin and pale, and seemed to be dying. At the same time another patient in the same ward was dying of phthisis. He died ! and there he lay on his bed ! He had been called T——. As he lay there, R. W. looked into his room. It was ghastly enough, and he stood there at the door until he was removed. That same afternoon, W. went into the lavatory and was passing a large mirror. He stopped suddenly, and exclaimed, “ Good God ! I've got T——'s head on.” He came to this conclusion not without wonder and even with grief. He preferred his own head ! Minute examination convinced him of the

fact of this strange transmigration of heads. When the medical superintendent of the establishment next visited the ward, W. met him with tears in his eyes, and said, "This is not my head, doctor. Just look at it! This is not my nose! Such a nose! It is T——'s." The medical man looked, and he thought the head and face somewhat like those of the patient who had died that morning. The one man was dead, and the other was dying. Leave death alone and it soon makes all men like. You would not know your dearest friend's skeleton! W.'s was a natural mistake, but he sorrowed and moaned, and there was no Titania to love him with T——'s head! Perhaps it was the nose! He wished to dash out T——'s brains, and often he would slap T——'s face and pull T——'s nose! That horrid nose.

This went on for three weeks. At last the medical superintendent of the institution determined to try an experiment. He went into the ward, met W., stopped suddenly, and exclaimed as he held up his hands in pseudo-wonder, "Good gracious! When did the change take place? When did you get it back again?" "What!" exclaimed W. in surprise, as he raised his hands to his head. "What! you don't mean to say—Doctor?—but, I declare—yes—it is—Doctor, I *am* rejoiced!" He was warmly congratulated, and led to a looking-glass, where he looked at himself with evident satisfaction and said, "It's very strange. I wasn't the least aware of it till you spoke. It must have been done during the night. I didn't look at myself this morning, and now that I remember, I did feel different somehow!" The nose was no longer a stone of stumbling, or a rock of offence. It was his nose, not T——'s nose, that makes a very great difference. From that day W. improved. He became fatter and began to occupy himself. He is now much more intelligent than formerly, and hopes are entertained of his ultimate recovery. Still, however, he believes that he once wore T——'s head. He regards the medical superintendent as somehow instrumental in the great change, and may in time be brought to understand how he had lost his head, and how he regained it. He may be brought to regret the disparagement of the nose!

Indirect mental impressions are as efficacious in the cure of insanity as direct. "Doubts of any sort," says Goethe, "can only be removed by action." And action is only the introduction of new mental and physical impressions into a life. There is an epitaph on a Coroner, who hanged himself, which says:—

"He lived and died
By suicide."

But a case in which by the wonderful influence of action upon doubt, the great doubt, "were it not better not to be?" was resolved, will show how, as in an arch, two weaknesses supported one another, and produced an entire change in the unhealthy mental life of one individual. In a certain asylum, there was a certain suicidal patient whose name was B. He pertinaciously courted death, and for a period of two months, almost constantly cried, "For God's sake kill me." A strange request to make for the sake of deity! But men often say "God" when they mean "I!" But B—— found death shy, and although he shouted until he was hoarse, to be put out of the way, to have his head cut off, to have his brains knocked out, he still lived on. But it was not all demands that some other body would take the responsibility of his death. He was in earnest with death, and made many furious and ingenious attempts upon death's narrow portal. He was once saved when getting out at a window, by being caught by the coat tails! Coat tails! How a modern Naaman would sneer at such an episode. He wished to do some great thing, and not to wash in Jordan! To be saved from death is well enough, but by the coat tails!

B—— was fed by means of the stomach pump three times a day for as many weeks, for he was brave enough, in his fury, to meet that snail-death hunger. What a grand enthusiasm for death he had! Once he inflicted a blow upon his head by means of a plumber's hammer. It was so severe as to take him near to death's door, and for some weeks he was confined to bed. During his illness and tedious recovery, another patient was admitted into the asylum. This man's name was F——, and he was one of those who longed to get anywhere out of the world. This man was associated with B—— under the care of a special attendant. It occurred to his physician to put F—— under the care of B——. B—— was made responsible for F——'s safety! Strange! It seems almost a joke to keep two people out of the grave, by the struggle which each makes to get in first! A weird safety to be jostled away from death's door! Strange as it may seem, however, this expedient had the desired effect. B—— took F—— by the arm and walked him off, and since that time has devoted himself exclusively to the care of this much less dangerous patient. F—— has more than once endeavoured to shuffle off this mortal coil, and his attempts have always been frustrated by B——, who has never, since he has become the guardian of another's life, seemed to entertain any hostile intentions with regard to his own. In this case, interest in the life and welfare of another has reared anew an interest in his own. His own life has been

saved, in all probability, by his endeavours to save that of another! Is not reward the *contre coup* of a good action. There is a great, deep, pathetic humour about this guardianship. B——, the most dangerous, most pertinacious, suicidal patient in the institution, watching F——! There is a detestable meanness in a thief catching a thief, but there is pathos in one suicide frustrating the attempts of another! If F—— only lifted his hands to his throat, B—— put them down. If he approached the fire-place, B—— intercepted him. If he cast his eye on a blunt dinner-knife, B——, ever watchful, winked and laid hold of him. When he refuses his food, B—— if necessary insists upon his taking it, or assists in its forcible administration by means of a stomach pump.

They sleep in adjoining beds in the dormitory set apart for patients who are believed to labour under suicidal tendencies, and often in the course of the night B—— rises, and on his bare feet on the cold floor will go noiselessly to see that F—— is all right. In all his watchings he is kind, yet firm. It is a great thing to assist a neighbour to do right, and in that way make the home temptations to do wrong less urgent. Such acts are "twice blessed."

It is a materialistic age this. Matter alone can save matter. We feel a man's pulse if he is not virtuous. But those who are familiar with the phenomena of mind, those who have studied the wonders of attention and its connection with enthusiasm, which is, as it were, the magnetism of spirit—those who believe with the greatest of the Germans that "it is the very quality of true attention that at the moment it makes a nothing all," cannot ignore the existence of a spiritual aspect of the universe. What becomes of materialism in the presence of a martyr who suffers tortures for the faith's sake, and where the joy of heaven is the syrup in which he takes the pill of earth? Men require to go and meet pain to suffer. The cases already cited all tend to prove that "man does not live by bread alone;" and that, as when a stone falls to earth the whole world comes to meet it, so when there is action in the world of mind there is an equivalent action in the material universe, which goes far to establish the theory that in disease as in health the mental energies are capable of being shaped and modified by the ordinary means of evidence or proof. Those who are familiar with the history of remedies applied through the senses, which is really the introduction of new quantities into the mental equation which constitutes reasoning, will not deny this. The eyes, the ears, the nose, the mouth, and the fingers are constantly precognosing and cross-examining nature. Rösch and Esquirol affirm, from observation, that indigo-dyers

become melancholy, and that those who dye scarlet are choleric. This is in conformity with what Paracelsus recommended. He thought red coral a preventive against melancholy, and declared blue to be injurious. There is a truth here connected with the science of colour. Red is the most absolute colour. And colour is a source of intense pleasure, but blue is invariably connected with shade, and darkness is associated with pain. Such impressions have a strange effect upon unhealthy mental impressions.

A case is on record in which hallucinations of hearing were cured by passing electricity through the ear; and the story of M. J. will prove the efficacy of certain classes of mental impressions in peculiar cases of aberration.

M. J. was maniacal, and was accordingly confined in a lunatic asylum. For the first six months of her residence in the institution she was very destructive and infinitely restless. She seemed to be on a "sea of troubles." She was incoherent in her conversation; and mistook the other inmates of the institution for friends she had once known. A strange fancy that! What freaks nature plays! A gentleman travelling in a railway carriage was suddenly asked by a fellow-traveller, "Is your name Bramly?" His name was not Bramly, and he said that it was not. His fellow-traveller added, as if in apology, "Excuse me, then; it's all right." It may have been all right, but the gentleman whose name was not Bramly looked surprised; and surprise is a question. His fellow-traveller, seeing his brows raised into notes of interrogation, explained that ever since he had suffered from a sunstroke in India, some years before, he had been apt to mistake the identity of persons he encountered. He asserted that scarcely a day passed that he did not accost some stranger as a friend or acquaintance. He said that he always thought he had seen the face before, and that it must be So-and-so. He couldn't help asking, and although he was invariably wrong, he always felt certain that he was going to be right when he asked the question.

Like the Ancient Mariner, who says—

" Since then, at an uncertain hour,
That agony returns;
And till my ghastly tale is told,
This heart within me burns;"

he felt uncomfortable till he had asked his question. He asserted that there was always some resemblance between the individual he mistook and the person he mistook him for. Otherwise, he was

perfectly well. The sunstroke had made people stand in too strong a light to be seen distinctly, and had put this question in his mouth. So M. J., without the sunstroke, mistook strangers for old friends. After a time, however, the excitement subsided. But a storm leaves ghastly *débris* on the shore, and she continued to believe that her children were buried alive under the building—she heard their cries. A horrible delusion, to hear the cries of one's buried children under one's dwelling-house! Night and day their cries burst from the ground. No wonder she was miserable. The delusion was so persistent, that visits from her children did not disabuse her mind. Whenever Moses, with his miracles, turned his back, Pharaoh refused to let the people go. So, whenever she was left alone again, her delusion returned. She refused to let her delusions go. And there was a Red Sea, and no strong east wind betwixt them and liberty. Her medical attendant began to regard her case as chronic. Chronic cases are in the Siberia of the world of mind. They rarely come back. Upon one occasion, however, a friend called upon her, and was permitted to take her home to spend the day. When she left the asylum in the forenoon she was mad, when she returned in the evening she was of sound mind! She has since that time continued free from delusions. She told the story of her own cure. She heard the voices when she left the asylum, and they followed her all the way. There was no running water to stop these voices, and no mare's tail to give way just before the keystone was made. It is a somewhat sad story that of Tam O'Shanter's mare. How the flies would glory at the deprivation! Well, the voices followed her until she reached home, and then old associations jostled them out of consciousness, the audience-chamber of life. Neighbours came to see her; there was her husband to welcome her, and her children clung about her. The haunting voices were laughed out of her ears; she never heard them again. During the short time that she remained in the asylum she listened for them, but they spoke not, and soon she began to be convinced that they had been ringings in her ears. Children's laughter had

“Rung out the old, rung in the new,
Rung out the false, rung in the true.”

She is now quite well. Lest it should be thought the above case militates against the asylum system, seeing that she was cured by leaving it, another, which is chosen from a large number of similar cases, is quoted. Mrs. R. became maniacal after the birth of her first child; she continued in that state for six weeks; she was a

thoroughfare for drugs. But the so-called treatment failed. She was, however, instantaneously cured by being taken to an asylum. Those who doubt the possibility of instantaneous cure must remember that men become mad in an instant. Because most rivers slope gently to the sea, that does not prove that Niagara does not take a leap of 150 feet. Some men think that it is the true inductive method to argue from the rarity of a thing to its impossibility. They try to reason from what they don't know to what they don't know. There is a Halloween game of winnowing "three wechts o' naething," which is as useful as this kind of ratiocination. And it is such reasoners who refuse to acknowledge the beneficial effect upon a state of depression of any kind of argument, evidence, or proof. As experiments with such agents have been in modern times almost entirely discontinued, these individuals, who assert their inefficacy, reason entirely from data produced from their inner consciousness, the product of which will probably be as valuable as that got by the labour of winnowing "three wechts o' naething." The cases above stated, if they prove nothing else, do show that there is a possibility of modifying and, under certain circumstances, of eradicating delusional impressions in persons to whom we attach the adjective insane, as there is a possibility of modifying false impressions in persons whom we distinguish by the word sane, by means of superimposed mental impressions. Because prejudices have deep roots, and some, dig you ever so, you cannot "stub up," that is not thought a good reason for discarding argument or persuasion, rewards and punishments ; and in the same way, because some delusions cannot be removed by these means, it is surely not a reason why such agents should not be adopted in other cases. Because water will not quench Greek fire, do we discard it in our endeavours to save buildings? Even if the inferences which are drawn from the above causes should be questioned, the interest of a truthful statement of such circumstances will not.

MALVINA.

BY H. SUTHERLAND EDWARDS.

CHAPTER LI.

FOR SOPHIE'S SAKE.



T half-past eight the next morning a letter was brought to Alfred bearing the post mark of St. Ouen. It was from Sophie, and contained nearly all the particulars which Mr. Finch was now on the point of discovering for himself. The one thing that Alfred really cared for in the letter was the plain fact that she was alive, and had not forgotten him.

On reading it over again he saw that he had a most important service to render her, and that this was the first matter to which he must now direct all his energies. Sophie of course spoke with all possible reserve of the infamous and heartless fraud committed by her father. She did not know, as Alfred did, that it was already detected; but she evidently foresaw that some dreadful fate must be in store for its author.

Whatever Malvina might do, or be done to, Alfred resolved that, since he might now find it within his power to perform the most certain service for Sophie, he would devote himself to that task and nothing else. If, as Fludyer had informed him, Mr. Arnold was at Monaco, he was beyond the reach of extradition, and could place himself still further out of harm's way at a moment's notice. The insurance office might feel bound to prosecute him, but if it was actually out of their power to do so, it was just possible, since the affair had not been made public, that they might be brought to consent to some profitable arrangement. Even if all Karabassoff said were true—even if it did not reach Sophie's ears that he had actually gone through the ceremony of marriage with Malvina—he still could not propose to marry Sophie while she was in such distress, and while the prospect of a criminal prosecution against her father was before her eyes.

The details of Sophie's letter were very painful, but they were in many respects what Alfred had already imagined. After bringing

her to London her father had taken her back secretly to France, and had placed her at school under an assumed name in an establishment near Paris. From letters addressed to her in her real name the deception had been discovered. She had written to her father at Lucerne, reproaching him with the disgrace he had brought upon her ; and he had, some weeks afterwards, come to her in a great state of alarm and excitement, and had told her of what a dreadful act he had been guilty.

She had had a most serious quarrel with him, had refused to remain at the school in Paris, and at last had returned to the Augustines' Convent, where she knew she would be kindly received and her confidence respected. No one living had ever heard from her or ever could hear all that had happened. She had not once left the convent since her return, and when Alfred's telegram had arrived had been on the point of vowing never to leave it at all.

Alfred was on no account to come to her. She had been endeavouring to find his address, but now that he knew she was still alive, her greatest pain—and it was a pain which had distressed her all day and all night—was the position of her father. If Alfred could see any possibility of saving him, she ventured to ask him, for her sake, to make the attempt ; and in conclusion she begged him to write to her on no subject but that of her father's position. She fancied he had gone to Italy—to Nice ; but he no longer wrote to her, and on going away had given her no address.

Here at least was something to be done, and Alfred felt a pleasure in thinking that whatever else might happen he could now at least prove his devotion to Sophie and render her the most important service in the world. So wholly engrossed was he with his subject and the numerous schemes which it suggested to him, that when, at a quarter past nine, Karabassoff entered to talk to him about their common wife, he felt inclined to resent his appearance as an unmeaning and useless intrusion.

He had, in fact, very little to say to Karabassoff, or Karabassoff to him. Malvina belonged to Karabassoff, and Alfred said to himself that he would pay no further attention to her. Neither she nor any one else would know where to find Sophie as long as she remained at the Augustines' Convent ; and at the Augustines' Convent she must remain, without any possibility of his approaching her, at least until he had exhausted all possible means of saving her father from the disgrace and punishment which, if steps were not immediately taken to avert it, would certainly befall him.

Accordingly, he told Karabassoff that he had nothing to say to him; that he might claim Malvina or not claim her, but that he (Alfred) had seen the last of her.

"In that," observed Karabassoff, "if I may be allowed to say so, your honour is mistaken. If she has still a quarrel with your honour, she will have it out."

Captain Fludyer now made his appearance, the bearer of a hundred and fifty pounds and a letter from the agents. The letter was important, for it told Alfred that, thanks to the representations made by Colonel and Sir Edward Leighton and certain friends of theirs, his resignation had been looked upon as not received. Alfred took a rapid view of the situation, which, though still very gloomy, seemed gradually brightening, and said to himself that, whatever might be the end of the troubles which had happened to him during his eventful twelve months' leave, he had now once more a retreat open to him.

In the meanwhile, he had to keep the main objects immediately before him, the first and most important of which was to save Mr. Arnold. Hitherto his marriage had only been chronicled in the Paris papers, which doubtless did not penetrate the walls of the Augustines' Convent, and evidently the news of it had not reached Hillsborough, or his relations would have written to him on the subject. As for Malvina's statement about the cards, with "Mrs. Leighton (formerly Princess Karabassoff)" upon them, that had doubtless been made merely to annoy him.

After settling accounts with his gaoler, Alfred told Karabassoff that he should probably see him no more, as he was going that night to Paris, and from Paris to Marseilles. Karabassoff bowed, but said nothing. Alfred quitted his temporary abode without a sigh; called at the Charing Cross Hotel; told Pierre to pack up his things, and had them brought down to the waiting-room of the railway station; paid the whole bill up to that day; gave some money to Pierre and some more to Minna, whom he particularly thanked for the tea she had been in the habit of bringing to his room at Ouchy; and without leaving any message for Malvina, who was in the sitting-room prepared for battle, and wondering whether Alfred would venture to come in to her or not, went out into the Strand and considered himself once more a bachelor.

His next step was to call on Mr. Finch, who, in spite of the detective, had succeeded in finding out Mary Dollamore, and was now hesitating whether or not he should obtain a warrant for her

apprehension. Alfred pointed out to him, what had already struck Mr. Finch, that the immediate effect of such a proceeding would be to put both Mr. Arnold and Dr. Rowden on their guard, and asked him if it would be possible to make terms for Mr. Arnold on the basis of full restitution. Mr. Finch thought that to obtain the restitution would be a difficult matter, but that though it was very wrong to make terms in such a case, there would be no difficulty, he imagined, about accepting the general proposition.

Supposing it were impossible to reach Mr. Arnold, would the office be likely to accept partial restitution, with the balance secured for payment at some future period ?

Mr. Finch believed that also was just possible, provided the security proposed were unimpeachable. Alfred's idea was to offer a lien on his salary, and on the interest payable to Mr. Arnold himself on Sophie's fortune. The principal had been already made over to Captain Thornton ; that was the worst of it. But he, as a matter of course, must be told the terrible secret ; and there are some family secrets so terrible that beyond the precincts of the family they are for that very reason sure not to transpire.

However, Alfred could obtain nothing like full powers to treat on any basis whatsoever. Mr. Finch perceived, for a variety of reasons, and in particular the pecuniary advantage of the office, the advisability of not giving publicity to a fraud which, as it turned out, would be no warning to any one and might serve as an example for imitation. It was evidently desirable to settle the matter quietly. But, while he encouraged Alfred to find out Mr. Arnold, and ascertain what proposition could be made, he would not give—was, indeed, not at liberty to give—any official sanction to the course Alfred was about to pursue. This time he asked Alfred point-blank whether he had heard in what part of the world Miss Arnold was staying ; but Alfred evaded the question, and Mr. Finch, thinking perhaps that he would be able to get some information on the point at the telegraph-office, saw that it was useless to press him on the point.

The only positive promise that Alfred could obtain from Mr. Finch was that he would take no steps whatever to find out either Mr. or Miss Arnold's address for at least two days.

It was Monday afternoon, and Alfred assured Mr. Finch, as he wished him good-bye, that he should receive a message from him on or before Thursday morning.

CHAPTER LII.

WAITING TO GIVE BATTLE.

THAT evening, soon after the hour of eight, two separate groups of travellers might have been seen at the Charing Cross railway station. The first consisted of Alfred and the faithful Fludyer ; the second of Malvina, Pièrre, and Minna. The second group did not approach the first, and remained, as if in concealment, near one of the waiting-rooms.

A lynx-eyed observer might, moreover, have noticed in the refreshment room a foreigner of distinguished appearance, with dark eyes and a black moustache, who watched the clock carefully, and when the hands were on the point of marking the half-hour, muffled the huge fur collar of his travelling coat around his face, and proceeded to take his seat in the Paris train.

The six travellers had registered their luggage as far as Paris ; and on the Calais boat the first and second groups reconnoitered one another, but without exchanging shots.

The solitary traveller, however, whom the ingenious reader will already have recognised as Karabassoff, kept to himself in the forepart of the vessel, and did not make himself known to either of the groups until Alfred and Captain Fludyer, pursued by Malvina, Minna, and Pièrre, had arrived at Paris, and, journeying still to the South, had proceeded on their way to Marseilles as far as Lyons.

When Karabassoff saw Captain Fludyer get out of the train at Lyons and wish Alfred good-bye, he thought the time had come for him to address Alfred, and make himself known. One thing was very clear to him, that Malvina was following Alfred, and that Alfred, who travelled express without waiting anywhere on the road, was doing his best to get away from Malvina. He knew that Alfred was in the Indian service, and said to himself, that from Marseilles he was probably going out to India. If Malvina followed him, as from her present assiduity seemed likely enough, he should lose them both. For though undoubtedly he possessed rights over Malvina, he did not see how he could establish those rights at Marseilles, above all as the steamer was announced to start for Alexandria the very next morning.

Karabassoff had arrived in London convinced that Alfred was a rich young man of the class he had seen Malvina surrounded by at Vichy, and that the infatuated newly-married husband

would willingly give up a quarter, or even one-half of his wife's fortune not to have his happiness broken in upon by a prior and more legally qualified claimant. It had been a rude blow to him when he found the infatuated husband incarcerated through the wife's manœuvres; but it had seemed just possible that this trick of Malvina's, this characteristic little piece of *épièglerie*, might be overlooked. When, on his second visit to Alfred, he discovered that Alfred's only desire was to get rid of Malvina, Karabassoff had said to himself that he might perhaps find it possible to turn that desire to account.

If Alfred would neither reward him for leaving Malvina alone, nor reward him for enabling him to get rid of her, then a third course was open to him, and he was prepared as a last resort to claim her before the tribunals. It was certainly very hard if, married to a woman with eighty thousand pounds, who had unlawfully married a second time, he could get nothing from her or from her second husband. He could certainly, by appealing to the law, put Malvina in such a position that she would gladly buy him off with at least the moderate allowance for which he had applied in vain to Alfred. But in the meanwhile the prize, and source of prizes—Malvina herself—was escaping. What could he do if she once took ship for Alexandria? She was free, and could go where she pleased. He was a serf, and his passport was made out only for Germany, France, and England. Besides, even if no special passport was necessary to enable him to pursue his wife to India, he would not have money enough to pay the passage. Accordingly, he said to himself that he must make something of her and of his own position as husband at Marseilles, or not at all.

At Lyons, then, Karabassoff entered the carriage where Alfred had taken his place, and said to him—

"You are astonished, Mr. Leighton, to see me here. But your honour may be certain that if I address him it is with the view of rendering him a service."

Alfred assured Karabassoff that he felt quite at ease on that point.

Karabassoff wanted to know how Captain Fludyer was, and said that he observed the gallant gentleman had left the train. Alfred told his co-partner plainly that Captain Fludyer had gone to Vichy to obtain a certificate of Mr. Karabassoff's marriage; a fact which showed more than ever that Alfred's one idea in connection with Malvina was to get rid of her, while her sole object, it was equally evident, was to attach herself to him.

"She will follow your honour," said Karabassoff, "even to India—just as she would drive me, if she could, an equal distance in any other direction."

"It seems to me, Mr. Karabassoff," said Alfred, "that you attach very little importance to your position as the husband of an exceedingly rich wife?"

"She is rich," said Karabassoff, "but how can I get her money? I have never had one farthing of it. The gentlemen at Vichy gave me money to marry her; but from her I have received nothing. When my late master takes me back to Russia, I was first a serf at Odessa, then a serf in Siberian colonies. I could not get near her. Now, since one month I have been in France, I hear of her again. She is married to you. I think the proposition as I make it to you most acceptable. But no! You loves her not; you goes to India, she goes to India after you; and I lose her altogether—she, and you, and everything!"

"Yes, your position is very sad," remarked Alfred, without pointing out the mistake Karabassoff was making as to his destination. "But if a man speculates on his own odiousness he deserves to fail."

"Odiousness?" said Karabassoff. "What does your honour call odiousness? My only wish is to make myself agreeable."

"If she went to India, should you follow her?" asked Alfred.

"I have no money; I could not. And if I said she was my wife, who would believe me?"

"You have no certificate, it is true. But you really *are* married to her, are you not?"

"I have it here on my passport. There is my passport. It is for myself, and for Malvina, my wife. If I had her in Russia I could say to her, 'You are my wife,' and she does so as I tell her, and I takes her money. But now she escapes to India——"

"What a pity you have not her in Russia!"

"In Russia it would be otherwise. In Russia she moves not one step without passport, and that I keeps myself."

"But what should you do to her if you had her in Russia? You would not illtreat her?"

"No; I would take her money. If she gives it me I would do nothing."

"And if she did not?"

"Then I would show I am the master, and she would soon give it."

"But what would she have to do there? She would be a serf?"

"She *is* a serf. I am a serf, and she is serf's wife."

“Oh, but that would be horrible.”

“No, your honour. I would rather be a serf and free than a free man in prison, as you was. She would pay the master every year may be ten roubles, I ten roubles, and no one would speak more to her.”

“You would beat her?”

“No, she would give me her money—not all, but much, and I should not touch her. I have travelled in foreign lands as gentleman; I am no peasant!” he haughtily added.

“But she would buy her liberty.”

“No one buys liberty from my master. He has many thousand serfs—some rich, like bankers, with shops and warehouses in Petersburg. But to none for no money he gives liberty.”

Alfred, at first amused by the serf-courier's notions of law, liberty, justice, and the rights of women, could not help saying to himself at last that it was really a pity Malvina and Karabassoff could not be shipped off together to Russia, particularly as Karabassoff had already his passport for two, in proper order. From Marseilles he was going, not to India, as Karabassoff, and Malvina herself, in all probability, supposed, but to Nice, and from Nice to Monaco, in search of Mr. Arnold. But wherever he went it was obvious that Malvina meant to follow him, and if she once found herself in the company of Mr. Arnold, she might, and certainly would, spoil everything. Alfred, of course, had no longer any intention of asking Mr. Arnold's consent to his marriage with Sophie. But he had not the slightest idea how Mr. Arnold would receive him, nor what the result of his interview with that gentleman would be; and, in the meanwhile, if Malvina went about, as she was now doing, under the name of Mrs. Leighton, and declared to every one that she was Alfred's wife, that she had been married at Paris by the Rev. Luckthorpe Roydon, and moreover showed the French journal which contained the announcement of the marriage, then Mr. Arnold, hearing these things, would certainly communicate them to Sophie. However much he might have fallen himself, it was not likely that Mr. Arnold would, if he could prevent it, allow Sophie to marry a man who was already claimed as husband by another woman.

It was indispensable to prevent this scandal. Malvina had been preternaturally quiet throughout the journey. Neither on the boat, nor at Calais, nor at the Northern station in Paris, nor at the station of the South, had she attempted to speak to him. But this made him more than ever certain that she would be prepared with an avalanche

of words at the proper opportunity. She had not given up the idea of fighting, or she would not be pursuing him. All that she was waiting for was an advantageous battle-ground ; and Alfred resolved to turn and meet her at Marseilles.

"Does she know you have been to London?" he said to Karabassoff, as they approached the Marseilles terminus.

"She has not the faintest idea of such a thing," answered the courier, "and she has not seen me once during the journey. She believes I am still in the colonies of Siberia, where my late master, rest to his soul, sent me for life."

"What hotel do you put up at?" asked Alfred.

"Hotel du Midi. I recommend it."

"Yes ; but I am going to the Hôtel de l'Orient. Do not show yourself there on any account. Go to the Hôtel du Midi and wait in until I pay you a visit. It will be several hours, perhaps, but wait in."

"I will not forget," said Karabassoff.

CHAPTER LIII.

TICKETS FOR ALEXANDRIA.

ALFRED drove to the Hôtel de l'Orient, and had just taken a room and was looking out of window at the varied sight which presented itself on the quay, when he saw a carriage pass and stop at the entrance, containing Malvina and her suite. He went downstairs, met her at the door, and said, "I want to speak to you as soon as you are at leisure."

"I am at leisure now," she replied.

"So much the better. I will go to your room, or you can come to mine."

"It is all the same," said Malvina, as she walked upstairs by his side, "since we are married."

"It is not at all the same ; because we are not married."

"How do you mean?" she said, with a laugh, as they entered Alfred's room. "And the Rev. Luckthorpe Roydon—and 'Wilt thou have this woman?'—and the wedding breakfast ! Have you forgotten all that ? Ah, I have a better memory than you have, Alfred. I think I have proved that already."

"*You* are married ; *I* am not married," he answered. "Perhaps you understand me now !"

"You never were very intelligible, and I don't understand you at all."

Alfred rang the bell, and said to the waiter, "Is there a telegram for me? There is my card."

The man returned, and gave Alfred a telegram, saying it had been waiting for him about an hour.

"It comes from Vichy," said Alfred to Malvina. "Perhaps you understand now?"

"I understand that I was married at Vichy. You need not have sent your friend with the red nose to Vichy to find that out. Where did you suppose I was married? Did I not tell you myself? I believe I even told you the names of the gentlemen who signed the contract."

"I have heard you mention their names, but you never told me that they signed your contract, nor under what circumstances."

"There were no circumstances!" exclaimed Malvina. "You must be mad!"

"I may have been, but I am very sane indeed now. Captain Fludyer—who, as you saw, got out of the train at Lyons—went on to Vichy, and has sent me this telegram."

"Dear me! I knew all that," she interrupted. "I was married at Vichy. What then?"

"In the first place, your husband's name was Karabassoff—not Prince Karabassoff."

"He was always called Prince, and he was addressed as Prince by all present at the marriage, before the marriage, and after the marriage."

"By all except the priest. At all events, he was not a prince. But that is the merest trifle. It is clear that he married you. When did he die?"

"Do you want me to tell you exactly what became of him? I will, if you like."

"I think you had better."

"Well, he was exiled to Siberia for life; and he deserved it. I told you something about it when we were at Vévey; at least I hinted at it. The man is legally dead, and there is an end of him. He is dead altogether for all I know, and all I care."

"No, Malvina, he is alive; and he is not in Siberia. I can prove it to you."

She looked annoyed, became rather pale, and said, "This is one of your confounded lies, Alfred. I never could believe a word you said."

"Well, I don't wish you any harm even now, but I must get rid of you, and I must have it established that the ceremony we went through together was no marriage at all."

After pausing for a few seconds, she said, "No, I am not going to be frightened by any of your nonsense. We have been legally married. My first husband is legally dead. He has been away nearly five years. I have no doubt he is actually dead by this time. At all events, he is dead by the law. That is quite enough for me, and too much for you."

"But you forget another thing," Alfred said. "Remember it before it is too late, for it would be the easiest thing in the world to proceed against you for bigamy. You were not married in the Russian Church only, you were married in the English Church as well."

"This is all stuff!" exclaimed Malvina, as if to put an end to the conversation. "That marriage was one of the most infamous things ever heard of. The man was a courier, a common serf, passing himself off as a prince; and he was sent to Siberia for it. He ought to have been hanged: but it comes to the same thing as far as I am concerned. I say he is dead. If he is alive, prove it."

"I can, and will before long."

"You can't; and even if you did, I wouldn't leave you. I would still follow you everywhere, and tell every one that I was your wife. You deceived me in an infamous manner when I was a young girl. You shan't do it twice, I can assure you."

"Your husband, Malvina, called upon me in that horrible place where, thanks to you, I was locked up."

"How likely," she said, "that he would look for you there! And why did you go there at all? It was your own fault!"

"If you won't believe me, Malvina, you must take the consequences. I can even describe him to you. He has dark hair, a black moustache, and rather good teeth."

"That is like him; but some one has told you. Oh, I know what it is! Your friend with the red nose has telegraphed the description from Vichy."

"I will show you the telegram if you like, and you will find no such description in it. I swear to you most solemnly that I have seen him, spoken to him, and that he wanted me to give him so much a year not to come near us."

"It is very like him," said Malvina. "But any one could invent that! At all events, I will not give you up. Whether he is alive or dead, in Siberia or in London, he is not my husband, and you are."

I will follow you to Madras, or wherever you are going. Wherever you present yourself I will present myself at the same time. I will call out to every one that you are my husband, and that you are running away from me, and want to desert me. On the least provocation I will shout it out in the streets here. So now you are warned ; and you may tell your story about my first husband being alive to any one you like. No one will believe you."

Alfred took up his hat and went out. He walked to the railway station, and looking round when he got there, saw that Malvina was following him.

"Impossible to get to Monaco," he said to himself.

He returned towards the hotel, and on his way entered the office of the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company. This time he *hoped* Malvina would follow him ; and follow him she did.

He bought a ticket for the steamer which sailed the following morning for Alexandria, and walked back to the hotel.

In the evening Alfred was sitting in his room, when Malvina came in.

"Look here, Alfred," she said, "I have made up my mind to go with you. I thought for a moment that you wanted to get away by the train ; but I know now that you are going to Alexandria. See, I have taken my ticket."

"Well," said Alfred, "I cannot prevent your coming on board."

"The best thing," said Malvina, "to do will be to take me quietly ; otherwise there will be a commotion. India is a hot country, isn't it ? Well, you will find it hotter when I am there."

"I have nothing more to say to you," observed Alfred . . . "If I could bring your husband to Marseilles and show him to you, would you believe me then ?"

"I would believe the courier was in Marseilles if I saw him, as a matter of course. But I keep to this one point : that I married you lawfully in Paris and I won't give you up, or rather you shan't give me up !"

"Very well," said Alfred, "I am going my way, and I advise you to go yours. If you attempt to follow me, you must take the consequences. Now have the kindness to leave me ; I want to go to bed."

Malvina left the room. Ten minutes afterwards Alfred went quietly downstairs to the street, and made his way without being followed to the Hotel du Midi.

"Is Monsieur Karabassoff in ?" he asked.

Yes, M. Karabassoff was at home, and had not been out since his arrival.

Alfred went upstairs and found Karabassoff surrounded by a number of friends, for the most part couriers like himself. They seemed a humorous and agreeable set of fellows, and of them it might truly be said, that they had seen many men and many cities. They were of various nationalities, and between them knew at least the railways and principal hotels of every country in Europe. How many practised travellers are there who know more?

Alfred had still his two all-important objects before him: the rescuing of Sophie's father, and his own emancipation from Malvina's thralldom. He had intended to devote, first of all, his entire attention to the former of these objects, but Malvina had rendered it impossible for him to do so; and it had now become necessary in the first place to deal with her, and that without delay.

At last the party of couriers broke up; it was like the dispersion of Babel; they went away speaking many tongues, and Alfred found himself alone with Karabassoff, and began by expressing his approval of that gentleman's conduct in remaining all day within the walls of the hotel.

"As I promise, so I do," said Karabassoff. "But what news has your honour of . . . of the lady?"

"She has bought her ticket for Alexandria; I have seen it," said Alfred.

"So she escapes me altogether, and so your honour does not escape her! It will be sad for both. My friends here talked of marriage and ladies as sometimes we do. A few has married rich wives, a few poor wives, but I only have married a wife rich with thousands and not one penny for myself."

"Well," remarked Alfred, "you would not have a pleasant time with her. I have been speaking to her about you, and she does not seem to like you."

"No, your honour, she hates me."

"It would be much better for both of us," said Alfred, "that she should go with you, than that she should come with me."

"If she could only be got to Russia, then I would restrain her. If instead of going to India, you were going to Russia, certainly she would follow you."

"And when she got there, you would behave harshly to her?"

"Harshly? No. She is a beautiful lady, and I would treat her with much respect; but she must give me some money, that is certain."

"Have you enough money for the passage to Odessa?"

"I have about enough."

"Well, let me give you some more. You had better go there; it

is your native place. The steamer starts to-morrow morning, and I will at all events see you off."

"That is just an idea," said Karabassoff. "But she would not go to Odessa, even if you was also going."

"Nor do I feel at all inclined to make the trip; but somehow or other we ought to get her to Russia. With such a large fortune as she possesses, it is a shame that nothing should come to you. . . . Can I trust you, and will you trust me?" said Alfred at last.

"Certainly. You have told me the truth till now in all things. I can trust you, and most certainly you can trust me."

"Will that be enough money to enable you to get to Odessa, and if necessary to pay for a second passage?"

"It will."

"Well, take twenty pounds more. You may have other expenses."

"As your honour pleases."

"Now look here," said Alfred. "Be on the Odessa boat to-morrow morning at six—half an hour before it starts. The Alexandria boat starts about the same time, or a little afterwards. Be on the Odessa boat, remain in the fore-part of the vessel, and if I come on board, say nothing. When I leave the ship—if I do go on board, and do leave the ship—be sure that you still say nothing. Now if you are not going to do precisely what I have told you, say so. I don't ask you to go to Odessa, mind; I only say be on the Odessa boat a quarter of an hour, or, for safety, half an hour before she sails. If when the bell rings and she is about to start, you have no wish to return to Odessa, you will still have plenty of time to quit the vessel, and you will have money enough to remain at Marseilles, to go to Paris or London—to go to any capital in Europe, in fact."

"I will do all your honour orders me."

"Perhaps I shall be there, perhaps I shall not. But do what I have told you all the same."

"I hear, and will obey," said Karabassoff.

Alfred wished him good night, and went back to the Hôtel de l'Orient.

"Give me my bill," he said to the waiter.

"You start by the steamer to-morrow morning?" said the man.

"Yes."

"To Alexandria, sir, or Odessa?"

"At half-past six. Call me at half-past five."

"The lady has had her bill, sir."

"I am glad to hear it." Alfred took a light, and went up to his room.

CHAPTER LIV.

ON THE BOAT FOR ODESSA.

THE next morning, about a quarter to six, Pièrre came to Alfred's room, saying that "Madame had sent him to pack up Monsieur's things."

"Are you also going to India, Pièrre?" said Alfred.

"Wherever Monsieur or Madame tell me to go," said Pièrre.

"My things are already packed up. Engage a carriage, come at six o'clock, and we will take them down to the boat."

"*Bien*, Monsieur," said Pièrre, and he went in search of a carriage. The hotel porters now came to Alfred's room to take his boxes.

"They are immense!" said one of them, pointing to a large wooden box inscribed with Alfred's name in enormous white letters on a black ground.

"It is not so heavy as you imagine," answered Alfred.

"And this big trunk?" said the other porter, pointing to a large leather portmanteau, similarly inscribed.

"That is quite light," remarked Alfred. "A child could carry it."

"*Tiens c'est vrai*," said the man, as he lifted it on his shoulders and ran downstairs with it.

Immediately afterwards he returned, and, aided by the other man, carried down the immense wooden box, which certainly did not seem heavy for its size.

Pièrre looked on majestically, and when the luggage was stowed away in the *fiacre*, got on the box. Alfred took his seat, and told the driver to go quickly to the quay. He looked round when he had proceeded about fifty yards, and saw that in another carriage Malvina and Minna were following.

"That steamer," said Alfred to the driver. "No, no, not the one over there, this one."

He paid the driver, told him to help Pièrre with the luggage, and in five minutes the things were on board.

Then Pièrre went ashore to assist in the embarkation of Malvina's effects. Malvina and Minna were already on board, Malvina staring at Alfred with a look of triumph.

It was now within ten minutes of the half-hour, and the first bell had rung. Alfred walked to the foredeck, and said to Karabassoff, who had been standing there the whole time—

"Well, the bell has rung. Do you want to go on shore?"

"No, your honour," said Karabassoff, with a chuckle. "You have managed it well, and I remain here."

"But it is not all over yet," said Alfred. "You have two fur cloaks here, lend me one, and it shall be sent on to you by the next boat."

"Take both," answered Karabassoff expansively.

"Thank you, one will be enough. I have a cap in my pocket, and I will leave my hat here, if you don't mind."

Karabassoff bowed.

"Now remember one thing," said Alfred. "She has very powerful friends. She got you sent to Siberia once. Mind you never lift a finger against her, or you don't know what she may not be able to do to you."

"Fear nothing, your honour," answered Karabassoff. "I will treat her as a lamb!"

Alfred turned up the fur collar of his, or rather of Karabassoff's cloak, which concealed his face on both sides, pulled his cap over his eyes, and with several other persons went ashore.

"*Hâtez vous, Monsieur!*" cried the agent of the company, as he walked up the ladder. "We are just off."

Alfred stepped on to the quay, and the boat started for Odessa.

"She will, at least, meet plenty of officers at Odessa," said Alfred to himself, "and a woman with four thousand a year and her talent for intrigue can get on anywhere in any position."

He went to the railway station, this time really took the train, and some hours afterwards found Mr. Arnold punctually playing roulette at the Monaco gaming-table.

CHAPTER LV.

MARRIED AT LAST.

LETTERS and telegrams came and went—"Leighton to Finch, Dragon Life Insurance Office, London"; "Finch to Leighton, Hôtel des Etrangers, Nice"—until at last the time arrived for Alfred to address a communication to the Superior of the Augustines' Convent, at St. Ouen.

Four days afterwards came a letter, or rather two letters, in reply; one from the Superior, and one from Sophie.

A few days more, and Alfred was at St. Ouen. He had been desired not to present himself at the convent until the day fixed for

the marriage, which was to be celebrated neither by the Rev. Japhet Stickney, nor, above all, by the Rev. Luckthorpe Roydon, but by a cousin of Alfred's, who, with his wife and Alfred's father, had arrived at St. Ouen the day before.

"Sophie," exclaimed Alfred, when he went to the convent to fetch her, "I thought you were in heaven! And I never thought I should be there—at least, not in *this* world!"

He took her to his arms and kissed her, as he had kissed her eight months before; only that there was now no mistake on either side.

About an hour afterwards the marriage was over. They were together at the hotel where Alfred's father and cousins had put up, and were preparing to start for England.

"Sophie," said Alfred, "I have such numbers of things to tell you."

"And I," she answered. "But there is so much," she added, in a melancholy tone, "that I would rather not speak of!"

"*And I*," it was now Alfred's turn to say. But he did not say it.

"Do you remember that night in the garden, Sophie, that terribly eventful night?" he asked. "Do you remember a young woman I spoke of, named Malvina Gribble?"

"Certainly! What an absurd name! I remember that I asked you whether it was Gribble or Grabble."

"Well, you told me that I had behaved very badly to her."

"I dare say you did, if I said so."

"And that I ought to have married her."

"Well?"

"Well, she was married already!"

"I am very glad to hear it. But what does that matter?"

"It only matters because she entangled me into a sort of engagement, and I do not like not to mention it to you. If she had not been married before it might have been serious."

"Good heavens, Alfred! I can scarcely believe what you say!"

"I met her in Switzerland, and I was particularly kind to her, because you had reproached me with behaving badly to her. She must somehow have heard of you, for she always dressed like you, and, I believe, stained her hair to make it look like yours. I was on the point of taking her to a dentist's once—you won't be offended?—in order to get one of her front teeth made crooked."

"Don't be rude," said Sophie. But she also laughed, and, in doing so, showed the tooth, that *was* indeed crooked.

"It is better to be frank, is it not?" asked Alfred.

"Well, I imagine so," Sophie answered; her idea being that it was well to tell everything, but well, also, not to have too much to tell.

"Where is this person now?" she inquired.

"In the south of Russia."

"I hope she will stop there."

"I hope so too. She often reminded me of you. I suppose because I could think of nothing else. But she had a diabolical talent for simulation! However, let us not speak of her any more."

He kissed her, and said, "There is only one Sophie."

"Yes," said Sophie, disengaging herself from his embrace, and making a little gesture of menace, which did not frighten him in the least, "but in future don't let there be too many imitations!"

CHAPTER LVI.

FINAL EXPLANATIONS.

WHEN everything is made up in regard to the main point, further explanations are not only more or less superfluous—they may even prove injurious. There is a danger of their re-opening the whole question. Stendahl used to maintain that the last chapter of a novel was always a mistake; and he describes himself somewhere walking by the side of a river reading a novel, and throwing it into the water when he had nearly reached the end. Something, he thought, should always be left to the imagination of the reader.

Dramatists really observe this principle, or, if they fail to do so, are reminded of it by the manager, who says to the author, "This is really not wanted! He marries her, and there is an end of it. The public don't care to know where they go for the honeymoon, or what she was doing day by day while he was looking for her all over Europe, and couldn't find her. He has found her now, and the thing is settled. If you go on any more you'll spoil it all. The audience will get bored, and begin to hiss."

On the other hand, in private life, whenever an anecdote is told in a mixed company, there is sure to be some one present who wants to know what happened afterwards, or what became of some utterly insignificant minor personage, or how the little difficulty about such and such a matter was arranged; and who can say that the indiscreet questioner does not represent many more, who are only silent because they are afraid to speak?

On the stage the minority, who, not satisfied with a general view

of the termination of affairs, want to have all the details of the ending, must be sacrificed to the majority, who, if they were bored, would begin to hiss. But that is not the case in regard to the novel. The reader, as soon as he has had enough of his novel, can lay it quietly on one side. He can throw the last volume into the water if he pleases ; though that, I suppose, is only a manner of speaking.

My story, as far as my own views are concerned, is already at an end. It begins and finishes in one and the same place ; and is all enclosed between two kisses. My hero was not one of those fortunate young men so abundant in our novel literature who have nothing in the world to do but make love. He never made love seriously but twice—once when he had no other regular occupation, and once when he was on leave of absence—and his story is the story of his hopes and fears, his happiness and his grief, during the second of these periods influenced by the first.

But in case it should be satisfactory to any one to know that Dr. Rowden was transported, I may as well mention that such was the fact. He was caught at Havre, where he was on the point of embarking for New York, and was tried at the Old Bailey on a charge of conspiracy to defraud, based on the false certificate of identity which he had signed at Lucerne. A considerable portion of the three thousand pounds—the sum he had received as his share of the spoil—was found upon him, and restored to the Dragon Insurance Office.

In the matter of Mr. Arnold and the Dragon an arrangement had been effected through Mr. Finch on the one side and Alfred on the other, by which the office gave credit for all the premiums paid by Mr. Arnold, without interest ; counted to him the money (about £2,000) which they had recovered from Rowden ; and took back from him upwards of £10,000 which he had not touched.

How he could have spent £2,000 in about six weeks was not clear ; though the keeper at the bank at Monaco might perhaps have been able to explain it. That sum, however, was wanting to complete the £12,000 which he had kept as his share of the plundered £15,000. A thousand pounds was all that was wanting to complete the amount of which the office had been defrauded, and Alfred, to make it up, borrowed £500 from his agents, and drew £500 from Sophie's trustees as six months' interest on her £20,000.

Alfred and his wife remained some months at Hillsborough, and when Alfred's leave was up went out to India.

Mr. Arnold was allowed the interest of £6,000 to live upon, which, Sophie's money being ingeniously invested, brought him in

£300 a year. Alfred proposed to make the allowance larger ; but Sophie maintained that it was more than enough for St. Ouen, where her father still proposed to reside, and the remainder of the interest was for the most part allowed to accumulate, that they might be able to return the sooner to England. Mr. Arnold adorned the society of St. Ouen for several years afterwards, and died much respected by all who had been in the habit of playing billiards with him.

Sophie's friend Thérèse married a French gentleman of great valour, learning, and discretion, and was ever afterwards allowed to read novels and talk to her partners at balls.

As for Captain Thornton, he was of course delighted to find that his cousin was not dead. But after refunding the £20,000 which he fancied he had inherited from her, he found himself obliged to remain in the infantry ; and he felt very thankful that his wife, on whom money was settled, enjoyed such excellent health.

THE END.



WITHIN AND WITHOUT.

A SERIES OF MOSAICS FROM THE CITY.

BY D. MORIER EVANS.

III.—'CHANGE—PAST AND PRESENT.



OLD TIME, with scant silvery locks, furrowed brow, and lustreless eyes, sits moodily recording the progress of the waning years. With his well-worn hour-glass steadily poised, and his polished, keen-edged scythe, he calmly but mournfully meditates the various revolutions he has already achieved, and looks for fresh sombre conquests in his future sad and solitary career.

The fatal current of the "ribbed sea-sand," and the desperate certainty of the never-failing blade stand symbolical of his undeviating course, and the ever-varying scene of his devastating assaults. One generation, with numberless worthies, has already lapsed and departed; another has just been completed, the successors arising in which have passed away in their turn; and a third will be immediately entered upon, bringing within the general cycle what is proposed to be specifically noted and described.

A history of "'Change—Past and Present," would furnish sufficient matter for a volume; but an outline, with the principal salient points, such as I propose to give, may be condensed within a few pages. Enough, however, will be permitted to revive the memories of those who have passed through two generations, or furnish information to others who are just entering upon their financial or mercantile career.

'Change is to be studied from four points of view. There is the early 'Change, from 7 to 9 a.m., when recreant schoolboys seek the cloisters and the grand area for their games of "touch" or "high-barbary," or to gather any unconsidered waifs and strays that may have been left from the everyday transactions.

Then follows—pray let me be discreet—the "lovers' 'Change," which may be said to be in full force from 11 a.m. to 2 p.m., when appointments are made, and other little delicate engagements are settled, which require no contract or other statutory agreement, save that "by word of mouth"—many, however, being eventually ruthlessly repudiated.

In the third place, the general mercantile 'Change is held every day from 3 to half-past 4 p.m., when merchants, brokers, and others attend on their different walks to meet friends, to acquire the latest intelligence, and conclude any transactions not completed in the earlier hours. Finally, the two great 'Change days—Tuesday and Friday—when the foreign exchanges are adjusted, are the periods in which the great magnates assemble, and when rank, character, and wealth are noticeable on the various walks.

Previously to the death of the great Nathan Meyer Rothschild, the first supreme head of the house of Rothschild and Sons, the business done on 'Change was of the most extraordinary character. He was supported and attended by the most powerful of the City houses, and when joint-stock banking was comparatively in its infancy all important engagements passed either through Messrs. Baring Brothers' or his hands. The loan engagements at that date were very numerous, and there was not then the serious competition which has since sprung up through other firms or the financial and the credit companies.

Some of the South American loans for small amounts were brought out by minor establishments, such as Hullett Brothers and Powles and Co., but everything of any magnitude passed through the representatives of New Court or Bishopsgate Within. Mr. Thomas Baring and Mr. Joshua Bates operated for their leviathan establishment in the same way as Nathan Meyer Rothschild, occasionally assisted by Richard Cohen, did for his connections.

'Change, before the Fire, although the space for congregation was more limited than since the alteration, was more fully attended, and to the last moment extensive engagements were carried out. The "pigeon express" was then the chief source of communication with the Continent. No submarine telegraph then existed, and Atlantic and other cables had not been thought of. Fluctuations in the Funds and foreign stocks (few railway shares were quoted at that date), when any important event occurred, were as violent and rapid as they are now, but they likewise spread over a longer period.

Few who remember them will ever forget the extreme variations in Spanish and Portuguese, or the frightful depreciation which took place in South American securities, when Peru suspended her dividends, and Columbia was dissolved and split into the three sections of New Grenada, Venezuela, and Ecuador. Men stood appalled, and failures followed by the score—not merely as brokers and jobbers, but principals; some such a general "slaughter of the innocents" as was witnessed in August last.

But means of communication were then so meagre and restricted that the anxiety experienced was almost indescribable. Although other houses and firms suffered, and several were nearly brought to the brink of ruin, the Rothschilds and the Barings remained firm as rocks. It was a remarkable sight to see the representatives of those great establishments on 'Change, in the midst of the difficulty and dismay, taking counsel with their friends and endeavouring to allay the storm, which they did in a great degree, in special cases by assistance, though it could not be extended to all. The other important financial powers were the Huths, the Fruhling and Göschen, the Palmers and Dents, the Garrys and Curtises, the Doxats, *et cum multis alias*, all of whom tendered advice to mitigate the wide-spread distress. It was eventually relieved, and the current of business again returned to its old channels and ran as smoothly as before.

"The pillar of the Exchange," as the great Rothschild was once designated by the caricaturist Samuel Deighton, lived to see his family grow up good sound men of business, ready to follow and take his place. Mr. Thomas Baring still survives, and though advanced in years is comparatively hale and vigorous. Mr. Joshua Bates departed this life after a long and useful career, maintaining in every respect, by his cautious management, the character of the Bishopsgate Street establishment.

What has become of the shadowy dark female, the Bank Ghost, who looked the very incarnation of life in death?—her poor rouged cheeks, her deep-corked eyebrows, her sombre and faded attire, all betokening the effect of the sorrow with which she was afflicted.

Driven to distraction, through a forgery committed by her brother, a clerk in the Bank, who in consequence suffered the extreme penalty of the law, she visited the neighbourhood for years, and either on 'Change or near Threadneedle Street was always visible, in the early hours, mixing with the other groups of motley attendants, who always seem to have some kind of business to transact, but who, judging from their weird and anxious looks, have apparently never thoroughly completed it.

Clothed from head to foot in crape, with a kind of widow's weeds of the same material, she was a general object of attention and sympathy, every one knowing her story and pitying her forlorn condition. The Bank officials behaved very kindly to her through her long sojourn of trouble, though a lengthened time had elapsed since the crime which was connected with her lone, sad history, had occurred.

Rumour one morning whispered that Miss White, the lady in

question, had "shuffled off this mortal coil" at a very advanced age in obscure apartments in the north-east of London. And so at last her spirit was laid at rest.

When the Rothschild family assumed the reins of business, after the demise of the father, there were four partners—Baron Lionel, Baron Nathaniel, Sir Anthony, and Baron Meyer. Three out of the four, if not the fourth also, were regular attendants on 'Change. The Exchange, after its reconstruction, though not after the best plan or with certain improvements that should have been adopted by the Gresham Committee, became as usual the assembling place of the monetary magnates, and the Rothschilds resumed their "old pillar," where they occupied their envied standing, and, supported by the best friends of the house, negotiated the usual extensive foreign exchange transactions.

The Raphaels, the Goldsmids, the Mocattas, and the Bischoffsheims worked as customary in the same circle, and the connections of the whole being spread throughout Europe, the element of success was steadily prolonged. The members of the firm were evidently less speculative than their predecessor, and having already amassed large fortunes, they probably sought to avoid risks which might interfere with their legitimate operations.

As representing the principal financial interests of the Brazilian, American, Spanish, and Italian Governments, they have enough to do to direct those affairs, apart from the general Continental engagements with which they have been so long associated. The Russian financial interest has been many years divided.

Messrs. Baring Brothers and Messrs. Rothschild at one period had the management of those pecuniary transactions, but, since the development of the *grands réseaux* of railway, the competition for contracts has been so great that they have been secured in other quarters by more tempting terms. For instance, Messrs. Thomson, T. Bonar, and Co. have obtained one or two contracts; Messrs. J. H. Schröder and Co. another; Messrs. Raphael and Sons another.

Messrs. Baring Brothers still manage with sound discretion the agency of the United States Government. They likewise represent and transact the London business of a variety of the State debts of the Union, in addition to their Russian, New Grenada, Argentine, Chilian, and Mexican connections, and thus run *pari passu* with the Rothschilds. The Rothschild Brothers themselves now scarcely ever attend 'Change; a junior member of the house of Barings goes in place of the seniors; but the "hurly-burly" at high 'Change hours

is still the same, and many new as well as old faces mingle in the ever-surging crowd.

Again I look round. Years have rolled by, and there he is once more—my old friend the gentleman who is waiting “for a Government appointment,” but who has not yet obtained it. For nearly two decades I have known him in this position. He is always on 'Change from 12 till 2 o'clock, making the walk of the grand ring, deigning now and then to speak to a few half starvelings who, like himself, are wanting “berths,” as they are termed, but never find them.

He has seen several Administrations in and out, and every day he has thought would bring him nearer to the goal of his fond expectations. As regularly as clock-work he walks to Downing Street and Whitehall, and in times of special excitement—Ministerial changes, &c.—appears full of animation. He will also hold confidential communication with a chosen associate, and intimate that there is at length a prospect of his “affair being settled.” Again, after the lapse of a few days, he resumes his ancient pedestrian tour round the quadrangle, and presents the ordinary melancholy aspect of disappointed hopes and blighted expectations.

During this period I have known him in about every style of costume, from the heavy Brougham plaid to the light and doubtful duck-weed coloured tweed. When I first made his acquaintance he was a tall, portly, upright man, dressed in respectable black, with a George the Fourth hat, and the famous old white rolled cravat. This style lasted from two to three years, till at length it became through wear and change disagreeable, and was finally discarded. Then came the light sporting costume: the low-crowned gossamer, the short cut-away olive coat with basket buttons, soiled white cords, and the reynard-head tie.

A change once more occurred, the sombre and the disheartening—a severe clerical style, with black knee-breeches and gaiters, the old white rolled cravat giving place to the approved small band encircling a clean-shaven wattled throat and chin. The heavy Brougham plaid formed a sort of incidental change, and being very shabby and threadbare was only used in dull, dark weather. The doubtful duck-weed coloured tweed suit was established when Her Majesty first visited Scotland. He must have an association with royalty because of his expectations; but no success following his endeavours, he again assumes ordinary apparel, and when I last saw him took his exercise as usual.

There are many other characters who, spectre-like, make their visits and take their rounds, some inside, some outside 'Change; each

with special objects, though they apparently take a long time to attain.

Baron Lionel Rothschild has been a confirmed invalid for years ; Sir Anthony takes an active interest in his refinery ; Baron Meyer chiefly occupies his time in hunting and racing, having a magnificent stud at Mentmore. The duty of visiting 'Change has, therefore, devolved upon Mr. Nathaniel and Mr. Leopold, the eldest and the youngest sons of Baron Lionel Rothschild, who, however, despite his frequent attacks of gout, still attends assiduously to business.

The active intelligence of these gentlemen and their urbanity of manners constitute them worthy representatives of the great house of Rothschilds ; and the "old pillar" is still occupied, the same friends and associates, or their immediate successors, supporting them as in the days of their father and uncles and grandfather. Could the good old Nathan Meyer Rothschild "revisit the glimpses of the moon," and witness the variation in the position and manipulation of credit, he would stand aghast and scarcely believe in the "simplicity of the Three per Cents."

The firm of Baring Brothers remains equally well represented, and if any new power were required, there is Mr. F. Kirkman Hodgson, the second to Mr. Thomas Baring, who could supply all the necessary ability. The other important individuals on 'Change, the Bischoffsheims and Goldsmids, the Schröders, the Sterns, all take part in the various arrangements.

But loan operations have become more than ever scattered. The Imperial Ottoman Bank having become so closely identified with the finances of Turkey, they are more or less mixed up with the various loans for that Government, and from the date that Charles Devaux and Co. first introduced the "Rhubarb" loan, as it was then termed, the directors and managers have accomplished a great deal in developing the resources of that country.

The Egyptian loans were originally almost the entire monopoly of Messrs. Oppenheim and Co. ; they are now divided between that house, the Anglo-Egyptian Bank, and Messrs. Bischoffsheim and Goldsmid. The Peruvian Agency, which was in early days with Messrs. A. Gibbs and Co., was subsequently transferred to Messrs. Thomson, T. Bonar, and Co., and is now in the hands of Messrs. J. H. Schröder and Co., who arranged the late consolidation of the loans. Messrs. Stern Brothers have recently taken the various Portuguese loans ; and were most successful in negotiating the Italian Tobacco contract.

Messrs. Julius Morgan and Co., the successors to George Peabody

and Co., have taken various Chilian and Spanish engagements; and their most recent operation, the French loan of £8,000,000, was very speedily subscribed. Other symptoms of competition are visible—all introduced through the extension of financial facilities in 1862, 1863, and 1864,—and which promise when credit revives to lead to a fresh mania, and in course of time to a fresh panic.

Who is this that comes flitting like a stealthy twilight bat? Careworn, cadaverous, and shabbily attired, he darts from post to pillar, and from pillar to post, as if in quest of some undefined object. He is not a regular visitant on 'Change; he is what may not be inaptly described as an "outsider." Rarely does he approach the neighbourhood till the advanced hours when "'Change proper" has terminated, or at nightfall. He dodges round the various entrances, looks wistfully at every passer-by, and never continues long in one spot.

The story of his life is a sorrowful one. He was originally in a first-class position on the Stock Exchange, but failing through enlarged speculations, he was found to have tampered with his customers' securities, and being disgraced by bankruptcy and the refusal of his certificate, he has never since been able to recover himself. He lurks near the refreshment rooms, coffee houses, and the old resorts of former friends, with the view of securing any gratuitous assistance to carry him over the morrow. He is generally successful in obtaining some largess, and then he shambles away, not to be seen again till the next evening approaches.

"Ah, ah—yes, yes—we will!" I turn. I know that voice. It is the sibilation of an eccentric character, who is always on the road of travel between 3 and 5 p.m. Where he comes from or where he goes to, no one knows. But he is generally to be seen in the City twice or thrice a week. Evidently well brought up, but depressed in circumstances, he appears to have sunk lower and lower. There is a jaunty bearing about his style; his clothes, though patched and darned, are well brushed, and his trousers and his boots, although not in recognised trim, are strapped tightly, and give elasticity to his step.

His hat, comparatively napless and shining with grease, is nevertheless partially cocked—and as he utters his customary "Ah, ah—yes, yes—we will"—which startles the foot passengers—the twinkle of his grey eyes, with the nervous twitch of his sallow, elongated visage, gives his *tout ensemble* a somewhat comical aspect.

From the neighbourhood of Bloomsbury, down Holborn, down Cheapside, through the Poultry to Cornhill, thence to Leadenhall Street, back again to the Royal Exchange—of which he makes the

circuit twice—then again into Cornhill on his way to Cheapside—the individual in question may be seen steaming along towards Holborn and Bloomsbury, with his frequent, “Ah, ah—yes, yes—we will;” till he finally disappears down a turning after the fashion of the late George Wieland in one of his goblin impersonations.

“That bates Banagher—and Banagher bates the divil,”—screams a young Hibernian friend of mine as I finish the last sentence.

Old Time, with scant silvery locks, furrowed brow, and lustreless eyes, sits moodily recording the progress of the waning years. His finger; high elevated, points to the far-distant future; in the course of which he will, as in the past, make fresh sombre conquests during his sad and solitary career.

TABLE TALK.

THE critic who permits himself to be guided by conventionalism is unfaithful to his office. There are many things which may be permitted to go by rule and custom; but criticism of all things must go by seeing and feeling. It should have no shibboleth. It should never permit itself to draw a straight line, approving that which falls on this side and reprehending the rest. Classification, even, is a pitfall, entrapping more critics than it helps. There is great temptation, no doubt, in system and nomenclature. They help the connoisseur immensely in his work. When the judgment hesitates and is in trouble, it is an easy and comfortable thing to fly to prescription. The final word may be just or unjust, it may be true or false; but the judge cannot be convicted. We observe the same thing in a court of justice. Their lordships try neither case nor cause on its merits, but only in its relation to the laws and statutes. They know sometimes that an individual is wronged, but their consciences are easy. And as the Queen's servants they are right. They have to maintain the machinery of society in working order. Hard cases make bad law. It is more important to keep the rule inviolate than to make things entirely pleasant for the exceptional unit. But art and letters must be judged quite on the opposite principle. The barrister who leaves Westminster Hall and his briefs behind him, and goes to the Royal Academy, to a stall at Drury Lane, or to the last new book from Paternoster Row, must abandon all the habits of his profession. He wants for his task a clear head, keen perceptions, the culture that is without prejudices, and simple, disingenuous instincts. He must have fine and at the same time generous sympathies, and above all a thorough knowledge of human nature. Then let him go straight to his work, look with all his might at what is submitted to him, believe implicitly in what he feels and thinks, and give his verdict accordingly. Nothing whatever to him are laws and customs, tastes, predilections and prejudices. Let him understand that he has not to speak for Queen or country, for society or manners, for systems or theories, but for himself alone. If he is credited with the task of criticism, it is not that he may set down other people's notions, but his own.

How very tired the readers of current literature must get of certain words. For ten or fifteen years the greatest bore of the time has been "sensationalism"—not the thing, but the term. There ought to be a medal for the first critic who will undertake to give us his opinion of a play or a novel without telling us that it is—or that it is not—"sensational."

Is the work true or false? Is it in good taste or in bad taste? Does it represent the mode and development of genuine human impulses, or is it unreal, conventional—a copy, without the spirit, of the productions of genuine artists? Is the pathos pathetic? Is the fun amusing? Are the jokes witty, or mechanical? Does the passion stir the currents of the soul? Answer us these questions, and what boots it whether the work may be, by a stretch of classification, called sensational or unsensational? There was a time when every picture was pre-Raphaelite or not pre-Raphaelite, though the term had no relation whatever to a tithe of the pictures produced. These hack phrases and syllables are the mark of the poverty of critical perception and analysis.

AN EPIGRAM FROM THE PULPIT!—"Vox *populi*, vox *Dei*! The impious apotheosis of a lawless democracy! Vox *populi*, vox *diaboli*!" I heard this the other day from the pulpit. Perhaps the preacher is right. But what an advantage it is now and then to be able to talk six feet above contradiction.

WHEN we meet a friend in the morning we salute him with "Good morning;" but when we encounter him at night we never say "Good night." "Good evening" serves us very well as long as it is evening, but if the late hours are coming on one feels an awkwardness, and endeavours to put the greeting into a different form altogether. Why should we not keep time with our benedictions, and when it is night say "Good night"? We use this form at parting, why not at meeting? Does custom lean towards propriety, and teach us here that we ought not to meet but only to part at night? or is there something so superlative in the nocturnal blessing that it is not to be used otherwise than as an *ultimatum*? Decide who can: I cannot. I only know that a watchman whom I am obliged to pass occasionally at midnight hesitates considerably as to what he is to say in salutation. He speaks out an hour later, when he feels that he can properly say "Good morning."

WHAT a curiosity was the first page of the *Times* during the siege of Paris! Filled to overflowing every day with messages to the beleaguered citizens from friends outside. And, by the way, what a time Mr. Washburne must have had of it: upon the average sixty messages a day were addressed to him, with prayers that he would deliver them. He must have been heartily thankful for the armistice. But the great curiosity of those *Times* sheets by no means ended with their abnormal displays of private communications. The full interest attached to them is not realised until we perceive how much of modern scientific progress was epitomised in the means by which the messages were conveyed to their destinations. First there was the *printing press*, that compressed some three or four hundred missives into a single page; then there was

the *mail train* and its belongings, and the *mail steamer* with its belongings, which carried the sheet to within pigeon-flight of the invested city. Then there was the *photographic camera*, that reduced the large page down to a pin's head's dimensions, preserving all the while the integrity of every word of every message. Then there was the *balloon*, that brought the trained pigeon out of the city to receive the Lilliputian letter-bag with its precious contents. Then there was the *microscope*, that magnified the tiny photograph, and brought every despatch into legibility: and we may quite reasonably infer that the *electric telegraph* had its share in the work of conveying many of the messages to their ultimate addresses. In how many of the decades that the world has rolled through could such a string of resources have been combined? And not one of them had necessity for its mother: all were to hand, and necessity merely made them co-operate.

As a matter akin to the foregoing, compare the postal system of to-day with the state of things existing a century ago, upon which an old manuscript memorandum book, lately presented to the Manchester Literary Society, gives some information. In November, 1774, a letter was sent from Manchester to Glasgow, by express, and this was the postal charge upon it:—

309 measured miles, at 3d. per mile	£3	17	3
20 Stages	0	10	6
For sending off	0	2	6
Total	£4	10	3

The express post from Manchester to London was £2 15s. 3d. In 1772 a letter from the latter place to the former cost £3 5s. 6d., and the time occupied in the passage was 36 hours. The mail journey between Manchester and Glasgow occupied 66 hours. There were then two Continental mails a week, and one a month to North America. The mail bags made up in London were called the *packets*; hence, evidently, the name *steam-packet* which we apply to mail steamers.

WHY does not somebody invent a new dance? All dancing men and women must be heartily tired of jiggling and dawdling through the self-same limited programme of waltz, galop, and quadrille that is thrust into their hands wherever in balldom they go. What should we think of attending musical parties, night after night, to take part in a never-changing round of three or four choruses? Who would like to go to one "conversaz" after another, and talk through a set catechism on four subjects, over and over again, with never a word of variety? Grant that in dancing the variety is in the company; that variety would obtain in our suppositionary meetings, and yet we should dread their monotony. It is especially in dances of the "square" character, so called, that diversity is to be desired: something is wanted to supplement, perhaps to supersede,

the present forms of the quadrille—something that will give pleasure in its performance, and not make a man feel a fool at its execution, as many a man must in some of the present “figures”—something that shall have some “go” in it, and yet be free from the charge of fastness and above Mrs. Grundy’s carpings. The only bit of dancing now in vogue that, to my mind, supplies these needs, is the last figure of the Lancers; this is the sole thing in an evening’s dance that is worth doing for its own sake: everything else is excuse for flirtation in some form or other, mild or wild. Let any dancing master give the saltatory world a combination of figures as effective as that one, and if he does not make his fortune he will earn a transcendent fame. I see no reason why every dance in an evening’s programme should not be different. Dancing, we are taught, is the poetry of motion: let the poets try a few new metres.

IF the man in the moon knew what liberties are taken with his lamp-light here below, he would keep his lanthorn dark, or else turn its beams towards some more considerate world. People are always coupling the moon with actions it has nothing to do with, and declaring that it shines upon scenes from which, in actual fact, its light is far removed. A great astronomer lately pointed out that Wolfe’s line, in his ballad on “The Burial of Sir John Moore,” setting forth that his hero was buried “By the struggling moonbeam’s misty light,” is all fudge; for the burial took place in broad daylight, and the moon was not in visible condition at all. I could cite several modern instances of such lunar ill-usage; but one will suffice: it is quite modern and sufficiently remarkable. A correspondent of a morning paper wrote from Paris, on the 20th of January, a letter headed “Shells by Moonlight,” in which, presumably describing events witnessed on that day, or the one before it, he defines the time and scene as “Midnight, a bright moon overhead,” and presently alludes to a place “white and shimmering in the moonbeams.” Why, on the 20th of January there was no moon; and there could not have been a bright moon overhead in Paris, at midnight, for a week or ten days before that date. There was an extenuating circumstance in this case—the good man had been out to dinner; but in other instances that I have known the error has been committed in cool blood. Every poet and painter cannot afford, like Artemus Ward, to keep a “moonist” on his establishment; but whoever brings the moon upon a scene without knowing *de facto* that it ought to be there should first consult an almanac, as Nick Bottom did when he wanted a bit of moonshine for his play.

IN all the talk that we have lately heard concerning social science no one seems to have made any allusion to the wonderful labours upon that vast subject achieved by M. Quetelet, the veteran astronomer and statistician of Brussels, and epitomised in his volumes, now two years old, entitled “A Treatise on Social Physics.” This is one of the most

remarkable works that the age has produced ; it contains a very exhaustive review of man's present condition, physically, intellectually, and morally considered, not for one country only, but for all countries from which the requisite statistical information could be procured : the strange laws which seem mysteriously to govern man's progress and man's conduct are brought into cognisance ; and in the end the average condition of men at present is made out, in a chapter on the *mean man*, in order to form the basis of a study of man's progress from age to age, from century to century. Quetelet's work repeated ten generations hence will show whether in that time the human creature, viewed in every possible light, has advanced any nearer to "the image of his Maker," or whether a limit has been put to the development of morals, as apparently there has been to physical faculties—whether it is as impossible for him to add a talent to his brain as to put an inch to his stature. Of course such a book is heavy reading, but there is a deal in it that would be of great interest to intellectual minds, and my wonder is that none of the heavier reviews have taken it under their notice, and treated it according to its great deserts. It has been long enough in the publisher's hands.

Is there any good reason why the short stories and sketches which Dickens was wont to contribute to his weekly magazine should not be given *en masse* to the public? There are tales and essays enough to charm a year's readers in the old volumes of "Household Words" and "All the Year Round." And they are buried alive. Why not resuscitate them? Somebody, I suppose, can do so ; and somebody ought. I fancy that if this good work were done, one of its results would be the showing that a man's largest works are not necessarily his greatest. Happy things are always short.


THE
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ON THE COMIC WRITERS OF
ENGLAND.

BY CHARLES COWDEN CLARKE.

I.—INTRODUCTORY : CHAUCER, &c.

 S an introduction to a series of Essays upon the Comic Writers of our own country, it might be expected that some attempt should be made to define the quality by which those writers are mainly distinguished—viz., by a physiological definition of the term *Wit*, and of its farce-brother, *Humour*, the two qualities that have procured for man the distinction of being the only “laughing animal.” What a blessing, by the way, to be a good laughers ! a rare gift, and therefore the more to be prized and cherished. A *good* laughers must be a good man and a *wise* man ; for to laugh well, he must appreciate, he must have quick and responsive faculties, with various and sound knowledge. I do not imply that all good men are good laughers any more than that all fools are knaves, because all knaves *are* over-cunning fools. Some good and estimable men were born under a weeping planet—their melancholy may frequently be traced to physical causes before they saw the light ; but the man who knew most of this matter about laughter, good Master William Shakespeare, always makes his best laughers to be good characters. “Laugh if you are wise” is his motto. There is no emotion, however, that is perhaps more various, and at the same time indicative of the *real* character than laughter. “Speech (said Goldsmith) was given to man to conceal his thoughts.” If laughter do not reveal them, it will constantly indicate his sincerity or insincerity of the moment. Some men laugh periodically, as the

tide ebbs and flows ; some cynically, like snapping of a stick. Some laugh as Cassius smiled, as though they scorned themselves that can be brought to laugh at anything. Those are generally pragmatists. One laugh I knew was said to be like vinegar on a death's head. It was like Quilp's—malicious ; and its owner contrived to swindle every one with whom he became acquainted. One man (your pompous one) will laugh like an old ram—solemn, guttural, and profound. Another will laugh like a parrot ; there is the “outward and ‘audible’ sign,” but look in his face, and all the while it is like the head of a ship. Some men laugh as though they were being unbearably tickled, and others scream like macaws. These are not the worst specimens of Democritists, for at all events they are no hypocrites. But the most intolerable fellows (after your pompous cynic) are they who laugh *without* as well as *with* cause. “As the crackling of thorns under a pot, so is the laughter of a fool,” says the wisest of kings. To one of these, who had been going on for a whole evening, Dr. Johnson turned round like a stung bear : “I hope, Sir, I have said nothing to-night that *you* comprehend”—savage, but venial. It is said of Dean Swift that no one ever saw him laugh. It is difficult to believe that ; for though his own wit and humour were both splenetic, there are circumstances and combinations in his own writings the ludicrous force of which he must have felt to have originated. Can he have been the only man unmoved upon reading the vagaries of Brother Peter in the open street, when his head begins to turn with vanity and conceit ? One can fancy his laugh to have been short, abrupt, and austere ; but possessing, as he did, so vivid an appreciation of the ludicrous, his innermost recesses must at times have been convulsed. On the other hand, Burton, the celebrated author of the “Anatomy of Melancholy,” and who himself fell a martyr to hypochondria, would sit on the wharf at Cambridge, for the purpose of hearing the bargemen's abuse and coarse language to each other till he nearly laughed himself into fits. Thomas Carlyle says—“No man who has once heartily and wholly laughed can be altogether irreclaimably bad. How much lies in laughter, the cipher-key wherewith we decipher the whole man ! Some men wear an everlasting barren simper ; in the smile of others lies a cold glitter, as of ice. The fewest are able to laugh, what can be called laughing, but only sniff, and titter, and snigger from the throat outwards, or at best produce some whiffing, husky cachinnation, as if they were laughing through wool ; of none such comes good. The man who cannot laugh is not only fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils, but his whole life is already a treason and a stratagem.”

“O glorious laughter! (says the keen and cordial wit of our own day, honoured Douglas Jerrold) thou man-loving spirit, that for a time dost take the burden from the weary back; that dost lay salve to the feet bruised and cut by flints and shards; that takest blood-baking melancholy by the nose, and makest it grin despite itself; that all the sorrows of the past, the doubts of the future, confoundest in the joy of the present; that makest man truly philosophic—conqueror of himself and care! What was talked of as the golden chain of Jove was nothing but a succession of *laughs*—a chromatic scale of merriment, reaching from earth to Olympus. It is not true that Prometheus stole the fire, but the *laughter* of the gods, to deify our clay, and in the abundance of our merriment to make us reasonable creatures. Have you ever considered what man would be destitute of the ennobling faculty of *laughter*? Why, Sir, laughter is to the face of man, what sinovia (I think anatomists call it) is to the joints; it oils, and lubricates, and makes the human countenance divine. Without it our faces would have been rigid, hyæna-like; the iniquities of our heart, with no sweet antidote to work upon them, would have made the face of the best among us a horrid, husky thing, with two sullen, hungry, cruel lights at the top (for foreheads would have gone out of fashion), and a cavernous hole below the nose. Think of a babe without laughter!—as it is, its first intelligence. The creature shows the divinity of its origin and end by smiling upon us. Yes, smiles are its first talk with the world—smiles the first answers that it understands. And then, as worldly wisdom comes upon the little thing, it crows, it chuckles, it grins; and, shaking in its nurse’s arms, or in waggish humour playing bo-peep with the breast, it reveals its high destiny—declares, to him with ears to hear it, the heirloom of its immortality. Let materialists blaspheme as gingerly and as acutely as they will, they must find confusion in laughter. Man may take a triumphant stand upon his *broad grins*; for he looks around the world, and his soul, sweetly tickled with the knowledge, tells him that he alone of all creatures laughs. Imagine, if you can, a laughing fish! Let man then send a loud ‘ha! ha!’ through the universe, and be reverently grateful for the privilege.”

The causes of laughter, then, are as various as the causes of any other emotion of the mind; and this brings me to retrace my steps, and to discuss the nature of those causes—viz., of *Wit* and *Humour*. Locke, in his definition of wit, makes it to consist in the “finding out striking and unexpected resemblances in things, so as to make pleasant pictures in the fancy; while judgment and reason lie the contrary way, in separating and nicely distinguishing those wherein

the smallest difference is to be found." Harris, the author of "Hermes," has observed, in analysing this definition, that the equality of the three angles of a right-angled triangle to two right ones would, upon the principle here stated, be a piece of wit, instead of an act of the judgment or understanding; and that "Euclid's Elements" would be a collection of epigrams. Pope defines wit to be "Nature to advantage drest;" which, if correct, will apply to every product of the imagination that does not revolt the judgment or fancy. Another (Johnson—under correction) says it is "the fittest words in the fittest places." This definition would prove the prose style of such a writer as Junius and the poetry of the "Paradise Lost" to be perfect, witty productions. Certainly by none of these so-called definitions do we get at the germ—the nucleus of the idea; but it seems surprising that any one should set about reducing to a simple proposition—to reduce, as it were, to one first cause—a *compound* quality that varies with every turn of the mind. It should seem quite as easy to define the ever-shifting colours of the expiring dolphin as to give an abstract idea of the properties of wit. The nearest approach, after all, that we can make towards a consummation which has staggered so many metaphysical brains—and that is but a vague and unsatisfactory one—is that it consists in a certain arrangement of the ideas, that, by an unexpected and pleasing combination, shall produce a satisfactory impression upon the mind; and, after all, that definition will equally apply to any other product of the fancy or of the imagination totally unconnected with what we all understand to be *wit*. For the reasons, then, here given, and to cut the Gordian knot of definition without any more face-making, I believe that the problem has never yet been solved, and that it never will be solved.

But to give a *description* of the kaleidoscope-features of wit and humour, is a totally different effort of the mind; and this has been done in the completest manner by the eminent and witty Dr. Isaac Barrow, in his celebrated sermon, "Against foolish talking;" the fourteenth in his works. Barrow was a man possessing a most capacious brain, with the reasoning faculty largely developed. His early education had been a practical one; he had gone deeply, I believe, into the exact sciences; and these acquirements forming a balance-wheel to the flying and eccentric movements of an abundant imagination, he became distinguished as one of the most illustrious ethical writers of his day. The extract noting down the different phases assumed by wit in the mind is in itself so choice in composition and verbal arrangement that it has been cited by Dr. Johnson, in his history of the English language prefacing his dictionary, as an example of the

pure style in the Augustan era of our literature. Barrow says:—"But first it may be demanded, what the thing we speak of is, or what this facetiousness doth import: to which question I might reply, as Democritus did to him that asked the definition of a man,—'tis that which we all see and know: and one better apprehends what it is by acquaintance, than I can inform him by description; it is indeed a thing so versatile and multiform, appealing in so many shapes, so many postures, so many garbs, so variously apprehended by several eyes and judgments, that it seemeth no less hard to settle a clear and certain notice thereof, than to make a portrait of Proteus, or to define the figure of the fleeting air. Sometimes it lieth in pat allusion to a known story, or in seasonable application of a trivial saying, or in forging an apposite tale; sometimes it playeth in words and phrases, taking advantage from the ambiguity of their sense, or the affinity of their sound; sometimes it is wrapped in a luminous expression; sometimes it lurketh under an odd similitude. Sometimes it is lodged in a sly question, in a smart answer; in a quirkish reason; in a shrewd intimation; in cunningly diverting, or cleverly restoring an objection: sometimes it is couched in a bold scheme of speech; in a tart irony; in a lusty hyperbole; in a startling metaphor; in a plausible reconciling of contradictions, or in *acute nonsense*: sometimes a scenical representation of persons or things, a counterfeit speech, a mimical look or gesture passeth for it; sometimes an affected simplicity, sometimes a presumptuous bluntness giveth it being: sometimes it riseth only from a lucky hitting upon what is strange: sometimes from a crafty wresting obvious matter to the purpose: often it consisteth in one knows not what, and springeth up one can hardly tell how. Its ways are unaccountable and inexplicable, being answerable to the numberless roving of fancy and windings of language. It is, in short, a manner of speaking out of the simple and plain way (such as reason teacheth and knoweth things by) which, by a pretty surprising uncouthness in conceit, or expression, doth affect and amuse the fancy, showing in it some wonder, and breathing some delight thereto."—Thus far Barrow.

Wit, in its most prevalent feature, I apprehend to consist in exposing, and holding up to ridicule the unconsciously ludicrous in a principle, or an individual. *Humour* consists in presenting us with a graphically surcharged portraiture of the ludicrous position itself of the principle, or individual. Wit may, and does frequently exist independently of humour; but an expression of humour always involves a companionship with wit. Wit must always occupy the higher intellectual seat; because it is frequently, if not uniformly (to be

legitimate wit), the offspring of the inventive faculty, as well as of the imagination, and the fancy. Humour, as it exists in description, is a highly coloured transcript of the casual, or perversely ludicrous, situations into which mankind are thrown, or into which they thrust themselves. "What is wit (says Morgan, in his "Essay upon Falstaff") but a talent, for the most part, of marking with force and vivacity unexpected points of likeness in things supposed incongruous, and points of incongruity in things supposed alike? and hence it is, that wit and humour, though always distinguished, are so often coupled together; it being very possible, I suppose, to be a man of humour without wit; but I think not a man of wit without humour." David Scott, the Edinburgh artist, made a clever hit at a description of the main characteristic of wit, and which bears some affinity to the one by Morgan, just quoted. Scott says:—"Wit lies in the joining the salient corners of things which resemble each other partially, but of which the inward meanings widely differ." The distinguishing characteristic of Fielding's genius is wit; that of Smollett's, humour. Nothing, perhaps, surpasses in broad, Bunbury-like caricature, Smollett's description of a midnight row in an inn; and, for delicate satire, and exquisitely selected choice of terms and phrases in exposing and commenting upon an absurdity, or coarseness of expression in an individual, Fielding is pre-eminent. That wit can exist totally independent of humour may be instanced in the paradoxical definition of the distinguishing merit in an epigram. If the finer the point in the epigram, the greater its excellence; that must be the best epigram, the point of which is so fine that it cannot be seen at all. The wit here consists in gravely adducing a logical deduction to neutralise, or render absurd, an acknowledged truth. On the other hand, that humour may exist unaccompanied by wit, is noticeable in that scene in the inn at night, where the carrier jumps upon the prostrate Knight of La Mancha, and runs at a "brisk trot" over his body. Also, in the tossing of Sancho, where he is seen ascending and descending, within the enclosed gates of the inn-yard; while his master is without, thundering defiance at the sacrilegious molesters of his squire. There is no wit in these two descriptions, but there is an abundance of the ludicrous, arising from the love of mischief inherent in the human mind.

The two qualities of wit and humour combined are scattered in profusion over that extraordinary production, "The Adventures of Sir Hudibras."—That was a perfect example of the fraternity of wit and humour, ranging under the head which Barrow describes, as lying in a "pat allusion to a known story, or in forging an apposite

tale :” I mean, the story of the illustrious Mrs. Partington, mopping out the Atlantic ; and which will now take its place among the proverbs of the world, or crystallisations of human wit and wisdom humorously illustrated. The wit in the anecdote consists in contrasting an impotent action by one still more imbecile,—reducing the futile to the flatly absurd :—the irrepressible swell, and onward roll of opinion, and the thousand miles tide of the Atlantic ; the one to be arrested by a bit of worm-eaten parchment ; and the other by a mop !—the illustration was triumphant.

Sometimes, says Barrow, wit “playeth in words and phrases, taking advantage from the ambiguity of their sense, or the affinity of their sound.” This is *punning* ; and there is enormous illustration of that quality in the great arch-punster, Thomas Hood ; the man who “could not ope his mun, but out there flew a pun.” Punning, in addition to the agreeable surprise it creates in the mind (like the generic term *wit*), by the sudden and incongruous association of ideas, adds to and clenches that pleasure by the combination of the verbal *sounds* connecting those ideas.

“They went and told the sexton,
Who went and toll’d the bell,”

is one of the most perfect puns made, even by the great master just alluded to.

It has been objected to your punsters, that they are prone to be frivolous characters ; no one can impute that quality to the author of the ballad of “Eugene Aram ;” of “The Bridge of Sighs ;” and the “Song of the Shirt.” No one was less frivolous or more powerful than Thomas Hood, when pleading for misery against selfishness and cruelty. No man ever despised a pun who could make one ; as no one ever slighted ancestry, who formed one of a line that had contributed to render their fellow-creatures contented, cheerful, and hopeful.

The wit or humour in some writers is mainly characterised by indecency ; and, under this head, the dictum of Pope has passed into an axiom :—

“Immodest words admit of no defence ;
A want of decency’s a want of sense.”

This is not true : indecency is a violation of social conventionalisms ; but it is sometimes associated with the highest wit, and the most exuberant humour. No lasting good was ever yet achieved by misrepresentation ; because it confirms the very parties in the error from which we desire to dislodge them. The poet Wordsworth offered a

violence to his own judgment, when he pronounced Voltaire's "*Candide*" to be the "*dull* product of a scoffer's brain." The fact is, he knew that it was *not* dull, but he wished that it should be thought so. Now, the "*Candide*" *is* indecent, but it is anything but "*dull*," for it is replete with satire; and as Hazlitt cuttingly observed: "It is indeed the product of a 'scoffer's brain;' but no one after reading the '*Excursion*,' would call it '*dull*.'" In this very answer of Hazlitt's we are presented with one phase of wit,—that of sarcasm; a terrible weapon in intellectual warfare, for it is naught if it do not lacerate its victim. The earliest example of sarcasm on record occurs in the Book of Job; where the constant "man of Uz" only loses his temper when his friends come to "comfort" him; and then he exclaims: "No doubt, ye are *the* people; and wisdom will die with *you*."

Wit frequently carries with it accumulated force from its being delivered with an imperturbably grave expression. Such was the manner of Swift; and it probably gave rise to the remark already alluded to, that he was never seen to laugh. This habit in some may be constitutional; but in others it arises from pride, and self-consciousness, contented with having produced the jest; and if you do not perceive it, the loss is your own. Shakespeare says, felicitously, "A knavish speech sleeps in a foolish ear:" and, "A jest's prosperity lies in the ear of him that hears it; never in the tongue of him that makes it." Irony will sometimes be indebted to the same principle for its success: because it appears as if the author were unconscious of the effect of his speech, and that we had the merit of discovering it for him. The apparent drift, and the real current of the speech being brought into antagonism, the point of the jest is sharpened and causes it to pierce more deeply when the true intention of the author is discovered.

Lying, where it is connected with an impudent gaiety, is a species of humour; not, however, of a high order; for it is easy of invention—"as easy, indeed, as lying." The farce of "*The Liar*" has rendered the repetition of such a character hazardous; since it can amount to little more than an imitation—to say no less of it. Captain Absolute's recommendation to his servant, Fag, "not to be too circumstantial in a lie," is a piece of worldly and shrewd (say "crooked") wisdom, quite worthy of the author of "*The Rivals*," grounded, however, upon the legal axiom of being careful of endeavouring to "prove too much." Connected with humorous lying, is the practical jest of contriving that a person shall become chargeable with a delinquency that is notoriously the antipodes to his own nature and habit. Who can forbear being touched with the humour of

Sheridan, when found helplessly drunk in the street, and being asked who he was, giving his name as Mr. Wilberforce? The prosperity of this joke is perhaps not quite unconnected with the love of malice, from which few natures are wholly exempt. In spite of ourselves, we derive some pleasure from the idea of a staid, pious man being, after all, no better than he should be. If this were not so, the incident would be equally humorous, could it by possibility be reversed; whereas, under no mental or moral obliquity would there be any humour in Mr. Wilberforce desiring to personate Sheridan.

The same inherent love of mischief, and even of malice in the human mind, causes us to derive a considerable source of pleasure from the misadventures—not even unmixed with pain—of our fellow-creatures. A little beau, going out to dinner, was crossing Smithfield, when he was tripped up by a sheep; and upon his endeavouring to rise, was again prostrated. Upon this, the drover roared out: "Lie still, you fool!" He did so, and the whole flock played at leap-frog over him. That which was death to him, convulsed the bystanders with uncontrollable laughter. Again—there is no stronger proof of mankind deriving a positive enjoyment from the undignified positions, and even helpless disasters, into which their brethren may be thrown, than is to be traced in the prevailing expression of all who read the "*Don Quixote*." I believe that the crushing of the poor knight's jaw with the sling-stones; and the pounding of his body with the carriers' pack-staves, have created and do create quite as much mirth as Sancho's story of the goats; or of his "sticking to the colts," when the choice between them and the government of the island is offered him. The present certainty, though comparatively insignificant, outweighing in his simple and useful wisdom all the prospective endowment of the island—yet to be conquered; and the possession of which is not so clear to his matter-of-fact vision, as to that of his romantic, brain-heated master. In the whole range of characteristic invention, I should suppose that there is nothing more extraordinary, for the collective and combined, yet distinctive consistency, and correct keeping, than is portrayed in those two characters of *Don Quixote* and *Sancho Panza*. I have alluded to this great work of Cervantes, as being, I should suppose, the most eminent specimen extant of inventive power, combined with serious and solid every-day wisdom, high imagination, abundant wit (both fanciful and satirical), inexhaustible humour, and of perfect characteristic development.

There is another source of comic humour; which consists in propounding a grave and acknowledged moral principle in vulgar and

hypocritical language. In this instance the surprise is agreeable in *all* its points : we have first, the rhetorical effect of the bathos ; then we have the conventional idiom of the low dialect, as associated with a sentiment of moral worth ; and lastly, we recognise the homage that the basest natures pay to truth by assuming the garb of sincerity. Charles Dickens is eminently happy in his employment of this peculiar comic vein, as might be instanced in numerous examples throughout his writings : in none more, however, than we may remember in the conduct of the revered master of "Do-the-boys Hall," which he himself emphatically assures us is "the right shop for morals." Mr. Squeers being a professor and teacher of philosophy, deems it proper to omit no convenient season of pointing a moral : he therefore confirms, in those remarkable words, the fact of the paternal instinct in the case of Snawley, who pretends to recognise his own son in the melancholy Smeke :—"She's a rum'un, is Natur' (said Mr. Squeers), I should like to know how we should ever get on without her. Natur' is more easier conceived than described."

Another, and very agreeable source of humour, indeed of wit, lies in citing a reverend authority, or a civil institution, as an example for a quality which it *ought* to possess ; but which daily experience confirms to be a fallacy : as, for instance, in the legal protection that is extended to the contrivers of any novel principle, or action in mechanics, or practical science, contrasted with the amazing claims that are constantly set up for such protection in behalf of inventions that are only eminent for their absurdity, or remarkable for their failing in the very principle which they profess to promulgate. The late Samuel Wesley, the greatest organist of his day, characterised the pretensions of a musical contemporary by a felicitously-sarcastic illustration of the futility I have alluded to. He said : "Mr. So-and-so's *genius* is like a *patent* sky-rocket ; it will go any way but *up*." The celebrated Benjamin Franklin was remarkable for a caustic and condensed species of wit, usually ranging under the head designated by Barrow as that of "taking an advantage of words and phrases by the ambiguity of their sense." When he and his brother liberators had signed the famous "Declaration of Independence" of the mother country, Franklin said : "Now, mind !—we must all hang together, or we shall all hang separately." Again : in a letter to an old friend in England, Strahan, the printer, he wrote : "Mr. Strahan, you are a member of Parliament, and one of that majority which has doomed my country to destruction. You have begun to burn our towns and murder our people. Look upon your hands ! They are stained with

the blood of your relations ! You and I were long friends : you are now my enemy, and I am yours.—B. FRANKLIN.”

Connected with that branch of wit that ranges under the denomination of punning, one feature may be indicated that is both amusing and agreeable, by reason of the surprise it creates in the mind, on account of its “uncouthness of conceit,” as Barrow terms it : it consists in associating the revered names of antiquity, or of high life, with the personal peculiarities of ordinary and every-day acquaintances. One of the Fellows of a College at Oxford being lame, he wore a high shoe, and his brother students gave him the name of “Bildad the Shuhite.” Another, who emulated the respected Mr. Bardolph in the glowing beacon to his phiz, they surnamed “Flaminius.” A third, who rejoiced in the possession of tusks instead of the ordinary vulgar human teeth, they dignified with the august title of “Curius Dentatus.” And lastly, a brother who had suffered amputation, and wore a cork leg, they elevated to the peerage, as “Earl of Cork and Upper Ossory.”

There is one source of comic in social life, arising from a destitution in the worldly circumstances of the party, that never fails to tickle and amuse the bystanders ; more especially if the victim of poverty be unconscious of the effect produced by his situation ; still more, if he carry off the appearance by a flourish, or show of prosperity (as in that delightful instance of Goldsmith’s character of the little Beau Tibbs) ; for in such case our call for sympathy towards the destitute individual is neutralised, or altogether obviated. But most of all, when he turns round and takes the high ground of a preconceived plan of indifference to, and defiance of the conventionalisms of society. We are then presented with practical wit, as well as humour. Of this character is the celebrated Will and Testament of Rabelais :—“I owe much ; I have nothing ; and the remainder I give to the poor.” Another instance of this peculiar wit occurred lately on the part of a gentleman, in making the return of his income to the Tax Commissioners. He wrote upon the paper :—“For the last three years my income has been somewhat under £150 ; in future it will be more precarious, as the man is dead of whom I borrowed the money.” In comic dramatic writing, which of all composition (and for obvious reasons) makes the most vivid appeals to the senses, its whole principle of vitality consists not merely in action, and rapid action, but in the most unlooked-for surprises *in* that action. So long as the course of events in the story ranges within the limits of rationality, it is a fit subject for legitimate comedy ; where this is exaggerated, and credibility is set at defiance,

farce ensues ; while *melodrama* is the romance of legitimate comedy ; as bandit adventure, hair-breadth escapes, pirate rapine, and women-stealing are the romance of legitimate and every-day civilised life. And lastly, the broad, but wholesome foolery of *phantomime*, and of illustrious "Punch" and his wife, with their "acute nonsense," and sensible extravagance, for the "*Ultima Thule*" of the practical in the witty and the humorous.

One of the greatest masters of dramatic wit and humour combined, that ever existed, was that fine genius and fine-hearted man, Molière ; a man of infinite wit, extravagant humour, large invention, and inexhaustible fantasy and whim. In talent for laughing satire, and for broad, out-pouring ridicule, he has never been surpassed. But I cannot say that his dramas are legitimate *comedies*, the prevailing characteristic of which I have already said should range within the probable in contrivance ; and even his two more serious and *great* productions—the "Tartuffe," and the "Misanthrope"—are overballasted with ponderous speeches and forensic displays of reasoning,—good in themselves, and admirable as isolated satires ; but not at all sharing in the give and take dialogue of real life ; for comedy should be the *poetry* of every-day, civilised life ; that is, life "to advantage drest," as regards its costume of language. The "Tartuffe" is the most natural, or least exaggerated, of all Molière's plots ; for even the character of Orgon, the infatuated priest-dupe, and which Hazlitt asserted to be a "wonder of improbability," I myself could, more than once, have paralleled in private life. There is indeed no limit to the credulity of a fanatic, who prostrates his soul in idol-worship before a clerical hypocrite. I have witnessed scenes of superstition and hypocrisy which should make one pause in deciding where improbability begins and ends. I consider the "Tartuffe" to be a master-piece of dramatic invention in writing. The "Malade Imaginaire," "Médecin malgré lui," "Bourgeois gentilhomme," "Monsieur Pourceaugnac," and "George Dandin," are colossal *farces*—colossal in dimensions, and colossal in their humorous extravagance ; for the senses are kept in a constant saturnalia of the intellect. Molière gives us one of those combinations of wit and humour to which I have alluded in that ludicrous situation in one of his comedies. A man comes out of his house in the dark ; meets a stranger prowling near his door ; gives him a sound thwack, crying, "Who goes there?" who returns the blow, exclaiming, "A friend !"

The last great comic author whom I shall name previously to entering upon a review of our native talent, is the writer of the "History and Travels of Gargantua ;" the immortal Rabelais, whose

work is the archetype (as regards the original idea) of the "Gulliver's Travels" of Swift, and the "Micromegas" of Voltaire. The government of his own nation, civil and ecclesiastical, law, medicine, all the main springs of the social system, are the objects of his unparalleled and uncompromising satire. Whether the subject be the nonsense of legislation, the nonsense of law-gabble, or, the worse than nonsense, the corrupt idleness and cupidity of the priesthood of his day, all are put to the test of his so potent and formidable ridicule. No writer, I believe, so completely illustrates that one compartment of wit which Barrow ranges under the head of "acute nonsense," as Rabelais; for some of his satirical chapters are so extravagant that they would be a test as to the capacity of a man's reach of mind in appreciating the extreme of the poetical or imaginative character in humour. His is the sublime of the ludicrous, and consequently (since extremes meet) there are many people (of quick intelligence too) who can discover nothing but sheer absurdity and grossness in his maddest effusions. Nevertheless there is some humour—and moral, too—in the battle of the vineyard, between the vine-dressers and the cake-bakers of Lerné, where Friar John lays about him so lustily with his quarter-staff; and which encounter is a satire upon a furious controversy respecting the non-administering of the sacramental wine to the laity. Surely there is keen sarcasm in his parodying some government fortification in his time (mayhap it was prophetic of the modern fortifications of Paris), by describing the cautious provision of a set of rulers in some country visited by the travellers, who built high towers, and filled them with armed men—constantly on the watch to keep the wolves away from the moon! The most apt humorous parallel to this sarcasm is that of Diogenes, who, when his countrymen were arming themselves against the invasion of Philip of Macedon, began rolling his tub about in all directions, saying that for once he would evade the charge of being different from other people; he was therefore resolved not to be the *only* man in Corinth who was not absurdly employed. Is there no pith, too, in the satire of Rabelais, where Judge Bridlegoose decides a question in law by the throwing of dice—reducing to mere chance that which should be the most certain of civil institutions? And no wonder the priesthood execrated Rabelais after that description of a monastery where the monks sat upon a bench all day and yawned, and the only useful thing they did was when they went to bed; and then, to show that they *were* actively employed in doing something, they put on their boots and spectacles. As Rabelais was one of the earliest of the modern satirists (the term "modern" here meaning

since the eras of the eminent men of Greece and Rome) so was he, perhaps, the most original, imaginative, and forcible.

There is one other illustrious foreigner who should not be omitted in this list of allusions to wits and humorists—I mean Jean Paul Richter, whose exquisite imagination, ample store of knowledge, apposite use of those acquirements, quaint originality, subtle wit, and superabundant humour, amply redeem the Germans from the general reproach of dulness in their comic vein. For pathos and humour combined, it is sufficient to refer to his “Quintus Fixlein;” and for the richest caricature, running into uncontrollable absurdity, few modern tales can compare with “The Army-Chaplain Schmeltzle’s Journey to Flätz”—both translated into English by Thomas Carlyle.

In the foregoing introduction I have simply instanced and illustrated some of the leading features of mind and action that come under the designation of wit and humour; and I now proceed to the main purpose of the present undertaking, and place first in the gallery of our comic writers the father, as he is called, of English poetry—the illustrious GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

The quality of *wit*, taken in the extended sense by which we understand the term, can scarcely be said to form a leading characteristic of Chaucer’s genius. His *forte* lay in a most active and accurate investigation of the qualities, both mental and physical, of the animated world. Whatever it was his cue to talk about or to describe, he placed before you all its characteristics, both palpable and covert, with wonderful truth and vividness. Hence the value of his portraits; for by the accuracy of the originals, which remain to the present day in unfaded colours, we may estimate those that have become obsolete, or have merged into some congenial vocation. Thus, we have the lordly Abbot, “with fair round belly, and good capon lined,” sitting high on his horse, with the bells at its bridle, sounding as doth the chapel bell—St. Hubert, the patron saint of hunters, the object of his punctual devotion, and a roast swan his favoured dish.

The waggish Friar, whose eyes “twinkled like the stars in a frosty night;” who “lisped in his speech from wantonness,” to make his English sweet upon the tongue; whose chief delight was to induce the young maidens to fall in love, that he might marry them—and free of dues rather than that they should not be married.

The Pardoner—whose specific vocation, thank goodness, is gone, if it have not taken some other family feature—with his lank flaxen hair and small voice, “like a goat’s,” hawking about his relics and indulgences—a clerical mountebank, hot from Rome; making no secret of his quackery, describing himself when preaching:—

“Then stretch I forth my neck,
And east and west upon the people I beck,
As doth a *dove ysitting on a barn.*”

The Lawyer, busier than any man, and yet he “seemed busier than he was.”

The Sompnour—he possibly is now a bailiff’s officer ; then he was an ecclesiastic—with his face like the cherubim, covered with carbuncles—the children all frightened at him like death ; and when he was drunk, speaking nothing but law-Latin.

The Merchant, short and sententious in speech, “always sounding the compass of his winnings.”

The poor Parson, holy, simple, and sincere, walking through all weathers, staff in hand, to comfort the sick in his flock, having a ploughman for his brother.

The Doctor of Physic, playing into the Apothecary’s hands, selecting the most nutritious food, making his fortune during the pestilence, “looking little in his Bible.”

The Shipman, whose beard many a tempest had shaken, and who “rode upon his rouncy *as he could*,”—and who does not recognise the humour of that line that has seen a sailor on horseback ? Butler says they ride as if they were “*rowing the horse.*”

The Nun, who was “all conscience and tender heart ;” who wept if that she saw a mouse in a trap, dead or bleeding ; who—

Spoke the French of Stratford attè Bow,
The French of Paris being to her unknow ;

and who “sang the service untuned in her nose full sweetly,” as they all do now, and have done at matins, and will do at vespers this very day.

There is a rich fund of sly, quiet humour in Chaucer, quite in character with the only portrait we have of him. There is no mistaking that assumed demeanour ; the suppressed smile playing about those lips ; those downcast eyes, shrouding the betrayal of some roguish jest, like his own description of the Knight ; in his outward deportment, “meek as is a maid ;” but in the inner man there is a restless little madcap sprite, waiting only for the spark of a motive to send him whirring away like a ball of wildfire after some prank of mischief or wantonness. Chaucer describes himself as being a silent, bashful, and down-looking man. The landlord of the Tabard calls out, and asks him if he is “looking for a hare, that on the ground he ever sees him stare.” But he was all this time quietly watching every motion of his fellow-travellers to record it for ever, and

storing all their jests and tales, and concocting some of his own unrivalled inventions. Many of his strokes of humour are pre-eminently fitted for comic dramatic representation. There is the boisterous drunkenness of the three rioters, who start forth from the alehouse to go and kill Death; with the portrait of the old man they meet, and whom they abuse, and who turns out to be Death; with the skilfully managed contrivance by which all three fall a sacrifice to the treachery they had contrived for each other—in itself a genuine drama.

Then there is the Wife of Bath's tale of the young knight who is compelled by his own oath to marry an old woman; and who in the sequel turns out to be a fairy, and rewards him by changing into a beautiful young wife.

Again, the Pardoner's tale of the Sompnour, who travels in company with the Devil; and arriving at the cottage of a poor woman, whom he proceeds to distress for her church dues, falls into his own trap, and is carried off by his companion to his own place.

The story of the dupe who is cheated of all his money by the Alchemist, that professes to teach him the art of multiplication, or making gold from the baser metals. And lastly, if we had not these examples, that one simple circumstance of the vivid and individual character with which Chaucer invests even his animals, gives peculiar evidence of his dramatic capability. The Nun's Priest's tale of "The Cock and the Fox" is pronounced by Godwin to be one of the most finely-told as well as the most humorous fables that ever was written. It certainly does exhibit much of his quiet, dry humour; while the description of his hero and heroine, Sir Chanticleer and his favourite wife Dame Partelote, is perfect of its kind. The following, for instance, would supersede the necessity of any pictorial illustration of the animal :—

“ His comb was redder than the fine coràl,
Embattled, as it were a castle wall;
His bill was black, and as the jet it shone;
Like azure were his leggès and his tònè;
His nailès whiter than the lily flow'r,
And like the burnèd gold was his colòr.”

Then for the impudent gallantry and human conjugality with which he soothes and hoaxes Mrs. Partelote-Chanticleer, after she has rated him (Caudlewise) for being a coward, and holloaing in his sleep because he had a dream of the Fox :—

“ How dursten ye, for shame, say to your love
That anything might maken you afear'd?
Have ye no mannè's heart, and have a beard?”

And so, after an almost interminable argument of crimination and justification, with a learned treatise upon the causes and consequences of dreams, he concludes with the following appeal to his wife—irresistible by any lady “who loves her lord” :—

“ But let us speak of mirth, and stint all this.
Madame Partelote, so have I bliss,
Of one thing heav’n hath sent me largè grace ;
For when I see the beauty of your face,
Ye be so scarlet red about your eyen,
It maketh all my dreddè for to dien.
For, all so surely, as ‘ In principio
Mulier est hominis confusio.’
(Madame, the sentence of this Latin is,
‘ Woman is mannè’s joy and mannè’s bliss ’).”

I need apprise no one that the impudence of that quotation is an amusingly sly satire upon us married mortals ; for Mrs. Partelote, being no classic, is none the wiser that her husband meant to tell her that “ From the beginning, woman has been to man his confusion or ruin.” The moral conveyed in the fable is to warn people against vanity ; for, after his first alarm upon encountering Sir Reynard, Sir Chanticleer is induced by him to give a specimen of his singing, which the flatterer tells him must surpass that of his respected father, who was celebrated for his voice. The description of the cock crowing is perfect :—

“ This Chanticleer his wingès ’gan to beat
(So ravish’d was he with this flattery),
And therewithal stood high upon his toes,
Stretching his neck, and held his eyen close :
And loud he sangè for the nonce.”

This, of course, was the moment for Reynard to catch him by the throat, and bear him off to the wood. The whole fable is doubtless the longest ever invented, but it is amusing in all its features ; none more so than the picture of the bird strolling in the yard and, Turk-like, surrounded by his harem :—

“ And with a ‘ chuck ’ he ’gan them for to call ;
For he had found a corn lay in the yard.
Royal he was ; he was no more afeard.
He looketh as he were a grim leoun,
And on his toes he roameth up and down,
He deigneth not to set his feet to ground.
He chuckleth when he hath a corn yfound,
And to him runnen then his wivès all.”

The first two English comedies on record are “ Ralph Roister Doister ” and “ Gammer Gurton’s Needle.” The former, which has

not been many years discovered, bears the earlier date, and was written by Nicholas Udall previously to the year 1551, for we have proof that it was then in existence. The author was the master successively of Eton and Westminster Schools. The piece is a perfectly legitimate comedy, and is divided into acts and scenes. The plot describes the vanity and amorousness of the hero (Ralph Roister Doister), who affectingly condoles with himself that heaven should have made him so destructively beautiful, with so susceptible a heart; and moreover that he should have become attracted by the brisk widow, Dame Christian Custance, but whether for her comely person, or for her thousand pounds of "possibilities," does not appear satisfactorily defined. More clear is it that he is no common fool, and that the widow will have nothing to say to him, even refusing to open his letters. He has a roguish servant (Merrygreek), who, while he fans his master's vanity, even to the persuading him to levy a force and carry off the lady by a *coup de main*, declares to her that he only joins his master for his own amusement, and to make a butt of him. A regular battle, therefore, ensues, in which the kitchen furniture is actively employed on the side of the besieged party, while Merrygreek, pretending to assist his master, mauls him prodigiously; and the assault ends with Roister Doister being routed by the women's mops and brooms. The play ends with the widow marrying Gawin Goodluck, the man of her choice; and the couple, with true English feeling and good temper, reconcile the ousted lover, and invite him to the wedding supper.*

The date of "Gammer Gurton's Needle," written by John Still, who afterwards became Bishop of Bath and Wells, cannot be accurately decided; but it was certainly some years subsequent to that of "Ralph Roister Doister," and is many degrees below it both in invention and composition. The whole story consists of the perplexities of an old woman who has lost her needle that she has employed in mending Hodge's unmentionables, and which is only discovered when he has occasion to sit down. The characters are principally country louts, and their dialogue, which is of a low, coarse, provincial character, scarcely recognisable; and if it were so, mainly unquotable. It now and then displays some humour, but it is of the broadest feature, sinking into mere balderdash; and there are points of drollery which end in dull absurdity. The following may be received as a specimen of the humour of the piece. Hodge


* Mr. Edward Arber, in his collection of "English Reprints," has edited an excellent edition of the "Roister Doister."

endeavours to light his candle by the cat's eyes in the dark, and proceeds to blow them into a flame ; and when the animal makes its escape into the loft, he raises a hue-and-cry of " Fire ! " Of a surety our revered ancestors were grateful for the " smallest donations " on the score of humour.

With the exception of the writings of the " father of English poetry," the comic vein of our literature has, up to the period in question, displayed but a meagre and drossy ore. We shall be rewarded ere long, for the gold is at hand.



A TROUT STREAM IN NORMANDY.

AN any of your readers inform me where I can get good fishing, with comfortable quarters, and the best of everything, without paying for it? Slightly exaggerated, the foregoing is what one reads daily amongst the advertisements of our sporting newspapers. I once met something of a parallel in the religious press, and were I not afraid of the editor's perverse prudence, I would gladly give the name of the paper. The advertisement runs as follows (I have a cutting of it now before my eyes):—"A young man of fixed religious principles desires to find board and lodging in a quiet family, where his pious life and example would be considered an equivalent for his washing." Anxious to surprise a useful hint from the possessor of so marketable a piety, I had the malice to answer the advertisement. But the pious young man, as the vulgar expression is, smelt a rat, for he deigned no reply to my communication; probably he detected something worldly in the cut of my letter, and discreetly adjudged me to be of the wrong sort.

But to return to our fishing. Two years ago, in a reading-room abroad, I observed, not indeed an advertisement, but a letter answering the same purpose, from some unreasonable brother, inquiring as usual for the costliest of wares at the meanest of prices. I thought no more of it for the moment, and should have forgotten it altogether, had not the ensuing number of the same periodical fallen accidentally into my hands the week following, and with it, the answer to the inquiry:—"Two miles north of Beuzeville," answered the obliging correspondent, "you will find, at the entrance of the village of Breuille, an *auberge*, with the sign 'A la renommée de la bonne friture,' where you can get excellent accommodation for next to nothing, and are within walking distance of a capital trout-stream." The letter proceeded to explain that the landlord, himself a fisherman, and at the same time naturally anxious to draw custom to his house, would give every information, and do all in his power to render the trip attractive and successful. I had no sooner read the letter than the shabby idea occurred to me to be beforehand with the lawful correspondent, and get the first of the day's fishing. The

paper, I reflected, was in my hands as soon as his, and, as he resided in Wales, and I at the Havre, I was nearer to the spot than he by some hundreds of miles; and the information, having regard to its source, was, after all, public property. My first impression had been that the answer was a hoax, but wishing to believe it genuine, I decided that the style was too *naïf* for an imposture, and as I had heard of the village of Beuzeville, and knew there were trout in the department, I determined to try the adventure, and ascertain for myself what kind of return, in sport and entertainment, was to be realised for an outlay of "next to nothing."

Next morning early the Etretat diligence set me down at Beuzeville, where I breakfasted with three farmers on coffee and fried pork. I would have fain interrogated my companions respecting the fishing in the neighbourhood and the prospects of the day, and I had hoped the subject would be self-suggested by the appearance of my rod and tackle; but during the short time I was with them the farmers were breathless with hard eating, and the few intervals allotted to conversation were absorbed exclusively by guano. Direct questioning I avoided—restrained, I imagine, by a sort of instinctive dread that I should hear bad news; and as to the itinerary, the correspondent's indications were too explicit to demand the slightest revision. I had only to go two miles to the north of Beuzeville to find myself at once instated in the promised *pays de cocagne*. At about a mile from Beuzeville I met a priest, and in order to make assurance doubly sure, I asked him if I was proceeding rightly for the village of Breuille. "Mais vous lui tournez le dos," said the priest, with a look of polite concern that quite touched me. "But," said I, in my turn, "I was told it lay to the north of Beuzeville." "Et Monsieur va au sud," replied the priest, with a soft smile, quite free from that derisive and mocking look which too often accompanies correction so administered. A great English "Oh!" was all the answer I could summon, as I turned round to retrace my steps in company with my kind informant. Had the priest been an Englishman, I should have felt ashamed at not knowing the north from the south; but with a Frenchman, and especially a priest, I didn't mind a bit. Those French priests are such well-bred, nice fellows, and they really do know so much, that one can afford to be a little small in their presence, without any very galling self-reproaches. After a few steps in the direction of Beuzeville, the priest again broke silence. "Monsieur va à la pêche?" he said, with a glance at my equipment; "et qu'est-ce que Monsieur compte prendre par ici?" "What!" I exclaimed, thrown off my guard, and thoroughly alarmed by the question, "are there, then, no

trout about here, that you ask me what I expect to catch?" "Pas que je sache," replied the priest; "mais on y prend, je crois, de la chevane." "Chub!" I muttered to myself, "fancy that;" and I was about to solace my disappointment with a complete confidence, when I fancied I discerned in my friend's eye something of the roguish twinkle of "the little round fat oily man of God" of the Castle of Indolence; and I feared, notwithstanding his urbanity, he would enjoy the joke overmuch at my expense. I therefore contained myself, and replied merely, "I must be satisfied, then, with chub; I am a stranger in this country, and had been told there were trout in the neighbourhood." At Beuzeville the priest, having first put me in the road to Breuille, took leave of me with a courteous bow. I felt relieved at his departure, and just then, the sun coming out from behind a cloud which had obscured the sky since morning, I felt my courage revive within me, and with it my hopes of discovering the land of promise. Although the correspondent spoke of two miles only from Beuzeville to Breuille, I am certain I walked nearly four before I reached the latter village. There it was, however, at last before me; and, sure enough, at its very entrance was the *auberge* with the sign announced. If, then, the *auberge* was a reality, all was real that had been recorded in connection with it; and, to begin with the beginning, I was entitled, for next to nothing, to expect "capital accommodation" within the crazy-looking edifice before me. At first it seemed to me that the only entrance was through the window; but by-and-bye I discovered a side door in the middle of a cartway leading to the yard, and through this I passed into the kitchen without further difficulty. Finding no one in the kitchen, I went into the yard, where was a dirty little she-imp in wooden shoes, playing with what appeared to me an old horsecloth, but which turned out to be the covering of a bed. "Eh! petite," I called to her, "où est donc maman?" But instead of answering me, the child ran away, and I thought she was gone accordingly to call her mamma; instead of which, after waiting about twenty minutes, I saw the little wretch peeping at me from the other side of a ditch beyond the premises. I then went into the road, where I inquired of the first passer whether the *auberge* was inhabited. The passer directed me to a small shop up the village, where he told me I should find the mistress; and where I found her accordingly, engaged with three other women, sorting pods. On explaining my errand, the mistress reconducted me to the *auberge* with an alacrity that promised well, but once inside, she informed me it was too late in the day to procure anything for *déjeuner* (it was then nearly eleven o'clock); that there was, in fact, not even an egg to be had in the

village. However, she borrowed some bread for me, and fetched me some wine that set my teeth on edge, but promised I should have a good supper at seven in the evening, and that my bedroom should be nice and comfortable. She then went to fetch her husband, who arrived immediately after, and without further introduction inquired if I wanted worms. "Worms!" I replied with horror, "why, I am going to fish with a fly;" and I thereupon produced my fly-book, to test his piscatorial science. He examined the flies with curiosity, and took hold of one of them in a style which convinced me he had never handled one before. "On peut l'essayer," he said at last, a trifle, as I thought, compassionately; "mais je ne crois pas qu'on prenne grand'chose avec ça." I believe he thought the flies were to be sunk with shot and used depthways with a float and bobber. In answer to my inquiry, he affirmed there were trout in the river, but as he had affirmed the same of several other fish I had mentioned previously, and I feel certain would have sworn to herrings to advance his purpose, I placed no reliance on his word, and set out moodily on my journey. On the road I reflected that, after all, it was nature and not fashion that had instituted flies, and that if indeed I were about to be the first to fish with artificial ones in the streams of Breuille, I was all the more likely to secure a good catch, and, with the selfishness of the true sportsman, I sincerely hoped my success might have no witnesses. These reflections brought me to a huge barrier, which I recognised as the one described to me by the landlord, and who had told me that perhaps I should find it closed; in which case I was to climb over it, and that "personne ne me dirait rien." The barrier being closed, I climbed over it accordingly, and, as predicted by the landlord, no one said a single word to me. On the other side, however, was a board which said much to me, and suggested a great deal more. At first I was too far off to read it, and took it for a mere notice to trespassers; but on getting within eyeshot I read distinctly, "Prenez garde au chien." Immediately, in imagination, I felt the calf of my leg in the gripe of one of those brindled monsters so common in the farms of Upper Normandy; but as I had come too far to recede with honour, and was now as near to the river as the barrier, I walked on quickly, all the while screwing the spike to the butt of my rod for defence in case of need, and leaving as far to the right as possible the mill and straggling tenements belonging, as I concluded, to the owner of the dog. On arriving at the river, the first thing I saw was a villainous washing-quay, with half a dozen women scouring serge, and fouling the water far down with soap and cinders. Farther on, I met with three similar

establishments, and it was not till I had followed the stream for nearly a mile downwards that I came on anything like practicable ground ; and even here the prospect was discouraging : the water was sluggish and weedy, the surface scummy, and the bottom mud. I began nevertheless to mount my tackle. With a ground-line I had taken trout in Essex in waters to all appearances less charged with oxygen than those before me ; and should fly and minnow fail me here, I could but, after all, fall back on worms. Still pacing downwards, I began to fish, but, I fear, with that unsportsmanlike want of ardour experienced by those who feel themselves predestined to return *bredouille*. What seemed to me the most significant was that flies of several kinds were being pursued by swallows along the very surface of the stream, and some were even struggling in the water, without attracting, as far as I could discern, the merest shadow of a fish of any kind. I persevered, nevertheless, and was about to change a fly when I perceived coming towards me a great, bony, ill-looking fellow, with a huge stick. He seemed to be a proprietor of the neighbourhood, and one of that amiable sort who deem a day lost unless they have been able to be unpleasant to somebody. On approaching within speaking distance he called to me in a surly but somewhat undecided tone, "Qu'est ce que Monsieur fait là?" On that I faced about directly, and advancing towards him, I replied firmly, "Well, I was fishing ; but I fear from your question I may be trespassing on your land. If so, and you desire it, I shall be happy to withdraw." A movement of the head, clearly expressing "As soon as you like, then," was all the answer he deigned me, as he turned on his heel, and walked slowly back from whence he came. The removal of a blister could scarcely have been more agreeable to me. The villain's very presence seemed to oppress the atmosphere, to say nothing of his brutal will and big stick. He had with him also a sly-looking, ugly kind of lurcher, with thick legs and a resolute muzzle, which might have made itself very disagreeable in case of a skirmish, although not the sort of monster suggested by the notice to trespassers. In any case I came to fish, and not to fight, and was therefore not sorry to have employed the soft answer proposed by the sage in the interest of all, but recommendable especially to the weaker party.

A few fields farther down I again began offering my flies to the questionable inhabitants of the stream, and although my courage had gone down a degree or two since morning, I can affirm I fished conscientiously. I confess at the same time I looked at my watch rather often for a high-schooled fisherman professing to detach the enjoyment of the "gentle art" from all vulgar dependence on the

result obtainable ; and I was about, for the third or fourth time, to prove, by taking note of its passage, that time went heavily, when all at once I felt a twitch at my line that made me start. The like of it I never felt before. It seemed that the order of attraction had suddenly become reversed, and that I was below and the fish above me ; and as a low cloud was passing at the time, I could only suppose that I had hooked a fish in it. The sensation was, however, momentary, and the explanation painfully natural. The reader will easily divine it. A poor swallow had snapped at one of my flies in passing, and was fluttering above me hooked and captive. Presently it fell at my feet, and my first impression disposed me, as the consecrated saying has it, "to kill the poor thing, and put it out of its pain." On reflection, however, the doubt suggested itself to my mind of the propriety of always killing poor things out of compassion, without consulting them ; and as just then the little captive's black eyes spoke eloquently, I determined not further to interfere with its Providence. I accordingly disengaged it gently with my disgorger, and placed it, living, on a tuft of dockweed. But it stayed where I put it without attempting to escape or move, and as it still kept bleeding at the bill, I began to fear its chance was over. I then took it in my hands and, having first washed its beak and throat, I let it drop towards the ground, in the hopes it would take wing when it found itself without support. I was not disappointed. On feeling itself free it rose gradually, and began to gyrate ; but its movements were so uncertain that I more than once feared it was about to fall, when, suddenly darting sideways, it rose out of sight, and mingled imperceptibly with its companions in the air. I watched long to see if any troubled movement amongst the flock would enable me to distinguish the little sufferer, but all appeared right so far, and I felt with satisfaction that I had not only done my best to repair the barbarous injury I had been the means of inflicting, but probably restored a wounded swallow to its joyous and useful existence.

Another hour spent in fruitless fly-fishing brought me to the conclusion that my friends below water, if they existed at all, were of the kind described in the Laureate's "Vision of Death" :—

"Fish are we that love the mud,
Rising to no fancy flies,"

and I began to regret I had been so disdainful of the landlord's worms. At length, in a pet, I took my flies off, tied a strong No. 7 to the end of my collar, and prepared in earnest to try the bottom. I had no longer any hopes of trout, but I remembered opportunely

that I meant one day to write a sequel to "Parnell's Inland Angler," and as I already knew enough of trout, the present was an admirable occasion for completing my defective knowledge in respect of chub. Full of this happy notion, I set myself seriously to unearth a worm, and by the time I had succeeded, I had become so reconciled to the idea of chub, that I believe the capture of a trout instead would have actually disappointed me. I had had some trouble to procure a worm, but had at last kicked a good-sized one out of the edge of the bank. It was very far from resembling one of the fine, tempting, crimson brandlings offered me by the landlord in the morning; mine was one of those nasty-looking worms well known to fishermen reduced to provide themselves at the water's edge. It was coarse and stumpy, of a horrid-looking intestinal, blue and drab tinge, and had already been mended in two places; it would nevertheless do well enough for chub, and as I sank it gaily in the water, I doubted not that, having now tempered my ambition, I was about to reap the reward reserved for those who wisely content themselves with secondary glories.

But "*Ne prend pas de chevanes qui veut*," says the Norman proverb, and so it turned out with me. Up to five o'clock I had fished on without a bite of any kind; my worm was beginning to look quite indecent, and though I knew chub to be not particular, and was loth to re-encounter the fatigue of digging, I felt it imperatively due to my self-respect to make the effort required for the maintenance of my high professional pretensions. I decided accordingly to try another worm, and failing that, to hold my conscience acquitted. On commencing, however, to withdraw my line, I fancied I recognised that almost imperceptible movement which announces to the angler that the fish is about to nibble. The movement was repeated, and then again and again, each time becoming more and more sensible. There was no longer any uncertainty about it—a fish was flirting with the bait, and without doubt would presently commit itself irrevocably. Another instant, and the prey would be mine. The movements of the fish, telegraphed by the line, and faithfully repeated by the sensitive ridges of the extreme finger tips, informed me with a nicety of all that was passing under water. The least incautiousness, the slightest precipitation, would inevitably annihilate my only chance. Chub are shy fish, the first strange motion affrights them, and once disturbed in their confidence, they remain coy and inaccessible for the rest of the day. It was clear, then, that all depended on my skill and coolness in profiting rightly by the right opportunity. But there was no fear; I was too tried an

angler to imperil my last chance by any over-eager or incautious flurry. My fish was of a kind to have cruelly tested a youthful or apprentice hand: now it approached, and now recoiled; then it touched the bait repeatedly, then remained quiescent for several successive moments, and then again gave tempting but illusory symptoms of serious biting. But I was not to be duped by a chub; I had learnt enough of the species to know that that was the way with it, and that I had only to wait patiently, and watch attentively, to be sure, in the end, of an opportunity to strike successfully. At length the wished-for moment arrived—the peculiar swerving of the line assured me the fish had now the worm between its lips; and though with most fish the strike in such case would be premature, there could be not the least risk with the film and cartilage of a stupid, bottle-mouthed, poking chub. I struck accordingly, and the same sensation which assured me that the hook was now planted safely, assured me also that I was not mistaken in supposing my capture to be a chub. Being sure of the rest, I had now nothing to do but to display the master mind in conducting the event to its catastrophe. Instead of whipping out my prize like an eager, unhabituated youth, I drew it to the surface calmly and deliberately, my vanity deriving a kind of solace from the too readily assumed fact that I had nothing to learn from what remained to be seen. Imagine my feelings. The thing that at last wriggled up was neither a chub nor a trout, nor any mortal fish which a gentleman could own catching without an apology to the profession; but nothing more nor less than a great vulgar eel. My first impulse was to smash it to pieces, the more so that it looked at me with that sarcastic grin peculiar to eels when fresh out of the water. I reflected, however, that nothing but remorse was to be earned by cruelty, and that after all I might be glad of the eel by-and-bye to supplement an unappreciable *auberge* dinner. What heightened my disgust was that just then a woman passed, on her way to a cow tied up to a picket in an adjoining patch of herbage, and seeing me getting covered with slime in my vain efforts to pull the eel out of my sleeve and slip it through the hole of my basket-lid, kept ejaculating, instead of offering to help me: “Peste, quelle bête que Monsieur a déniché là!” “En voilà une fière égrillarde!” “Bave-t-elle la coquine!” “Mais voilà un gentil gibier!” &c. At last, perceiving I had got the horrid thing safe into the basket, she varied her tone, and began complimenting me on my capture. “Ah, Monsieur a pris une anguille. Mais c’est très-bien une anguille!” Wishing to be rude to the woman, I asked her to lend me her pocket-handkerchief to wipe the

slime off my jacket, expecting, of course, she would answer me with a *plus souvent*, or some other French equivalent for "Don't you wish you may get it?" and so give me the opportunity of cutting short with her; instead of which, to my utter surprise, she immediately bundled out of her pocket and handed me a large red and yellow *foulard*, new and crisp, and seemed to think it quite honoured by the use I put it to. I had enough slime on me to have exhausted a kitchen towel, and when, softened by the woman's too good-natured compliance, I at last returned her her *foulard*, I felt constrained to offer her at the same time wherewith to pay for the washing of it. "Ah, ben oui, c'est ça," she replied, with a certain warmth; "est-ce qu'on n'est pas ici-bas pour s'ent'raider au besoin? Par exemple!" and with that she turned away from me in the direction of her cow, carrying off with her decidedly the honours of the episode.

I had still half an hour at my disposal, and had I not been fearful of catching another eel, I should have continued to explore the thankless river. As it was, I shut up my rod, disgusted, and sauntered slowly backwards in the direction of the *auberge*. As I approached the village I began to feel hungry, and was not sorry to be able to call to mind the hostess' promise to have a good supper ready for me by seven o'clock. "Eh bien; la pêche a-t'elle été bonne?" inquired the landlord as I entered the kitchen, where the cloth was already laid for me, and the good supper evidently in immediate prospect. "Pas fameuse," I replied, indifferently. "J'ai pris une assez forte anguille toujours," I added, after a short pause, during which I had unstrapped my basket and placed it on the kitchen dresser. "Mais où est-elle donc votre anguille?" said the hostess, unceremoniously opening the basket, and tilting it towards me to let me see there was no eel in it. Such was actually the case! The smooth-skinned rascal had found means to skim up through the hole in the cover, and was by this time probably safe back in the river. The annoying part of it was that the landlord and his wife were evidently accustomed to the fibs of fishermen, and though they politely allowed me to infer from their remarks that they quite believed in the general possibility of an eel escaping under the circumstances, I am convinced they acquiesced without conviction in the particular fact as applying to myself on the present occasion. Had I wiped the slime with my own pocket-handkerchief, I should have had proof enough of having been in active contact with a live eel; but the cow-woman had carried off my evidence, and I found myself, as the French express it, *puni par où j'avais pêché*, being not assured of commanding credence for even the unpretentious announcement of having caught an eel.


"Monsieur est servi," said the hostess at last, as she uncovered a

fuming *potage*, and placed for me, as far as I could see, the only chair in the establishment. What the *potage* was I cannot imagine ; it tasted of last year's apples, and smelt of glue. I can only declare it was abominable, and I accordingly discarded it at the first sip. Next came salt fish done with butter, a dish one puts up with once a year at home from the vice of habit, and which indifferent Churchmen regard as their most trying concession to traditional orthodoxy. Done well, however, and served nicely, I deem salt fish at home as a change by no means intolerable, but here the sauce was rank, and the fish itself detestable. My last chance was in the *suite*, which I called for immediately, and which the hostess served up with quite a reassuring look of confidence, remarking that she had now something to offer which she was certain "serait au goût de Monsieur." What do you think it was? Chestnuts boiled with fennel ! Fennel cures successfully enough the insipidity of boiled chestnuts, but in this case it had been used to excess, and the result was to render the chestnuts not only unpalatable, but positively nauseous. After getting through one and a half, and finding there was nothing else to be had, I fell back on the bread, which I am bound to say was excellent, and of which exclusively I made my supper. I am bound also to say that the hostess appeared to be honestly ashamed of herself, and asked me with a voice almost tremulous whether I would take coffee. The host had skulked off on seeing me hold my nose before the fish, and I saw no more of him than a glance in the distance as I was leaving the village next morning. I accepted the coffee on the chance of its being drinkable ; it is so seldom one gets coffee good anywhere, that an exception here would only be consistent with the general perverseness of our human destinies. But the scent of the decoction, as it simmered before me in the smutty pot that held it, prepared me surely for a fourth and final deception. The reality, however, exceeded my worst anticipation. The coffee was thick and gritty, with a greasy brown taste, and a smell of its own which I can only call beastly. I thrust it from me with disgust, and in a tone of mildness, which I conceived to be the most telling reproach for a woman accessible to shame, I requested the hostess to show me to my room. She seemed relieved at anything which diverted attention from the supper, and immediately preceded me to a large room upstairs, where there was a low bed in one corner, and nothing else. Whilst the hostess was gone to bring up for my use from the kitchen the chair I had sat on at supper, I observed on the bed the same horrid covering I had seen the little girl playing with in the yard in the morning. All sorts of suspicions occurred to my mind as to why it had been taken into the yard, but

I knew it would be of no use to make inquiries, and I therefore contented myself with taking the covering from the bed, and spreading it on the dirty stone floor by way of carpet, in lieu of the newspaper which at first I had placed by the bed side to receive my feet next morning. I then went to bed and tried to sleep, but the sense of filth prevented me, and in less than an hour I got up and dressed, and called three times on the stairs for some water and a light. No one answered me, and I ended by finishing the night outside the bedclothes, completely dressed with the exception of my boots. Next morning at seven I returned to the river to bathe, there being in my room neither jug, basin, nor towel. The hostess had promised to supply these indispensables the evening before, but I suppose had promised more than she was able to perform, for I had seen no more of her that night. On my return to the *auberge*, after bathing, I asked the hostess for her husband, wishing to make some inquiries of him respecting the fishing, but my friend was not forthcoming; no doubt he expected a remonstrance touching the supper, and considered it would be more useful to his wife than to himself. My next inquiry was about the bill, and I almost regret, for the completeness of my misery, to have to state that the sum charged was not exorbitant. Four francs and twenty-five centimes included everything, and though that sum was anything but "next to nothing," having regard to the carrion which had been offered me to eat, yet it is fair to suppose I should not have paid more had the supper been of better quality. As I handed the woman the amount of the bill, I wished her a freezing good morning; no doubt it touched her, but I fear the effect was evanescent, for, as I turned my back, I heard her chink the money, a sound which, joined to the relief of seeing me depart, I am afraid appeased her conscience prematurely.

The same day, on my return to the Havre, I had the satisfaction of seeing an Englishman, equipped for fishing, getting into the evening Etretat diligence. Of course I made no inquiries, for fear of detection, but I have every hope it was the very correspondent whose chance I had just deflowered so shabbily. "Serve him right," I thought to myself, "he will learn henceforth to mistrust all offers of over-cheap merchandise." I reflected also, with a wicked pleasure, that as soon as he got inside the barrier, the man with the stick would certainly be after him, and be all the more ferocious at having another trespasser to eject so soon. "He will catch an eel towards evening," I thought finally, "that is, if he has any luck at all; and in all probability he will have warmed up for his supper the salt fish and coffee which have already been once paid for."

ARE WE REALLY SHOOTING NIAGARA?

HEN Mr. Carlyle startled us a short time ago by declaring that the English nation were shooting Niagara, and gave vent to the most serious apprehensions as to the result of that little aquatic experiment, his assertion was seized upon and made a bone of contention by certain adherents of the two great political parties. Recriminations were indulged in as to who were responsible for the alleged decadence in the national character, and there were many on both sides willing to write their own little biassed history of the Decline and Fall of the British Empire. The political aspect of the question, however, considered exclusively in its home view, so engrossed public attention as to thrust from sight larger and graver matters, viz., England's relations towards the Continental Powers, and her own social condition. These weighty problems, accordingly, did not receive that earnest consideration which the indictment of the seer of Chelsea undoubtedly demanded, and it is proposed now briefly to consider them.

A nation that once loses faith in that chivalric honour which should lead it to support its treaties, and to assist neighbours who have an undoubted moral claim upon it, must inevitably retrograde in the scale of great and influential Powers. But, besides suffering in prestige, such a nation, by the policy described, would cut itself off from a reciprocity of action which might be incalculably advantageous to it in its own hour of need. By a "fortuitous concourse" of circumstances, one of the greatest wars which ever afflicted humanity has just concluded without having the result so much dreaded, and which at one time it seemed impossible to avoid—the drawing in of England as a belligerent. And how fortunate that this was the case! For has it not been demonstrated that we were quite unprepared to play that part in conflict which we naturally expect so great a nation to perform? There can be no doubt that the Franco-Prussian war will result indirectly in obtaining for England ultimately a thorough revision of her naval and military systems; and our only hope is that

no occasion may arise for the employment of her forces before those forces are reported to be on a complete war footing. Loth to enter on war she should ever be, but to be unprepared for it would not only be weak, foolish, narrow-sighted ; it would be criminal. "Annexation" has become so much the order of the day that we must not be surprised to hear of the proposed "annexation" of the Atlantic Ocean, or some equally absurd project. England, from her progress, her wealth, and her vast possessions, cannot expect to escape long from the threatening glance of cupidity ; or if such a course should be too high-handed even for the most high-handed of nations—and this will most probably always be the one whose star is ascendant in Europe—she may be dragged, against her will, into a quarrel by those who are so admirable at picking quarrels. A peace has just been concluded between two great nations ; but does any one expect for a moment that it will be lasting ? Is it not even now regarded as a breathing point only by France, who cannot forget her wrongs, and who means to avenge them when her internal resources are replenished and her military organisation is once more sound ? The great lesson she has taught us by her sufferings and shame is this—*Be ready*. Had she been really thus, the greatest collapse recorded in history might have been avoided. Humbled in the dust, the flower of her army in prison, and shackles put upon her hands, the only alleviation she can obtain of her misery is found in her cry, "I was deceived." And shall it any longer go forth to the world, not that England is deceived, but that she may be deceiving herself ? It is on record that the nation now so jubilant on account of conquest knew more of the actual condition of France than did the rulers of that country, and we may be certain that information of the resources of England has also found its way to Berlin. Never did it so behove political parties amongst us—and all sections of parties—to sink their differences and unite, in view of an emergency, as at the present time. If we are to retain our position in the scale of nations, it must be by judicious measures of self-preservation and perfection. We may learn much from Prussia, and it *must* be learnt. And it should be learnt in times of peace, so that eventualities may not overwhelm by their suddenness. So much for our relations with foreign Powers. The British Lion may recline with its paws on the white cliffs of Albion, but its sleepless gaze must ever be fixed across the Channel.

Looking now at our national life, we, as Englishmen, are in the habit of thinking that we are *what* we are chiefly owing to the exertions of Parliament ; but our greatest statesmen will admit that

they do not so much guide public opinion as that they are led by it. Our legislators are but the medium of government for the people ; and the collective assembly at Westminster, regarding it at any epoch of its history, will be found to be a reflex of the national life at that period. During the past two hundred years there has been a continual advance in freedom of thought and personal liberty, and it may safely be affirmed that the House of Commons was never so pure, and the nation never so enlightened, as at the present moment. How comes it, then, that with this undoubted political advancement, Thomas Carlyle and others of our great and profound thinkers should regard with so much alarm the present condition of the social fabric? There is but one answer. Individual improvement has not kept pace with the national progress ; that is, while nationally we are all agreed upon plans for social amelioration, individually there is very little effort after perfection of character. Yet we are sometimes told from the pulpit by shepherds who would be known for watchful care over the human flock that we are improving. But where are the signs? An old couplet runs :—

“ Wherever God erects a house of prayer,
The Devil’s sure to build a temple there.”

But *le Diable a changé tout cela*. He invariably puts up two now. Improving, are we, my masters? Let our gaols and workhouses answer ye in this matter. Meanwhile, utterly eschewing political bias in our observations—remembering that political opinion put in force cannot change the character though it may influence the outward circumstances of a people—and having referred to our Continental relations, let us venture to look fairly in the face some of the unpleasant features of our social organisation.

Glance first at our literature. We have lost not only the most original genius of the age, perhaps, but one of the most healthful of writers. When the earth fell upon the tomb of Charles Dickens in Westminster Abbey, it covered from our sight one of the best friends that poor, sorrowing, suffering human nature ever had. Upon whom has his mantle fallen? The mighty, we know, must fall some day, but where are their successors? What writer is there now living who, by the innate force of his genius, could compel so wide an audience as that which Charles Dickens enjoyed, to listen to him? The world answers, None. These men who are for all time come very sparingly, and we may well weep to see the setting of their sun. It is supposed that with the exception of three books—the Bible, the “Pilgrim’s Progress,” and Shakespeare—no works ever

approximated in sale to those of Charles Dickens. Stay—the dictum must be corrected, and the nineteenth century blush to confess that amongst its most popular literature the annals of crime—whose horrors told by pen are intensified by hireling pencil—have a wider circulation than the matchless works of that noble brother who has passed out into the Unseen. Is this, then, our progress? What is the testimony of the judges on this matter? That many of the most heinous crimes which come before them are traceable to the pernicious literature which is flaunted before the youth of the country, and recommended to their notice by the most depraved means which a wily evasion of the spirit of the law, but a keeping of the letter, will allow. Again, with every rising of the sun a novel is cast forth upon English society, and in the majority of cases where the work is not hopelessly idiotic it is grossly sensual. Yet these books are read with avidity, while the really good, bracing, healthy novels, written by much abler men, have a limited sale. There is a great run upon the inferior works of fiction at our circulating libraries. Science and poetry are at a discount, but highly-spiced works of mediocre writers are eagerly sought after. With the ultimate relegation of the authors of such trash to the limbo from whence they ought never to have emerged we have nothing now to do; though their literary damnation is sure, we are profoundly sensible of the disgrace which clings to us for encouraging their parasitic growth upon our literature, and desire ardently to see it cleansed from the stain. The statistics of the sale of various classes of works by the publishers is positively startling, as showing the immense preponderance of works of fiction of the very worst class over all other descriptions of literature added together. What shall be said when we have even writers who cannot put forth the plea of necessary pecuniary success as some excuse, though a miserable one, for their writings? This age, which is producing so many phenomena, has also given us a race of authors who write for pleasure and revel in indecency. It may be urged against the argument that indecency pays best, that Dickens, one of the purest of authors, was the most successful of all. But the answer to this lies in the fact that Dickens compelled the world to listen to him by the power of his genius only, as the world will and must always listen to its master-spirits. It admired, loved, and—so far as a portion of it was concerned—became better for his teaching. But it quickly returned to its idols; and deal with the fact as we may, pure literature has not in late years kept pace in distribution with that of an objectionable character. Now there is one class of literature

against which some amount of popular indignation is periodically roused, and, as I believe, without cause, viz., the newspapers. I totally dissent from the strictures which have been passed upon the newspaper press of the metropolis. And by this I mean the newspaper press proper—the respectable daily journals. There are very few novels published which could be read aloud from beginning to end and found so pure as the newspapers. During the past three years cases have transpired which have been unparalleled in all previous years for the horrible nature of their details, and yet the conductors of the metropolitan press have piloted their readers through them with no outrage to decorum. Occasionally it may have been necessary to print cases which have caused a revulsion of feeling, but this has been done not with a view to pecuniary profit simply, as is erroneously supposed, but to fulfil one of the leading conditions for which a journal exists, viz., to pillory in public opinion the men who have oppressed and shamed humanity. In the press we behold not only the will but the courage to flagellate abuses, and where credit is due it ought to be given. On the whole the press is actuated by a noble spirit of independence, and it is regarded, not without cause, as one of the bulwarks of our national liberties. Those only who conduct it are aware of the numberless difficulties which hedge the path of all who are determined to raise it to that supreme height of purity which many of its exponents are striving to attain. But it is one of the few encouraging signs of the times—amongst so many that are dark and threatening—that if we are about to shoot Niagara the press will help to steer us over the terrible waters, and land us safely in the more placid region beyond. Again, were the reflection not most melancholy, it would almost excite a smile to see how little the “Pure Literature Society” is doing in comparison with the effusions which emanate from different quarters, but which we may class as the productions of the Indecency Press (Unlimited). The excellent society first named has a noble work in hand, and one to which we heartily wish success, but its little leaven is totally insufficient to leaven the whole mass of productions which issue from the press. The cheapening of the press has undoubtedly been a great boon, but we cannot yet reap its full benefit. England had a long fight to obtain a free and cheap press; she is now having another fight to make it a pure one. Success will come in the end, and we shall thus avoid one of the most serious evils which now afflict the minds of those who unhesitatingly affirm that we are shooting Niagara.

The amusements of the present day also require careful scrutiny

and consideration. I am not a pessimist, but I hold a firm opinion that in this matter—and notably in regard to the stage—we have witnessed a gradual degeneration in late years. What playhouses fill at the present day? Those which produce ballets, or plays by Shakespeare? This point was forcibly put a short time ago by one interested in the subject, and he incontestably proved his assertion—which raised much angry dispute at the time—that “Shakespeare spelt bankruptcy.” He placed Shakespeare in juxtaposition with sensational playwrights. But even these gentlemen yield in pecuniary success to—or only enjoy it equally with—the writers of burlesque and the concocters of ballets. Is this a creditable state of things in that country which is supposed to lead the van in the march of intellect throughout the world? The theatrical question has resolved itself to this (in many, but not all of the houses in the metropolis I am glad to say), Female Charms *v.* Intellect, and Intellect is waging a losing battle. With regard to ninety-nine ballets out of a hundred, if the attraction be not ungraceful figures—where defects of artistic beauty are supposed to be compensated for by a studied neglect to hide them—where does it lie? Let the question be looked fairly in the face, and honest Englishmen will own that the performances in many of our theatres and other public places are not calculated to raise the dignity of our pleasures. But the great argument of the purveyors of the amusements referred to is that no other kind of entertainment will pay. Then the answer is simple—close the doors, but do not incur the responsibility of encouraging a taste that is rapidly bringing degradation upon the stage. O shade of Shakespeare, is it not lamentable that in the nineteenth century, when praise of thy genius is unbounded, thou shouldst be compelled to step aside to make room for the burlesque and the ballet? Yet though coupling the burlesque and the ballet together, our condemnation of the two is not equal. The burlesque may be made sensible and amusing, but the complaint is that it should have the predominant sway over the productions of great dramatic masters, whose plays combine the highest genius with a healthful moral purpose. Let us fight against the corrupting influence of the stage. The *cancan* is being gradually banished from our shores. But if Kean were now living, would he not be thrust aside, as other able actors are, or be compelled to act in third-rate theatres, whilst nonsense or folly reigned in the high courts of pleasure in the metropolis? The decline of the drama has been swift and unmistakable. The people, however, are not wholly to blame in the matter: more largely so are they who, with the open confession of pecuniary profit as their object, provide the mental

garbage and the sensual attractions which the English people listen to and contemplate. Far better would it be that the door of every entertainment in London should be closed than that this condition of things should continue. Our poor are fast becoming brutal and our rich licentious. Historians speak with disgust of the age of Charles II., while the purveyors of our pleasures are endeavouring to reproduce it. If this calamity is to be prevented, no time can be lost. It will not do for our moral philosophers to console themselves with the reflection that things might right themselves at the last. In the face of *Grand Duchesses (et hoc genus omne)*, sensational trials, and all other distinctive glories of this much-vaunted age, instant action is needed, and those who have power or influence with mankind are terribly culpable if it is not at once put into force. No gloomy picture of society has been drawn; at least if it be gloomy it is true, as the impartial surveyor of the present condition of things will allow. A pure press must be accompanied by a pure stage, if the prestige of the country is not to wane, and the much-dreaded shooting of that fearful Niagara is to be avoided. Space is needed to pursue the analogy, or it might be shown that our taste in music, like our taste in the matter of the drama, is becoming low and vitiated. We must, however, acknowledge, that a sturdy fight to uphold classical music—which means good music—is being maintained by the directors of the Monday Popular Concerts, and those lovers of music who are striving to rehabilitate the English Opera at the Crystal Palace and other places. Yet, on the whole, it will be admitted that the most glorious performances yield, in point of pecuniary success, to the inane songs of the music-hall, and the lower we go the greater is the pecuniary profit reaped. This, perhaps, is partly owing to the combination of beer with music at most of the music-halls. John Bull apparently likes to wash down his melody with a mixture of *cocculus indicus* and other mysterious ingredients, called in the aggregate beer, or the national beverage. So that wherever we go we find that the one great desideratum of the present age is purity. Let us hope that we may get it, though it is but too evident that the Augean stable of our morals forbids the accomplishment of the wish for some time to come.

Further: one buttress of our national morality at the present day is especially weak, viz., the pulpit. There never was an age when it exhibited such a hopeless mass of well-nigh unrelieved incompetency and dulness. There are numbers of ministers, both in the Church and amongst the Dissenters, who would be better employed in hewing wood and drawing water than in meddling with things which are too

high for them. If we ask them from whence they draw their diploma of fitness for the work in which they are ostensibly engaged, they answer, "It is the Lord's doing;" to which we can only add, "and it is marvellous in our eyes." Earnestness, the quality most in demand at this moment of the world's need, is most lacking where it ought to be most abundant. The Devil seems to have really the most active votaries. And yet there is no stint of a sentimental craving after purity in the pulpit; but what is required is a terrible denunciation of the wrongs and vices of the time, not a mealy-mouthed company of preachers whose only mission seems to be to scatter flowers on some imaginary path to Heaven. While our priests feebly enter a protest against Satan and his achievements generally, the world is being ruined. The kid-gloved drones of the pulpit tell us languidly of the betrayal in the Garden, while England is one great Gethsemane of treachery and hypocrisy with respect to principles which she professedly holds dear. There is room for more than one John Knox at this day, if such men were but to rise. When we couple the vices of the age with its credulity—specially noting in the latter category the infatuation of intellectual men who accept the doctrine of the infallibility of a human being—we may well ask whether the English nation is not about to shoot Niagara. And next to the undeniable cruelty and laxity of the time may be classed the boast about England being so pre-eminently a religious nation. Long-suffering indeed must be that Creator who hears us boast so loudly of our piety in the midst of much that disgusts even His creatures. What we want now, and what we must have, is more Christ and less Christianity. Narrow creeds must give place to a broader sympathy. We must also tear the mask of insincerity from the brow of mankind, where it has so long been worn. Some progress is being made, but it is in intellect, and not in morals. Our politics have very little to do with our regeneration as a people. It is in vain to work out political freedom if moral slavery is allowed to remain. With all our enlightenment, it must be confessed that the forces of evil have been gradually gathering strength of late years. It may suit some, in their intellectual pride, to deny this statement, but a close examination of society and literature generally will but establish its truth. Individual effort, combined with the labours of an honest press and a fearless pulpit, may yet avert from us the total social ruin predicted by certain studious observers of the signs of the times; but the strong arm must be stretched forth to save. It would indeed be lamentable were the English oak, which has given the acorn-seed of progress to other nations, to wither and die ere it attained the maturity which is

within its reach. The poet sighs after the golden year, and truly foreshadows it when he says,

“That unto him who works, and feels he works,
This same grand year is ever at the doors.”

But no solid and glorious works can be accomplished while one half the world is running after some new and foolish thing, and the other half is engaged in providing the idols clamoured for. Yet, after all, to sum up, we must and shall rise to something better. There are signs of such desired consummation—faint streaks in the midnight darkness. But the sun will have only truly risen when our present enervating tendencies die and true manliness arises. To “respectability” must succeed virtue ; to cant, religion ; to creeds, God.

GEORGE SMITH.



THE FALL OF PARIS.

A DIARY OF THE PRUSSIAN OCCUPATION OF VERSAILLES.

BY A BRITISH RESIDENT.

Versailles, Wednesday, Oct. 5.



THE KING got in at six this evening. The historical event was great, but the show was small. His Prussian Majesty was in a solitary carriage with his son, both most unroyally dusty (dust is like death, it respects nothing), and if the Staff in all its glory had not been assembled outside the Prefecture, Versailles would really have seen no sign of the coming of its conqueror.

How the other great men came in, I cannot tell; I know that Moltke, Bismarck, Steinmetz, Roon, have all arrived, but they must have carefully kept out of sight, for there has been no sign of them to common eyes like ours. And yet I and Marie stood patiently in the crowd for something like two hours, so impatient were we to look at Bismarck. We whiled away the time by looking for new uniforms amongst the Staff, which was waiting like ourselves, as if it was made up of nobodies. It gave us a lofty notion of the tremendous deference with which the King is treated to see those dukes and princes and those two hundred officers biding the coming of their master, all of them with their best clothes on. Russell's jacket was there again—this time it was a brown one; all the dukes were talking to him. Landells was leaning against a tree, with clear space all round him, sketching the scene for the *Illustrated London News* and chatting to the Prince of Weimar; Skinner, of the *Daily News*, was propped up against the railings of the Prefecture. I saw no other correspondents, but England was specially represented by Colonel Walker, whose red coat stood out in a blaze of glory amongst the Prussian uniforms; it was as luminous as a tropical sun.

We went home through the dust and the crowd of officers, all breaking off in every direction to their dinners. We told what we had seen, but nobody seemed to care, though Marie was in imaginative mood, and gave a highly decorated description of the sight. Indeed, I rather think that Amélie and I have been more sulky than

ever this evening, possibly as a mute, unconscious protest against the presence of King William. It is really abominably hard to live in a conquered town, and to see your invaders treat it as if they were at home.

Thursday, Oct. 6.

To-day we have seen a show which all the idlers in Europe would have wished to look at; and which, momentarily at least, has diminished our ill-temper, for it has given us an emotion and provided us with something to talk about.

We heard this morning that the fountains were to play before the King at two o'clock. We thought it wonderful that his Majesty should be in such a hurry on the subject; but that, after all, was no affair of ours, and we supposed either that he does not mean to stop here, or that he is so enthusiastic an admirer of falling water that he could not stifle his impatience.

Our first idea was to stay at home, for we had seen both King and fountains a good many times before. But we were assured that all the new comers would be there, and that we should be able to look at them in detail. So we went, though Amélie hesitated to the last moment, urging "*Ce n'est pas la place d'une Française.*"

The great terrace was absolutely filled with officers, many of them bearing royal or historic names; all of them in the splendour of bright uniforms, with decorations glittering in the sun; and with that special interest round them which always attaches to men who are fresh from deeds of valour with which the world has rung. Russell stood there with us telling us who they were, and though I didn't catch the hard German names he gave them, I never shall forget his animated description of their acts. "See that man in light-blue, with the yellow collar. He is colonel of dragoons. He led twelve hundred men at Gravelotte; he charged five times, and brought back two hundred. He was himself the only officer untouched. And look! that slight young fellow with the iron cross, there behind the Prince, he had seventeen wounds at Woerth; none of them were dangerous—and here he is again. Ah! there goes Count Seckendorff, a most charming fellow. He is aide-de-camp to the Princess Royal, who has lent him to her husband for the campaign; he was with the English army in Abyssinia. And here comes. . . ." "Monsieur Russell," interrupted Amélie; "*voici un soldat Français que j'ai l'honneur de vous présenter; je ne connais pas son nom, mais je vous jure qu'il a du se battre aussi bravement que tous ces horribles Prussiens.*" And Amélie, with deep emotion, held out her parasol towards a poor wounded Frenchman who was

leaning against a tree behind us, sadly looking on. Russell told Amélie she was right, that her patriotism was most natural, and that if it shocked her he wouldn't go on praising Prussian bravery. But Amélie was not offended, and to prove it she took Russell's arm, and went with him into the thick crowd. I followed with the children. Russell began again—"That little man in the blue frock-coat, with the buttons arranged by threes, is General Sheridan, the American; behind him is a tall man in plain clothes—that is Burnside. But who is Burnside talking to? By Jove! it is the great man himself—it's Bismarck! Look, Mademoiselle! Look, children! Look; there he is! That big man in the flat white cap with the yellow band, that's Bismarck."

This sudden announcement was what the Yankees call "an eye-opener" to us. Amélie stared with concentrated hate at the great Chancellor. I gazed with less abhorrence, but with equal interest. The children stood on tiptoe, and vainly tried to see him. We had all been thus at work for half a minute when Russell exclaimed again, "Here! this way; be quick. There, that thin, pale-faced man, with no moustache—he is now behind the Prince of Wurtemberg; that man that everybody is saluting—that's Moltke."

So we had them both, Bismarck and Moltke; the two men who really now control the destinies of France. They were a sight. Princes and royal dukes are well enough alone, and if we had had them one by one we should of course have contemplated them with all our might, as people contemplate princes. But Bismarck and Moltke were special objects. From that moment our eager eyes neglected all the others, and clung to those two men alone. We gazed at them alternately with a pertinacity which would have been impertinent enough if we had not been hidden in the thickness of that royal and noble mob. Then Russell was called away by the Duke of Coburg, and we were left free to pursue our chase. We followed Moltke and Bismarck through the parterres and the flower-gardens of the park, through the shady groves of mellow-leaved chestnut trees. We forgot the crowd; we were deaf to the plashing of the falling waters; we hurried to the corners to catch those two men as they passed; and we looked and looked till the show was over, and they were gone. The very children understood the gravity of the scene for France. For the Prussians it was a day of pleasure; for us it was a moment to mark in the journal of our lives. I don't think we shall forget it.

And now that we have had time to think it over, this is what we feel about them: The great Count is big, resolute, and sturdy; he

looks a man all over, and a rough man too. That is really all we thought of him ; if he had not been Bismarck, I don't think we should have remarked him in that brilliant crowd. But Moltke has a face which has produced on us an unforgettable impression : it is so marked with thought, so intensely full of deep reflection, its whole character is of such absorption in calculation, that I am sure I should have turned round to note him if I had met him in the Strand in a faded coat and dishevelled boots. Anywhere that face would assert its right to the involuntary respect which the impression of profound intelligence produces on us all. No one could pass Von Moltke without inquiring, " Who is that man ? "

We talked about him all through dinner, and I think I can best summarise our notion of him by saying that we all sincerely wished he was a Frenchman. France wants a Moltke.

Friday, Oct. 7.

Yesterday tired us a little, but at all events it woke us. Versailles seems almost alive again now that we have an object in our walks. The object is, of course, to look at Moltke and Bismarck. Their Royal master is by no means interesting ; we don't care about him. The Crown Prince is a most excellent fellow, of whom even the French people here speak well ; but he is a prince. He was born to his place, without any merit of his own ; accident alone has put him there, just as it might have made him a naked negro in Dahomey. Bismarck and Von Moltke have made themselves ; they were not born to the greatness they have achieved. All the more honour to them : they are worth looking at, like Cavour, Robert Peel, or Stephenson. Perhaps we shall leave off grumbling now, especially as to-day has been very fertile of emotions ; its events, coming on to those of yesterday, ought to keep us going for at least a week.

In the afternoon we saw a suggestive spectacle ; it wasn't very touching, for hardened hearts like ours, but at all events it was new and made us think. We were idling at the park gates, waiting for nothing, when a squadron of Uhlans passed us. At first we thought they were coming in from exercise, for nearly every man led another horse beside his own. But on looking at them closer we observed that they were all in heavy marching order, with their carbines and their lances and their bags of food, and that the led horses had their saddles and complete equipment. We opened our eyes as the truth dawned on us : they were coming in from action, and had severely suffered. What good shooting it must have been to knock over so many men without touching the horses ! The column was closed by six carts of wounded, with broken lances. These are the first

men we have seen return from evident fight, and most certainly they did not look encouraging. Those empty saddles were singularly significative, and made me advise my boy never to become a lancer, or indeed any kind of combatant.

But this was nothing compared to the shake-up we had this evening. We have been sighing for excitement ; we have had more than we wanted.

We were sitting round the fire about nine o'clock, in cosy indolence ; the children were beginning to think of going to bed. Suddenly the bell rang, we heard loud voices in the hall, the door opened violently, and a Prussian officer stalked roughly into the room with a billet, in due form, in my name, for himself and his servant. This sudden apparition startled us. I rose and bowed, and began, in French, to explain that I was in furnished lodgings, and was therefore free from billeting. The man, who was a coarse brute—belonging, I imagine, to some non-combatant service—growled out something in German (of which I don't know a word). I tried again in English ; then I attempted the few words I know of Spanish and Italian. None of it would do. So I relapsed to French, and, getting rather vexed, I tried to make him understand that I could not give him two beds, having only the exact number necessary for ourselves. The man sat down and shouted something, evidently intending to move no more. I dare say he was very tired and in cruel want of feeding ; I dare say he thought our fire looked comfortable, and guessed that supper could be quickly served and that our beds were soft. But whatever his intentions may have been I made up my mind I wouldn't have him. I got positive, and shouted "Nein" (I knew that meant "No"). He got violent, and banged his sabre on the floor and flourished his billet in my face, yelling menaces. The more I angrily repeated "Nein" the more he shrieked, and the more he looked as if he were going to assault us all. But though the children were shivering with wild terror, though they clung round me and sobbingly entreated me to give in, I held out obstinately against the invader. I told him furiously that I could not, should not, and would not lodge him. He jumped about, his chair in one hand and his billet in the other, his sabre clanking against the furniture, with an outpouring of screams of which I understood no more than he did what I was saying. I had a vague impression that he was threatening me with the vengeance of the whole German army, but my blood was up, and if the scene had lasted five minutes longer I fear we should have got to blows. Most luckily he gave in, and with howls of fury and blunderbuss banging of his lumpy fists against the wall he thundered out, and he and his sabre rolled

downstairs. As soon as he was gone and I began to think about it I felt that I had been very stupid, and that I had probably got myself into a nasty mess ; for, no matter what be your excuse, the refusal to receive a billet is in war time a grave offence, particularly with these punctilious Prussians. The rule is, as I well knew, to silently obey, give up your own bed, lie upon the floor yourself, and then go next morning to the Mairie for redress if you have redress to claim. I, however, had legislated for myself, had expelled my guest, and must take the consequences.

With difficulty we got the trembling, crying children to go to bed: they wanted to sit up and accompany me to prison, for they were quite convinced that a company, with spiked helmets, was forthwith coming to arrest me. Then I leaned uncomfortably out of window with Amélie, suspecting that the children might be right, and that, like Brown, Jones, and Robinson, I should soon see "a regiment coming down the street." We looked out nervously in the damp till past eleven, and risked catching frightful colds, but no regiment appeared. We had several false alarms, and each time a group of soldiers turned the corner Amélie murmured "*Les voici !*" but they did not come, and finally we went to bed with a presentiment that my imprisonment was only delayed till daylight.

Saturday, Oct. 8.

At eight o'clock this morning I was at the Mairie. Anxiously I asked for the billet office, and there I told my story of the night before, explaining that I was in furnished lodgings, had only been in Versailles a month, that under such conditions I was sure I was not bound to lodge Prussians in my children's beds, and that consequently I had declined to receive the billet (I used the word "declined," or rather its French equivalent, as the mildest verb I could employ in describing my savage refusal of last night). The clerks listened to me and laughed ; then they looked at the list of billeteable householders and laughed still more ; finally they looked at each other and laughed abundantly. This unexpected hilarity inspired me with courage, and I politely asked its cause. I learnt, to my stupefaction, that I had been denounced by my own landlady, who had gone to the Mairie, and said that no Prussians were lodged on me, and that it was unjust that I should be spared whilst all the apartments round were filled with soldiers. So a billet had evidently been made out in my name on the chance of my accepting it, though the clerks did not own to that. They told me, however, with continuous laughter, that I had done quite right. They probably have rare

occasions for gaiety now, so I in no way complained that I was the object of their amusement.

I went home in ten seconds, sent for the landlady, and called her so many names that further relations between us became impossible. Of course she denied the charge, but denial is no proof, and as she couldn't pretend it was the cat, as an English lodging-letter would have done, I told her we should leave the house at once. In an hour I found and hired a huge apartment in the Place Hoche, selecting the third floor so that the piano may be inaudible to passers-by. The rent is the same as at the other place, but I have stipulated that instead of paying it monthly it shall accumulate till we leave. This arrangement adds £8 a month to our fund for food. So we gain in every respect by the change: more room, more air, no Prussians, no rent, and music in discretion. As the children unpacked their dolls in their new rooms, they sang in chorus "Vive la joie, et les pommes de terre." As that phrase is considered to be an expression of the wildest gaiety, I concluded that they too were satisfied with our removal.

The house is a *maison meublée*, which in ordinary times brings in regularly about £60 a month: since August it has been empty; now we take one floor at half-price, and the other two floors are occupied by Prussians billeted on the unlet rooms. I can understand the appeal which the landlady made to me, "Oh, sir, at any price do try to find me tenants for my rooms; if I can but get inhabitants for them, I can turn out the Prussians; but so long as they remain unoccupied, I not only lose all rent, but have to feed these soldiers." I assured the good lady that I would do my best to help her, but where am I to find a tenant now for two big apartments in Versailles?

Sunday, Oct. 9.

It rains at last, after three weeks of sun. There will be no more dust, and those odious Prussians will have to ride about in mud. Now, why should I be glad to see them in the mud? What have I to gain by their being splashed? I am glad all the same, just like a spiteful child. My state of feeling is that I should like to throw countless Germans out of the window; the others of the family would, I am certain, stack bayonets underneath for them to fall upon. This is idiotic, but insanity of this kind appears to me to be a quite natural result of hostile occupation; and as I write this journal to note down our personal impressions and not to record events of war—of which indeed we hear almost nothing—I faithfully inscribe our follies, and our wild whims, however distempered they may be. I

notice that our ill-temper generally increases on a Sunday. This, again, is without excuse, for every day is Sunday with us now ; we are so idle that all days are alike. Our utter inoccupation is perhaps a partial explanation of our unhealthy rage.

It really is most worrying to be locked up in this way. We forget that we are under martial law ; we forget that we are fugitives from Paris ; we forget that France is beaten and in sorrow ; we forget the privileges of our position here ; we forget that we are in safety and well fed. We remember only that we are prisoners in Versailles, and that the enemy is our master ; so we growl and grumble, instead of singing thanksgiving as we ought to do. Such is human nature. I don't say our particular nature, but human nature generally ; and I have a right to say so, because the people round us are even more wild than we are. I take it that we are very moderate, and that our state of fury is but a gentle emotion compared to the intense madness of our neighbours. When it is all over, it will be a useful experiment to have made : we shall know what hostile occupation means, and what are its effects on the brain and the nervous system ; but while it lasts it is most gritty.

Monday, Oct. 10.

I have been confidentially informed to-day that in six days there is to be an awful battle outside Versailles, at which the army of the Loire is to integrally blot out the Germans. The whole thing is ruled off like music paper. The Prussians are to be surprised at breakfast (the French have learnt that trick from frequent application of it to themselves) ; they are to be crumpled up like curl papers, the French taking care that their bombs fall into the Réservoirs, so as not to hurt the Versaillais. The result is to be that at twenty minutes past four next Saturday the red trousers are to march in with 300,000 prisoners, the King riding backwards on a donkey, and Bismarck toiling after him in the mud, carrying his jack boots in his hands, because he will not have had time to put them on. The cooks and housemaids are all in the secret ; I suppose they have received secret despatches from Tours telling them to have beds and dinner ready for the new comers ; but the Prussians are so ill informed that they know nothing at all about it, and will be suddenly overwhelmed with astonishment and shells when the fatal moment comes.

A quiet day (everything is to be profoundly quiet until Saturday, so as to lull the Prussians into erroneous security) ; but at eleven at night, just as we were dropping peaceably to sleep, three thundering roars of cannon set all Versailles up startled in its bed. The noise was incredible ; the windows trembled in their frames. I rushed to

the children's rooms with the firm conviction that a night fight was coming off in the street. Ethel, our English servant, came trembling in her night gown, gasping out, "Please, sir, is it the army of the Lor?" There we stood and listened, but the minutes went by and we heard no more, and after an hour's waiting we all went back to bed—relieved, but puzzled.

Tuesday, Oct. 11.

Where was the firing last night? That question was in everybody's mouth this morning. Every one knew, but it so happened that there were at least twenty explanations of the three thundering shots, and that no two of them agreed. One man told me, whispering in my ear, and evidently convinced of what he said, that the King of Prussia had been blown up by his servants, just as he was dropping his slippers and lifting his august legs into bed. The three shots will go down to posterity amongst the mysteries of Versailles: future historians will class them with the black cabinet of Louvais and the Man with the Iron Mask.

This afternoon, as we were crossing the terrace before the château, we came upon an ambulance train removing a lot of wounded men to St. Cyr. Most of them were freshly amputated, and were said to have gangrene, but they lay calm and silent beneath the hoops which raised the bed-clothes above their bleeding stumps. We stood beside them and gave them water as they waited their turn in the open air to be lifted to the waggons. Their quietness was astonishing; it was only when the litter was taken up, and its bars placed upon the slides over which it was to be pushed into the waggon, that their mouths contracted and their eyes grew fixed with intensity of fear lest we should not push them straight and their stumps should come in contact with the wood. That, however, is impossible, for once in the slide the bed cannot get off it. I have, however, often wondered how it is that litter and man are not sometimes dropped altogether, especially outside, where the work of picking up the wounded must be done so fast.

As we went away we saw some fires at a distance in the park: having nothing on earth to do, of course we went to see what their motive was. We found they were burning mattresses from the hospital. I think that was the nastiest sight we have yet seen; the details are not repeatable.

Wednesday, Oct. 12.

Geneviève said to me this morning, "Papa, why do we never see a clean Bavarian?"

I was obliged to own that my study of nationalities in their relation

to dirt is not yet advanced enough to enable me to reply. Indeed, the question is profoundly difficult. I have often put it to myself and others, but have never been able to imagine or obtain a reasonable reply to it. The Prussians look relatively clean and smart; the Wurtemburgers are tidy, but not smart; the Baden men are fairly brushed; but the slovenly, lumbering filthiness of the Bavarians surpasses all comparison. If I had any money I would offer a prize for the best essay on the question, "Why are Bavarian soldiers so foul?"

The Prussians have set the post going at last. It has been closed since their arrival on the 19th of September. We shall not gain very much thereby, for, as letters will take about a fortnight to go to England, we shall have to wait a month for a reply, with the prospect of the mails being pillaged by free-shooters or marauders. Our chances by private messenger were as good as that. With France letters are still more difficult to exchange, in consequence of the suppression of all communications in the districts occupied, and the consequent necessity of sending round by Belgium or Switzerland. As for public news, we know a little of what passes by the newspapers a fortnight old, which we occasionally obtain from our friends, the special correspondents, who are kind enough to lend us the *Times*, the *Daily News*, and the *Indépendance Belge* whenever they receive them; that is to say, most irregularly. It is strange, but true, that we have grown almost accustomed to this separation from the world. I should have thought that no trial could be more annoying, with present habits of life, than to be cut off from knowledge of what is passing on the earth. But really we don't find it so. It is wonderful to discover how one can do without a hundred things which one thought were absolutely indispensable to existence. Our privations, it is true, are not acute, but still they are privations as the world understands the word, and we stand them with indifference. What we cannot endure, what exasperates us, is to be chained up here like bears in a hole, with nothing else but Prussians to look at. As for all the rest, as for all the consequences of poverty and isolation from the world, they are doing us real good, for they are giving us new habits of economy and self-restraint which I fervently hope we shall retain hereafter.

Thursday, Oct. 13.

The famine question is coming up again, at least the French are saying so. This time it takes a bigger form, for bread itself is said to be running short. It is a fact that not a loaf could be found in all Versailles this afternoon, for I went round the bakers' shops to see;

that, however, may have been an accident. As to real starvation, I don't admit its possibility; the Prussians can't let people die of hunger at their own head-quarters. I do, however, see that certain articles of daily use are running out. Salt and mustard have virtually disappeared; of sugar, there was none in the grocer's shops to-day; lucifer matches are fast vanishing; tea and coffee are scarce and dear; candles and lamp oil are yielding their last light. But I cannot doubt that Germany or Belgium will keep us going: everything will be very dear, of course, but that very fact will save us; directly prices rise the temptation to make a profit will induce others to supply us—that is the simplest law of trade. I am so convinced of this, that I do all I can to get people to believe that their fears are groundless, and that they will not really be exposed to anything worse than the choice between an augmentation of expense or the voluntary suppression of articles which have become too dear, just as we have left off butter because we can't afford it. Meat is still sufficiently abundant, and garden produce gets cheaper daily; vast cauliflowers can be bought for twopence; tomatoes cost a penny a dozen; superb pears go for a farthing each.

There has been no sound of fighting to-day. It may be because the wind has changed and drives the echoes the other way; it may be that we are so accustomed to ordinary cannonading that we have grown deaf to it.

Friday, Oct. 14.

Our conquerors have taken pity on our ignorance, and are good enough to publish a special newspaper for our instruction. The first number appeared to-day. As French newspapers are all French, so is this one all Prussian. Notwithstanding its hostile tone, every one has bought it, and every one has read it eagerly—abusing it, of course, afterwards, as a tissue of vile lies of which no one believes a word. It seems to me, however, that for people who believe French newspapers it ought not to be difficult to believe anything. A really great book might be written on the influence of French credulity on the result of this campaign of 1870. I am certain that the judgment of history will be that Prussia beat France because the French people would not believe they could possibly be beaten.

I overheard to-day a mournful conversation. The boy said to Madeleine, "Papa says he hasn't got any money, and that's why we have no puddings; but I think it's the Prussians who have told papa that they won't allow French children to eat pudding." Madeleine replied, "No, that can't be, because the Prussians would like us to make puddings, so that they might come in at dinner time and eat

them themselves ; so I'm sure they wouldn't forbid papa to have any." The wise Geneviève observed, " You ought to believe papa when he says we can't afford pies now ; and I know it's true, because I saw the money-box last week, and there was only twopence in it. It is evident that, with all the house to keep, papa can't pay for luxuries out of twopence ; and pies are luxuries—at least, I read so in a book." Boy rejoined, " Well, anyhow, I shall be very glad when these nasty Prussians go away, because then, at all events, we shall have something to eat with sugar in it." Poor little souls ! they suffer by the war in their small way. What would they have said if I had kept them inside Paris ?

The sparrows are better fed. The streets of Versailles are strewn with oats, rice, and other cereals—signs of the continual passage of forage and provisions for the troops. Sacks get worn and torn, and careless carters let the grain fall out, and then down come flights of birds, who feed and stuff themselves till they are as round as balls and can scarcely fly ten yards. They profit by the Prussian waste, which seems to me to be very great. I know a poor old fellow who is making five francs a day by selling the coffee sweepings which he gets every morning at the *rive droite* railway station, which the Prussians have converted into a grocery store. It appears that coffee, rice, and things of that sort are thrown about there with the most careless negligence. The rice and fine-grained articles cannot be saved, but the coffee berries are easily sifted from the sweepings, are washed by my old friend, and sold at half the grocer's price. He and the hotel-keepers are probably the only people in Versailles who profit by the war.

Saturday, Oct. 15.

Little miseries are beginning to crop up in our existence. The lamp won't burn because the oil is thick and the wicks are stale. My boots won't shine because blacking is replaced by some thick, greasy stuff, which the grocers make themselves and put into deceitful bottles. My shirt collars are always limp because there is no starch left, and the washerwomen have no stiffening agent except a paste extracted from the horse-chestnuts in the park. Cigars have disappeared ; that is a fearful fact, especially as my stock is wasting fast. All this is very natural, because, with the facilities of communication existing nowadays—before the war, I mean—it was needless for the shopkeepers to have large stocks of anything. A month has cleaned them out of all they had ; but I persist in thinking that we shall soon see supplies come in, and that these little wants will not develop into real hard trials, but will simply serve to make us see, by a few days' privation,

how absolutely we all depend on the regular daily working of the system of peaceful trade.

This afternoon we met the King, with an escort of lancers and hussars provided by the various regiments of his armies, two men from each. It was a pretty show. The hussars especially, as they trotted past, made a gallant picture, for there were nearly a dozen colours in this little troop. A boy cornet of the red Zeithan regiment rode in front of them as commander of the escort. He looked scarcely sixteen, but a plucky boy I am sure he is, unless his face tells lies. The children said he was a good boy, too, because he laughed to them cheerily as he passed, and dropped his sword-point with a gay salute. Even my little Madeleine, who is bitterly French, and confidently believes that every Prussian is a demon, was forced to admit that this boy might perhaps be an exception. I hope the youngster will carry his bright jacket home without a hole in it; it would be indeed a pity if he were free-shootered into eternity.

Our new lodging has one demerit: it is in the line of the Prussian funerals. Every afternoon at four or five o'clock seven or eight white coffins are carried past us from the palace to the cemetery. It is a gloomy sight.

Sunday, Oct. 16.

I am heartily glad I don't possess a carriage, for it must be vastly unsatisfactory to see one's vehicle forcibly appropriated by a Prussian officer, and driven by his soldier, to one's own complete exclusion. Almost every officer in Versailles—and there are at least five hundred of them—drives about at the expense of a despoiled Frenchman. Whether the equipages will be given back when peace is made I cannot say, but I doubt it much; for many of them came from far, and I don't think there is much chance of their going home again to people who live at Nancy, Thionville, or Châlons. The Versailles may possibly be more lucky, because they are on the spot, and can try to claim their own; but, meanwhile, not one of them can use his carriage, if he owns one, for the excellent reason that it is taken away from him. Every sort of conveyance is absorbed: from large landaus down to the tiniest chaises, from omnibuses to donkey baskets—nothing is neglected.

The Landwehr of the Guard came in to-day. As we were a shade calmer this morning, we went to see the show, though it rained a little. I mean that I took the children, for Amélie will go to no Prussian spectacle, her hatred for the foe is too intense; she talks of assassinating the King and Bismarck as a meritorious act, and I have the greatest difficulty in getting her to understand that it would not

be quite right. We might as well have stopped at home, and so escaped a useless wetting: there was nothing much to see. There were the King, the Prince, the Princes, the Dukes, and the rest of the Prussian Staff, the soldiers and the bands. But we have seen all that so often that our interest in it has grown limp. All we learnt was that the Landwehr men are big bearded fellows, who wear the shako and not the helmet. I recommended the children to store the fact up in their memories, as one of the elements of their education.

Monday, Oct. 17.

The children have to-day established an ambulance for their dolls. After a severe engagement between a one-legged German doll and a one-armed Paris *poupée* (they had been dismembered in previous battles), both were placed on linen stretchers rubbed with red pencil to look like blood-stains, and then were carried in cardboard waggons, marked with the red cross, to a hospital constructed of three foot-stools and a waiter. Then the gravest operations were performed on the two sufferers: amputations at the shoulder and the hip occurred every five minutes; heads were cut off and put on again with success. The hospital was properly supplied with basins, lint, and sponges, an old knife represented the operating instruments, and a bottle marked "Perchlorure of iron" was on a shelf, to stop any sudden hemorrhage. So much for example.

Versailles is getting full of beggars. Many of them are indeed legitimate objects of compassion, but others have evidently taken to the trade because it thrives. At a moment like this, however, it is difficult to choose one's beggars, for nearly everybody, ourselves included, is in want of some kind and to some degree. The Prussians, both officers and men, appear to give most liberally; I rarely see them refuse. Even the most impudent, thievish children, who have taken up regular beats, where their dirty, vicious faces are as well known as the wig of Louis Quatorze, earn a lively income from the open-handed Prussians. A kick and a curse would be the probable reply to such imps elsewhere or at other moments, but invasion enables them to prosper amazingly.

This afternoon I went into the French Ambulance Office, to see Horace Delaroche, the Chairman of the Committee. My boy was with me. In the hall were some litters stained all over with dried, blackened blood. The child began to jump upon the tight-strained canvas, using it as a leaping-board, utterly regardless of the signs of death and suffering beneath his feet. And yet he is a good, tender-hearted little fellow, and don't mean to be indifferent.

Tuesday, Oct. 18.

The waters played again to-day in honour of the Prince Royal's birthday. There was the usual accumulation of Hereditaries, but a new feature in the scene was the presence, for the first time, of a large number of young officers : I suppose they had been told to ride in from out-quarters to see the sight. Many of them seemed almost children, but despite their youth, and the natural temptation to vainglory which their position here holds out to them, I must say that most of them behaved with modesty. They were all in joyous humour, but there was very little impudence about them. As a mass they were distinguished-looking fellows, and the general absence of offensive cockiness added to the effect of their well-bred aspect. I particularly noted, as indeed I have often done already, that the greater part of them seem to avoid looking at women. There is very little of that pretentious insolence about them which is so general amongst the young officers of other countries I could name. I have seen singularly little leering at pretty faces, no peering under parasols, no swaggering when a petticoat goes by. The few ladies who have had the courage to remain in Versailles are probably less looked at now than ever they were in their lives before. The Prussians scarcely bestow a glance upon them. They seem as if they had come for nothing else but fighting, and want to get it done so that they may go home again to their own sweethearts.

Wednesday, Oct. 19.

This morning I went to see a friend, a Frenchman. I found him breakfasting with five Prussian officers, while seven soldiers were feeding in the kitchen. This, he told me, has been his lot for eleven days, and he has no idea how much longer it may last. His case is a very ordinary one ; all the houses here are proportionately supplied with Prussians. The mere lodging them is an atrocious nuisance, but the feeding them adds injury to insult, especially as they eat like famished sharks, and generally insist on having the best and most varied food. Many of the larger houses here must be spending three or four pounds a day in this most unfertile outlay ; the money is to come back to them some day—but, meanwhile, it has to be provided, and that at a moment when every one is husbanding every franc he has. My friend considers that he is most lucky, because his officers are reasonably polite and his soldiers not unreasonably dirty. What a worrying nuisance it must be ! Your house turned into a roadside inn, where dirty travellers come in without your leave, turn you out of bed, eat all you have, abuse you because

it is not better, and then pay you by a cheque at an indefinite date. Such is billeting!

Requisitions are not so directly felt. They are addressed to the Mairie; the town has of course to pay, but as it buys the requisitioned objects the burden on individuals is less immediate. The only exceptions to this rule have been carriages and horses, which have been laid hold of everywhere. The doctors only have been able to shelter their conveyances under the red cross. I know one man who, having learnt that his carriage would be seized next morning, took it all to pieces in the night, and hid it in the various cupboards of his house. There has also been a direct forage for blankets, six thousand having been "required" in an afternoon: the Mairie sent round to the inhabitants and got them. In the long run the cost of requisitions will of course come out in the form of increased taxation.

Thursday, Oct. 20.

A non-combatant gave me to-day a new idea of the object of this campaign. He said:—"Up to Sedan it was all real fighting: fighting for conquest, fighting for ambition; but since then the war has become a simple question of oats. You see, sir, we have about 150,000 horses to keep alive, and that bothers us. Man is an omnivorous creature: if he can't get one thing he can eat another; but horses are oativerous and nothing else; so oats we must somehow get. Now that obliges us to spread out, and spread we must and shall. People think we have gone to Orleans to fight the Army of the Loire. Delusion, sir. We went to Orleans for nothing else but oats, because we have requisitioned all the oats elsewhere. And so we shall and must go on till peace is made. Europe will think that we are wilfully conquering all France, and I don't deny that it will look extremely like it; but conquest is only a pretence; we want oats, not territory. Oats are now the key to all our movements. Whatever we do, wherever we go, whomever we thrash, don't think it is ambition—it will be oats, and nothing else. I have the honour to wish you a very good morning."

The children tell me they are counting the pairs of spectacles worn by the German soldiers. They say that, after three days' investigation, they have established the fact that, of every four men, one has sight magnifiers of some kind. I dare say this may be about the truth; it is the rate I should have guessed from what one sees about the streets. If so, the total of various eye-glasses worn by the million of invaders, non-combatants included, reaches about 250,000. Opticians must make money in Germany. Whenever half a dozen soldiers are

together at a barrack gate, driving cows to slaughter, cleaning cannon in the Place d'Armes, loading straw or hay, saluting officers (which is indisputably one of their principal occupations in Versailles), one or two of them have spectacles. My boy desires to know if they take them off when they begin to fight, for fear the glass should be broken by a shot and hurt their eyes.

Friday, Oct. 21.

Certainly we shall not forget to-day.

There was heavy firing all the morning. We frequently counted thirty or forty shots a minute, but we supposed that it was only hot outpost work.

Suddenly, at half-past one, we heard a crash of trumpets in the Place below us. We were at the windows in an instant, and saw the trumpeters run across to another corner, sound again, and then run farther on, sounding perpetually. Then we saw soldiers rushing furiously towards the barracks, while French Versailles poured tumultuously from all the houses into the streets.

What did it all mean?

In half a minute I was downstairs, and learnt from a dozen eager voices that the Prussians were surprised by a French attack. In two minutes more everybody had it that 200,000 men had come out of Paris and were in rapid and triumphant march our way. Despite the excitement which laid hold of me, I could not help laughing inwardly at the speed with which the ball of news had rolled. Those two minutes had sufficed to swell the first intelligence of a sortie, intelligence conveyed by nothing but the Prussian trumpets sounding the alarm, into the absolute conviction of a vast French victory. Would that it had been so!

I turned rapidly to the Place d'Armes. There I saw a scene which convinced me that something serious was up. Battalions of infantry were falling in as fast as men could run; staff officers, with grave faces, were galloping wildly in the avenues; artillery drivers were flogging their horses to get quickly to their pieces, and all this in the midst of a thick crowd of French, who looked and rubbed their hands and grinned, and said, "Enfin nous allons être débarrassés de ces monstres là." In ten minutes the first regiment was ready and started by the St. Cloud road; then another followed it; the artillery trotted after them, and we supposed that the whole garrison of Versailles was ordered off. That was not quite it. One battalion stopped behind, formed in line across the whole Place d'Armes. One battery of artillery also stopped; its six guns were unlimbered two and two, and pointed at the crowd in the direction of the other

great avenues, and the guns were ostentatiously loaded before our eyes. This was a direct suggestion to us to behave with calmness, under penalty of being immediately blown to atoms. Recognising the fact in all its clearness, I slewed out of range, leaving the line before the cannon for those who liked to stop there.

Meanwhile the roaring of the cannonade outside had grown intense, and we began to know, with seeming certainty, that the fight was about Garches and Ville d'Avray, some four miles from us in a straight line. The French all round me were choked with joy; they were all convinced that the Tricolour would be in here in one hour and that before that time was out we should hear the well-known *sonneries* of the French bugles announcing the rapid advent of our men. As it was perfectly on the cards that the Prussians might be beaten (though I was not so confident of it as my neighbours in the mob), I began to seriously compare the respective merits of the various cellars round our lodging, so as to be ready to lead the children into one if the fight rolled back into Versailles. Suddenly it flashed across my mind that Amélie and Marie had gone an hour before to a church a mile from where I was then standing, and in the direct line of probable attack. I ran the mile in seven minutes, which, considering my age and rheumatism, was a creditable performance. But I put myself out of breath for nothing. I found them both standing quietly on a high point of the road outside the church, with no idea of danger and evidently with no intention of going away. I shouted to them directly I caught sight of them, "Come back, come back; the battle may be here directly. We may have only just time to reach home in safety." But they replied, "Oh, there's no danger yet; we shall have plenty of time to run. See, there's another bomb; we have been looking at them for twenty minutes. We've counted ten that have burst above the trees. And there—that's a mitrailleuse, that grating cog-wheel sort of sound. Oh! please God, let the French have a victory!"

And positively they wouldn't come. I own that I didn't insist with violence, for I felt, as they did, a sort of charm about me. We couldn't see the battle, for it was hidden behind the woods, but we heard it, and we saw the smoke, and every now and then a shell burst high above the branches, marking the sky with that sudden, strange round cloud which is begotten by shells alone. Sometimes the roar grew louder, and then Amélie and Marie clapped their hands with joy, thinking that increasing sound was an indication that the French troops were advancing towards Versailles. I was stupefied at their ignorance of the peril that might come upon them

at any moment if the Prussians were driven in. But I waited all the same ; I didn't drag them home.

Five minutes after my arrival the King drove past us towards the battle, and then came the Prince and all his staff riding at a gallop. They were followed by a crowd of ambulance waggons, not going quite so fast. All this looked serious.

There we waited for an hour. At last I wouldn't have it any more, not because the danger seemed to grow—on the contrary, it evidently was diminishing—but because it was not right to leave the three younger children all alone at home. So back we went at half-past three with half a disposition to double the quantity of dinner, so as to be ready to entertain the hoped-for red trousers.

But the afternoon wore off and the night-clouds gathered, and the sound of cannon died away, and it grew dark ; and then we heard the gallop of many horses, and looking out, we saw it was the King and his lancer escort coming home again ; and we began to think it was a disappointment—and so it was.

Towards nine o'clock the low rumbling of slow heavy wheels drew us to the windows again. There came the wounded, a long procession. Then we went to bed and soundly slept : wounded don't keep us waking now, and battle doesn't either.

Saturday, Oct. 22.

Every one gasped for news this morning. Where exactly was the fight, and what were its results ? I rushed about the place vainly seeking for reliable information ; but it was not till twelve o'clock that we learnt the truth from one of our English friends who came to breakfast with us, and told us all about it. He knew because he was there.

As usual, the French had missed an opportunity, and had gone back to Paris after serious but useless fighting. This is all the more deplorable because the Prussians were thoroughly surprised for once, and by their own confession could not have resisted an attack in numbers. Clear proof of this was furnished by the fact that when they went off to the action the King and all the officers left their servants to pack up, expecting to be driven from Versailles before nightfall. What a sight it would have been ! Even if the French had been unable to hold the place they would have captured the King's baggage, and Count Bismarck's papers, and Von Moltke's plans, for certain am I that those six guns on the Place d'Armes would never have prevented the inhabitants of Versailles from upsetting half a dozen carts in the narrowest part of the Rue des Chantiers, which is the only real road out, and then there would have been no

exit, and the whole train would have been caught. What an immense result would thus have been obtained ! Twenty thousand men would have carried it with ease. Poor France ! is there to be no turning in this lane ?

This saddened us, and we didn't want more dispiriting. But in the afternoon the usual funeral was more than ever gloomy. Ten white sheeted coffins were carried past our windows. Some of their tenants were evidently officers, for a band marched with them for the first time, and the attendant troops numbered almost a battalion. As they came slowly on weird music swelled before them, for the horns were moaning wailingly that dreary dirge the Funeral March of Chopin, and the drums were rolling low and grim. As the ghastly procession passed on in the fading light I went down and joined it. A crowd of French walked with and after it. When we reached the cemetery it was almost night. There I vaguely saw a great gaping hole in the yellow soil, a hole already half filled up by previous burials, for the Prussians pile their dead to economise space and labour ; the ten white coffins were laid in it side by side ; the German chaplain said a prayer in a loud, ringing voice ; the French stood bare-headed in silent sympathy. Then the soldiers stooped, and each picked up a handful of the damp earth and threw it on the long white deal boxes, which we could dimly see in the pit below us ; each clod fell with a dull thud on the lid that hid a corpse. I threw my clod too, and went away with my heart in my throat, thinking musingly of my own dead, and of the wives of those we had laid there in the strange land. I was startled from my sad dreams by a rattling polka which the band suddenly struck up as the troops marched back to quarters.

Sunday, Oct. 23.

Our masters are growing nasty. The attitude of the Versaillais on Friday has evidently riled them, for this morning the following agreeable notice was posted on the walls :—

“I, Commandant of Versailles, decree : Considering that the town is in a state of siege, directly the alarm is sounded the inhabitants are to remain at home, and those that are out are to go home instantly. The troops have orders to shoot every person who disobeys.

“VON VOIGTS RHETZ,
“Commandant.”

And they will do it.

It would be a sight to see the people of this lounging town stampeding home, with needle-guns levelled at them from the corners of the streets ; but as we might be caught in the midst of it, and have to scamper for our lives, I must say I hope we shan't hear the alarm again.

I have been counting up my money, and find it even less abundant than my cigars. We live with marvellous economy, for our total outlay for nine people averages about fifteen shillings a day, everything included except rent and wages, which we leave to accumulate till we are free. But we brought so little money with us—partly because I hadn't any money in September, partly because I imagined, like plenty of other foolish people, that a month would see the end of it—that we shall soon be penniless. With this bright prospect before us I have written to-day to England to have money sent to us by post, a few pounds at a time, so as to reduce the risk of capture; but as it will take at least three weeks, if not a month, to get an answer, we expect to have to pawn our watches in the interval. Pawn indeed! that may be a luxury beyond our means, for probably the *mont de piété* is shut up. I must see, for if that fails us we must prepare to eat our boots, especially as the cook discovered yesterday that our stock of salted meat, on which we fondly counted for the days of dearth, has suddenly and inexplicably gone rotten. This awful bereavement may really put us in a mess. I am certainly a trifle anxious about our means of existence, but really we are learning so many useful lessons, and we are so infinitely glad to be here instead of being amongst the sufferers in Paris, that I think we shall bear lightly any moderate starvation which may come upon us, especially as I still am sanguine enough to suppose that if we do run absolutely dry some one will lend me a hundred francs. I can give security for the sum.


(*To be continued.*)

THE AUSTRALIAN RACE.

A RETROSPECT.

“The Wallaroos grope through the tufts of the grass,
And turn to their covers for fear ;
But he sits in the ashes, and lets them pass
Where the boomerang sleeps with the spear,
With nulla, the sling, and the spear.

“He sees, through the rent of the seething fogs,
The Corrobboree, warlike and grim,
And the lubra, who sat by the fire on the logs
To watch like a mourner for him,
Like a mother and mourner for him.”

XPLORATION, it is evident, is the precursor of a sure if not rapid extinction of native races ; and the present expatriation of the Australian blacks seems to indicate that towards the north-central portion only of the southern continent can any proper knowledge of native character be acquired before these people finally disappear, and a race peculiar to themselves be lost to the ethnological world.

The absence of any recorded or reliable traditional history connected with the native Australians, and the puzzling variety of dialects existing among the numerous tribes distributed throughout the interior, not only deny to the ethnologist the probability of a satisfactory solution of the question of their settlement, but resolve all attempts to trace their origin into a mere theory of conjecture.

The population of all the islands of the Pacific continental group is presumed to date from Oceanian migration, which has been laid down in the following order—Malayan, Protonesian, Papuan, Polynesian.

A well-known writer classes the inhabitants of the Archipelago into two great races, totally different in their physical aspect and in their moral character. He says :—“In the Malays we have the full extent of the Polynesian race (extending from Marianna to Easter Island, and from Hawaii to New Zealand), with no greater variety in the Malay language than is to be met with in European languages derived from the same source. The second race are distinguished by the usual Ethiopian features, and occupy *New Holland*, New Guinea,

New Caledonia, and the Figis. The physical conformation of the Papuan, and particularly the squareness of the head, distinguishes him from the African negro, and *authorises the supposition of his being indigenous to these countries.*"

The writer here quoted assumes the correctness of the proposition "that one island has supplied another with population based upon the principle of contiguity," and deduces therefrom that Torres Straits, being the narrowest portion of the ocean which separates Australia from New Guinea, constitutes a reason for deriving the Australian source from the Papuans.

It is difficult to define the extent of early occupancy, and to determine where this migration ceased on the continent, since there are physical evidences, as well as other indications of a strong character, which denote that Tasmania and Australia consisted formerly of an undivided *terra firma*.

The Papuans are clearly either from the Moluccas or an adjoining island, where the negro characteristics are shown to have been more strongly developed than those to be met with around the continent of New Holland; and although the Island of New Guinea, from its situation and importance, has enjoyed the advantages of certain civilising influences at a comparatively early period, it has nevertheless retained the strongest features of its settlement throughout a varied intermixture. In the natives of New Guinea we have almost generally the woolly head, sometimes frizzed, and occasionally in pipelike knots, the thick lips and squat noses, which indicate their negro connection, while their colour ranges from the sallow hue of the Sandwich Islander to the dark copper of the Bornese.

The face is suggestive of the Mongol type, being square and angular; and in many parts of the Island of New Guinea the obliquity of vision common to the Chinese is apparent. Recent investigations would seem to denote also that they are frequently distinguished by a Jewish cast of features; so that, instead of their presenting indications of a pure nation, as well as the distinctive type of a great race, there is abundant evidence to the contrary. Coming in all probability from one of the small western islands in the route from the North-west or the Moluccas (originally peopled from the Philippines), the Papuans are found to spread over a large area, and extend round the Caroline Islands. Blaxland states that the geographical boundary of the Papuans is coincident with the north-west monsoon, which is the present one, extending from the Equator to 10° or 15° north latitude, and in longitude from Sumatra to the Figi Islands, from which circumstance and their ignorance in navigation the inference is

that they have travelled from the West into the Pacific only so far as the prevailing winds allowed.

If Australia were an open country, accessible at the time of the settlement of New Guinea, it is more than probable the Papuans would have peopled it themselves ; the same facilities which enabled the natives of Sumatra and Java and other islands of the Eastern Archipelago to visit the islands of the North and North-eastern Continent, where evidence of antiquity exists—the Malay foundation being traceable throughout—also afforded the opportunity of crossing the coral reefs of Torres Straits, and examining the mainland of Terra Australis. It would be an unsound hypothesis which assumes either the entire omission of so large a continent, or a failure of occupation consequent upon the sterility and unpromising character of its coast approaches.

There is nothing about the Australians to identify them with any known race. Their resemblance to some of the tribes inhabiting the southernmost settlements of the Arafura Sea, and the proximate intermediate islands of Torres Straits, is doubtless a local one ; the aborigines of the great island, and of the group of settlements in close contiguity to the coast, being of coeval distribution.

While possessing the wide-spreading nose, receding forehead, and rapid eye of the African, the thin and muscular limbs of the Zulu, and the long silky hair of the Western Malay, with not a little of the latter's skill and daring—and to these types respectively the natives of North and North-west Australia approach nearer than to any other—they bear no further resemblance in their broad characteristics,* in their language or their weapons.

In many features of their superstitions they assimilate to the North American Indians, and to some of the tribes of the Pacific, strongly resembling the latter in their interments, and in the practice of piercing the septum of the nose.

In physical appearance the Australian is prepossessing. The eye is full and expressive, the head and body erect, and the chest well thrown forward. All the men have thick beards and hair. This is a distinctive feature, and is not shared generally by the Mongolian, Negro, Malay, or the natives of the Celebes, the latter of whom may be presumed to have enjoyed facilities for effecting an intermixture with the Australians.

I have met with native women whose hair, in spite of the abomin-

* The negro, for instance, has no love for war, a conflicting element with the Australians, who are always fighting.

able practices to which it is commonly subjected, was comparatively soft, the head being covered with a profusion of loose natural curls.

The instruments of warfare in general use by the two contiguous races vary no less than their respective customs, language, and physique. The most remarkable weapon of the Blackfellow is entirely unknown to the Papuan, whose *pièce de résistance* in fighting is the bow and arrow.

Although an advance towards civilisation is claimed for the Papuan, it is observable only where the natives have been susceptible of impressions in their early intercourse with the Malays and traders of Java, from whom a great many of their customs are copied, and more recently by contact with the Dutch, who have settlements on the different islands.

Here then, with a sufficient evidence to destroy Australian identity with the Papuans, we have the fact of entirely different races inhabiting the two large islands, and separated by a distance of only 140 miles. The facilities of intercourse, rendered at all times difficult by the dangers and intricacy of the "Straits," have been further lessened by the hostility of the Coast tribes, so that the trafficking with the native Australians and intermixture have been confined to those people, who, aided by a superior skill in navigation and also in the construction of their vessels, have enjoyed the advantage of the trade winds. Had the northern migration penetrated beyond those intermediate islands lying between Papua and Australia, there would have been ample indications of the connection in both races.

The Blackfellow has been credited with numerous "assignments," and the future lettered aboriginal of Australia who may desire to record the history of a people unique in the ethnological world—tracing through degenerate tribes the prestige of antiquity—will find abundant material to gratify the most extravagant aspirations. Sturt writes fairly :—"From what race they sprang it is difficult to determine, for there is not one of the great families into which the human race has been divided with which they may be properly classed." Strzelecki, who mixed among the tribes of the greatest diversity, says :—"In his physical appearance he does not exhibit any features by which his race could be classed or identified with any of the generally known divisions of mankind." Perhaps the most practical account is that given by Wilkes (American) in his exploring expedition, who says :—"They differ from any other race of men in features, complex habits, and language, their colour and features assimilate them to the African type, their long black silky hair has a resemblance to the Malays, their language approximates to the American Indians,

while there is much in their physical traits, manners, and customs to which no analogy can be traced in any other people ; their most striking distinction is the hair."

One well-known Professor, whose experience and attainments entitle his opinion to considerable respect, infers from recent discoveries a strong resemblance between the original inhabitants of a small European Cantonment and the Alforians.

The large extent of Australian coast land which offers itself to the seaboard of China, embracing without doubt the *locale* of the earlier aboriginal settlements, has been advanced in favour of the theory that the occupation of Australia, together with the principal settlements as far east as New Guinea, resulted from one common migration, the parent source being the Chinese Seas. It is well known, from the period of the earliest discovery by Europeans, that the Chinese, Malays, and Celebians visited the south-eastern islands of the Indian Ocean, and had their stations on the Australian coast, trading with the inhabitants, and conveying from thence cargoes of trepang, shells, &c. ; and we have strong indications of the Malay influence throughout the different parts of the Northern Continent pervading even some of the native customs. The only evidence presented in support of the above theory, however, is that afforded by the discovery recently of a tribe on the Balonne River, to the north-westward of the Upper Warrego, both sexes of which are entirely free from hair (the head being quite bald). In other respects they share the characteristics of the Mongolian.

The male specimen brought to Sydney was of a much inferior type of physical organisation to the well-known aboriginal, and contrasted unfavourably with the latter both in intelligence and activity. These people speak a different dialect to the neighbouring tribes, who hold no intercourse with them, regarding them in fact with a degree of superstitious awe. The discovery is quite an exceptional one. The expression of colour, a most important element of race, and which is uniform throughout the island, forbids the supposition of any great intermixture with a lighter type.

The nomadic existence and habits of the Australians have caused a union of diverse sections of the native race distributed over the continent, producing tribes speaking a different language, and presenting finer specimens of men. The north-east natives, for instance, are the most warlike and of superior physical power ; while the aboriginals on the north-west coast are the most ingenious, maintain a purer idiom, and, according to the latest explorations, are more readily susceptible of civilising influences. An immediate local

intermixture has invariably resulted in a degenerate descent, and these results have been painfully perceptible in the settled districts, where the worst influences of civilisation have wrought their effect on the physical character.

The north-west coast of Australia being the most accessible to the Island of Timor, and the fact of the latter being nearer the probable source of Oceanic settlement, favour the hypothesis that it was by these people the great island was first occupied. In the language there is about the same variety and intermixture of Malay, while we have an uninterrupted line of islands as stepping stones, almost direct to the Timor group, from the great Malayan source—Sumatra.

That no tradition of settlement exists amongst the Australians may be considered surprising, seeing that on the eastern and north-eastern coasts natives are found who evince a higher and more intelligent organisation, who are also in the possession of tastefully finished and skilfully constructed canoes, and who evidently enjoy hereditary laws and customs. Ancient weapons are known to have been used among them, and we have a knowledge of figures and sketches, some apparently of great age being outlined upon the rocks along the northern coast. Grey discovered several curious figures in caves, and the outline of a man's hand boldly defined on a rock in the Glenelg river, besides tombs of ancient appearance. There are also numerous native drawings and rude impressions of men and animals along the coast of the Gulf of Carpentaria, of Flinder's and Depuch's Islands, and near Sydney, all indicating native origin and settlement to be of a remote period. Further evidence in favour of the antiquity of the Australian race is afforded by recent discoveries made in Victoria, the latest of which is that of the bodies of three aborigines petrified into solid marble, the veins, muscles, &c., of which could be distinctly traced through what is now a *group of stone blocks*, perfectly sound and whole. They were found in a sitting posture near the surface, together with an ancient stone weapon, so that the present custom of burying the dead is thus shown to have been practised at least many centuries ago, for the situation of their deposit, and the condition in which they were found, preclude the idea of these remains having been buried otherwise than during the recent period of formation.

Had the inducements and facilities which have been limited to the present area of gold mining extended to the north-western and north-central districts, the earlier sources of native distribution, there is little doubt but that the colonists would have been in possession of tokens to which the present race are utter strangers, and

which would furnish additional and more conclusive evidence of a remote settlement.

Occasionally, traces of large kilns or mounds, composed of burnt clay, stones, and *débris*, are to be met with, overgrown with timber and nearly buried, on which they cooked their native repasts of wild animals; but neither these ancient cairns, nor the fossiliferous remains of aboriginals which have been exhumed at different periods, illumine the obscurity which surrounds the race of Australian blacks.

Recent explorations in tropical Australia following closely upon Burke's discoveries furnish abundant evidence of the pastoral resources of the northern continent, and the settlement of that territory has been determined upon.

It is not difficult to forecast the probable results of the introduction of a rude fringe of civilisation in the midst of a pure native population. A requiem has swept over the continent of the Blackfellow, and tribal rights and privileges from north to south will gradually succumb to that social law which is fast depleting the aboriginal stock of the American continent, and which will go far towards extinguishing the Maori.

Ere long these races will finally disappear, their very names will become historical, and traditions of them be the only record of the past.

P. ARIS EAGLE.



THE CLAIRVOYANT.

FROM THE GERMAN OF ZSCHOKKE.

CHAPTER I.

IT was on the 12th of September, 1771, that I crossed the Tagliamento, near Spilimbergo. I was rapidly approaching the German frontier, my native land, which I had not visited for many years. Nevertheless, my heart was most unaccountably depressed. It seemed as if some invisible power was seeking to drive me back; as if a voice within was repeating—"Return!" "Return!" Twice I actually stopped on the road, looked wistfully back towards Italy, and had almost determined to retrace my steps to Venice; yet, when I reflected, "What shall I do there?" "What means have I for living?" I once more bent my way towards the black range of mountains which rose in the mist and rain before me. I had but little money left, scarcely enough to reach Vienna, unless I begged by the way, or sold my watch, linen, or better clothes, which I carried in my knapsack. The chief part of my life had been spent in Italy for the purpose of studying painting and sculpture, and at length, in my twenty-seventh year, I had come to the conclusion that I was incapable of producing any great work. It is true my friends in Rome had frequently encouraged me; many of my works had occasionally been bought at a high price, though it afforded me very little comfort. For my own part, I could only look with contempt on performances with which I was far from satisfied. I fancied that I was deficient in execution, and ceased to call into life with pencil or chisel the images which I had conceived in my mind. The result was a feeling of utter despair. It was not that I wanted money, but the power of executing my own conceptions of art. I bewailed my lost time and my own deficiencies, so I resolved to return to Germany, where I had still a few friends left. I longed for solitude. I thought to be a village schoolmaster, or something of that sort, by way of punishing my daring ambition, which was ready to enter the lists with Raphael or the great Michael Angelo.

The wet weather, which had lasted several days, increased my discomfort, and greatly added to my depressed state of mind, and I

wished myself dead. A fresh shower of rain drove me to take shelter under a tree by the roadside ; and for a long time I continued sitting on a fragment of rock, sadly meditating over my ruined hopes and projects. I found myself in the midst of a wild mountain pass ; the rain was pouring down in torrents, and not far off a swollen stream foamed and roared amongst the rocks. "What will become of me?" I sighed to myself. I looked towards the torrent to see if it were deep enough for my purpose, in the event of throwing myself headlong into it. I felt vexed that I had not put an end to my sufferings in the Tagliamento. Suddenly an indescribable dread came over me—the dread of death. I shuddered at my previous resolutions ; I sprang instantly to my feet and ran off, notwithstanding the heavy rain, as if I would escape from myself. It was already evening, and rather dark.

I arrived at a large solitary house, not far from Venyone. The increasing darkness, the torrents of rain, my own weariness, all prompted me to enter the house, which bore a sign offering accommodation for man and beast. As I passed the threshold a violent fit of trembling came over me, similar to what I had felt when in the forest. I stopped under the doorway to draw back, but soon recovered myself. As soon as I had entered the public room of the inn I felt the warm breath of human life, and more relieved than I had been for many days. Doubtless all was the effect of bodily weakness. I was kindly welcomed by those within. I threw my knapsack on the table, and was shown into an adjoining room that I might exchange my wet clothes for dry ones. Whilst thus engaged I heard some one run upstairs and open the door of the room I had left, inquiring eagerly about me ; and whether I was going to pass the night in the house, if I had come on foot, carried a knapsack, had fair hair, and so forth. This person departed, and soon I heard another voice asking the same questions, with many other particulars. I could not tell what to make of it.

On re-entering the public room every eye was directed towards me ; I pretended not to notice it. Yet I was scarcely less curious to know why such particular inquiries had been made about myself. So I turned the conversation on the weather, then on travelling, and asked whether there were other strangers in the house. I was informed there was a family of distinction from Germany, consisting of an old gentleman, a very beautiful daughter in delicate health, an elderly lady of rank, a physician, two men servants, and two maids. The family had only arrived that day, having been detained partly by the bad weather and partly on account of the young lady's health.

I was also informed that the doctor, as well as the old gentleman, had come in great haste to make inquiries concerning myself. The landlord assured me that the family were well acquainted with me : I had only to go upstairs, where I should certainly meet some old friends, who had been long expecting me. I shook my head, in the full persuasion that there was some great mistake. I did not possess a single acquaintance of rank in the world, certainly not among the Germans, and I was confirmed in my belief by an old servant of the gentleman, who entered the room, placed himself by my side, and called in broken Italian for some wine. He was delighted, when I addressed him in German, to hear his mother tongue, and he began telling me all he knew about the family with whom he was then living. The gentleman was a Count von Mensdorff, who was taking his daughter to Italy for change of air. The more the old man drank, the more talkative he became. At first he appeared somewhat disturbed as he placed himself by my side, but seemed to breathe more freely over the second bottle. When I told him that I was going to Germany, he sighed deeply, looked upwards, and tears came into his eyes. "Would that I could go with you," he murmured to me ; "I can bear it no longer ; I believe a curse rests upon this family ; strange things come to pass. I dare not entrust the secret to any one, and if I did, sir, who would believe me ?"

Over the third bottle, old Sebald, for that was his name, allowed himself to speak quite freely. "Fellow countryman," said he, looking timidly around him—there was no one at that time in the room save ourselves, and we were seated by a couple of dimly lighted candles—"Fellow countryman, they can't make me quite blind to what is going on around. In our family there is abundance of wealth, yet a heavy curse withal ; the Evil Spirit is master. God be gracious to us. The Count is enormously rich, but he creeps about like a poor sinner, and is seldom heard to utter a word. The only lady, the Countess Clementina's companion, looks exactly like a bad conscience in perpetual fear. The Countess herself, it is true, looks and acts like an angel on earth, but I believe her father has married her to the very devil. Jesu Maria ! What was that ?"

The terrified Sebald started from his seat and turned deadly pale. It was, however, nothing but the storm raging without. As soon as I had succeeded in calming my companion, he proceeded—"It is no wonder one lives in such dread of death ; one of the household must very shortly die, as Katherine the maid told me. God be merciful to us ! Would that I could sometimes gain courage like Thomas, over a bottle of wine, for we want nothing in the way of eating,

drinking, or money—only a light heart; otherwise I should have been off long ago.”

It seemed to me as if Sebald had taken a glass too much, and was romancing.

“What makes you suppose,” I asked, “that one of you is about to die?”

“It is not a matter of supposition,” he replied, “but a thing only too certain. The Countess Clementina has so said, but nobody dares repeat it. Only a fortnight ago we heard the same story at Judenburg: the young Countess announced the approaching death of one of us; no one believed it, because we were all in good health, when, lo! as we were on our way here, Herr Müller, the Count’s private secretary, an amiable, excellent young man, fell down a precipice ten times deeper than the church tower. Jesu Maria! what a sight we beheld. Man and horse lay there dashed to pieces. When you pass through the village where he was buried, the people will tell you all about it. I can’t bear to think of his sad fate; and now the question arises, Whose turn will come next? But if this really happens I shall certainly give the Count warning, for there is something not right in all this. I value my own neck, and don’t choose to break it in the service of Old Nick.”

I smiled at his superstition; but he declared it was all quite true, and then whispered—“The Countess Clementina is possessed with a legion of evil spirits; a year ago she more than once ran round the roof of Mensdorff Castle, just as we do on level ground. She can foretell what is going to happen; frequently she falls into a trance, and sees the heavens opening. She can also look inside a person’s body. Dr. Walthen, who is a man entirely to be depended on, declares that she can not only look through people as if made of glass, but even through doors and stone walls. In her sober periods she is quite rational, but in her irrational moods, when *something else*—may God preserve us!—speaks by her mouth, then she rules us all. Ought we not to have kept during our journey to the public road? But no sooner did we leave Villach, than we were ordered to take the most wretched roads, and to travel with draught horses and mules over the most precipitous mountains. And why? Because it was her will. Had we only kept to the public road Herr Müller might have been enjoying his glass of wine with us to-day.”

The old man’s loquacity was interrupted by the entrance of the waiter, who brought in my frugal supper. Sebald promised to tell me of sundry other mysterious matters at the first opportunity, and then left the room. His place was taken by a little, thin, dark-featured

man, whom Sebald had addressed as "Doctor," by which I knew that I was in the presence of another member of this melancholy travelling party. The physician looked at me for some time in silence, as I was eating, and then proceeded to question me in French as to whence I came and whither I was going. When he heard I was a German he became less reserved, and conversed freely with me in our native language; and I soon learnt from him that the Count von Mensdorff, with his invalid daughter, was on his way to Venice.

"Why not," said the Doctor, "give us your company, as you have no precise aim or object before you? You know more of the Italian language than either of us, as also the country and customs, and the most healthy places—you might be of the greatest use to us. The Count would immediately appoint you as his secretary, in place of the one he has just lost; you would find it an agreeable mode of life—have your board and lodging found, with a salary of 600 gulden, to say nothing of the Count's well-known and boundless liberality."

I shook my head, and remarked that I was neither sufficiently acquainted with the Count, nor he with me. The physician then began to sing the Count's praises. I said in reply that it would be a difficult matter to say so much on my behalf to the Count.

"Oh! if that be all," cried he, hastily, "you are already recommended to him. Rely on that."

"Recommended! by whom?"

The Doctor seemed at a loss for words. At length he exclaimed, "Well, if it must be so, I may tell you that the Count would pay you 100 Louis d'or if you"—

"No," replied I at once; "I have never laboured for wealth, but only for the necessities of life; from my childhood I have always been independent, and though poor I will not barter my liberty at any price."

The physician appeared annoyed, though I really meant what I had just said. I did not wish to return to Italy, lest my passion for the arts should again gain the mastery over me. Then what I had already heard concerning the family, together with the Doctor's importunity, had made me somewhat suspicious, although I did not quite believe that the young Countess was possessed by a legion of evil spirits. When the Doctor saw that his arguments could not turn me from my purpose, he quitted the room, and left me alone with my reflections.

Unconsciously I began to reconsider my present position, and to contrast it with the luxurious life I should lead in the suite of a wealthy

Count. I played with the few remaining pieces of money in my pocket, which was all that I had left, yet the result of my meditation was simply this :—" Away from Italy, God's blessed world is before me ; I must be quite firm. Give me only peace of mind, the place of a village schoolmaster, and liberty. I must first reconcile myself to myself ; I have lost everything—the whole object of my life. Money can offer me no compensation."

My surprise, however, was considerably increased when, about ten minutes later, one of the Count's servants appeared, and entreated me, in his master's name, to pay him a visit in his own room. "What on earth can these people want of me?" I thought. However, I promised to go, for I began to feel a little curious, if not amused, by the adventure. I found the Count alone, walking rapidly up and down the room. He appeared a tall, fine-looking man, very dignified in appearance ; and his features, though melancholy in expression, were singularly handsome. He came forward at once, apologised for having sent for me, led me to a seat, told me all he had heard about me from the physician, and repeated the proposals already made to me, which I declined modestly, but firmly. He walked to the window in deep thought, then turned round, seated himself close beside me, took my hand in his, and thus addressed me :—" My dear friend, I appeal to your own heart : my eyes greatly deceive me if you are not an excellent man. I will be candid with you. Stay with me, I earnestly beseech you, for only two years, and you may rely on my eternal gratitude. You shall have everything you require ; and at the expiration of that time I will pay you the sum of 1,000 Louis d'or. You will thus have no cause to repent of the brief period spent in my service."

The Count spoke so kindly and so imploringly that the tone of his voice affected me more than the promise of such a large sum, which was amply sufficient to assure me of ease and independence for the future. I would have entered into the engagement at once if I had not been ashamed to show how easily, after all, I was influenced by paltry wealth, while at the same time I felt some suspicious misgivings regarding the brilliant offer made me.

"For such a sum, my Lord Count," I said, "you could command abilities infinitely superior to mine ; you don't know me." I then proceeded to explain to him what had hitherto been my course of life and my occupation, hoping thereby, without wounding his feelings, to put an end to his wishes and solicitations. "We must not part thus," he exclaimed, pressing my hand imploringly ; "we must not, for it is you alone I have been seeking. It is on your account (however astonished

you may be) that I have undertaken this long journey with my daughter ; on your account I chose this wretched road from Villach, that I might not miss you ; on your account alone I put up at this inn."

I stared at the speaker in utter amazement, and thought he was making himself merry at my expense, though his look rejected the idea as soon as it was formed. "How could you be looking for me," I answered, "when you did not know me? when no person knew which way I should go—when I myself did not know three days ago what road I should travel in order to enter Germany?"

"Is it not true," he continued, "that you were resting this afternoon in a forest? that you were sitting in a wild, solitary place, in a melancholy train of thought? that you were leaning on a fragment of rock under a large tree, watching attentively a foaming torrent from the mountains? that you ran away hastily in the rain? Tell me candidly—is not all this true?"

At these words my senses seemed quite bewildered. The Count saw my amazement, and said, "It is all right; you are the very man I am in search of." "But," exclaimed I, while a superstitious feeling of horror passed over me as I withdrew my hand from his grasp, "who has been watching me? Who told you all this?"

"My daughter," he replied; "my poor invalid child. I can easily believe that it seems most marvellous to you; but my dear unhappy daughter sees many more wonderful things when the fit comes on. Four weeks since she positively affirmed that it was solely by your means that her health could be entirely restored. Exactly as you now appear did my daughter describe you a month ago. It is only a fortnight since she declared that you were coming, sent by God himself, to meet us on the way. She urged us to set off without a moment's delay in search of you, and we did so. She directed us, by means of a compass, which road we must take. With the compass and a map of the country in the carriage, we travelled on, not knowing whither, like seamen on the ocean. At Villach she announced the nearest way to you, gave us the most minute details, and compelled us to strike off from the public road. This afternoon I was informed by my daughter of your proximity, and at the same time of the trifling incidents concerning yourself which I have just mentioned. Dr. Walthen, having made inquiries of the landlord directly after your arrival, assured me that you resembled exactly the person whom Clementina described a month ago, and of whom she has talked almost daily ever since. I am now equally convinced of the fact; and as the coincidence has been so remarkable, I don't doubt for a

moment but that you, and no one else, can save my child, and restore the lost happiness of my life."

The Count ceased speaking and anxiously awaited my reply. For some time I sat silent and irresolute ; so extraordinary a circumstance had never happened to me before. At length I said, "What you tell me, my Lord Count, is somewhat incomprehensible, for I am only a poor artist, and know nothing whatever of the science of medicine."

"There are many things in life," replied the Count, "which are incomprehensible, but not necessarily incredible, especially when we cannot deny their reality, and when the facts are manifest, the causes of which lie concealed from us. You are not a doctor, it is true. Do not, however, doubt but that the same power which revealed to my daughter your existence in the world, has appointed you to be the instrument of her recovery? In my youth I was a sceptic, scarcely believing in God at all, and now in my old age I can believe in the possibility of devilry, witchcraft, ghosts, or hobgoblins. From all this, dear friend, you will understand both my importunity and proposals. The first is pardonable in a father who lives in a constant state of anxiety for his only child ; the second are not too great for saving so valuable a life. I am well aware that all this must seem to you most strange and romantic ; but only remain with us, and you will witness still more extraordinary things. If you desire any employment besides the amusement of travelling, you have only to choose what you wish. I will ask no labour of you ; only remain to be my faithful companion and comforter. A sorrowful hour yet awaits me, which perhaps is near at hand. A member of our travelling party must shortly die a sudden, and if I rightly understand, a most unusual death—perhaps it may be myself. My child has foretold this, and it will certainly come to pass. I tremble when I think of the fatal moment, which with all my wealth I am unable to avert. I am indeed the most miserable of men."

He said a good deal more, and was affected even to tears. I felt strangely perplexed : all that I had heard excited at one moment my amazement, at another my natural incredulity. Frequently I was disposed to suspect the Count's sanity ; sometimes even my own. At length I decided on following this adventure to the end, let what would happen. It seemed unjust to regard the Count as a deceiver ; and I was unconnected with a single being in the world, nor indeed had I at the time any certain means of subsistence.

"I renounce your too generous offers, my Lord Count !" I exclaimed. "Give me only as much as I require to live upon, and I will

accompany you. It is sufficient for me if I am enabled to contribute to your happiness and your daughter's cure, although I cannot understand how it is to be accomplished. Human life is most valuable, and I shall feel proud if I am instrumental in saving a single one. But I release you from all promises you have made me. I will do nothing for gold. By that means I shall the better maintain my own independence. I will remain in your suite as long as I can be of any advantage to you, or as long as I find myself comfortable in your employ. If you will accept this proposal I am at your service ; and I beg you will introduce me to your sick daughter."

The Count's eyes sparkled with joy. He clasped me in his arms, murmuring "God be praised." After a while he said—"To-morrow you shall see my daughter—she is now gone to bed. I must prepare her for your presence here."

"Prepare her for my presence here?" I asked in amazement. "Did you not tell me a few minutes ago that she had announced my arrival and described my person?"

"Pardon me, my dear friend, I forgot to tell you one peculiar circumstance—my daughter is, as it were, a double person. What she hears, sees, knows, or utters in her clairvoyant state she is completely ignorant of when she comes to herself. In the interval between her trances she does not recollect the most trifling thing, and would herself doubt having said or done all we tell her she has, if she had not good reason to put faith in my words. In her hours of clairvoyance she remembers all that has previously passed in similar circumstances, and the same with what happens in her common and natural state. She has only seen and described you during her trances, but knows nothing otherwise about you, save what we have repeated to her of her own expressions : you are therefore entirely unknown to her. Let us, then, wait for one of her extraordinary moments, and I doubt not she will then remember you at once."

During a lengthened conversation with the Count, I learnt that his daughter some years before, even when a child, had shown a disposition to somnambulism. In this sleep-walking state she was wont, and without any subsequent recollection of so doing, to leave her bed with her eyes shut, dress herself, write letters to absent friends, play most difficult pieces of music on the piano, and to perform a hundred similar trifles with a dexterity which she neither possessed in her waking state, nor could afterwards acquire. The Count considered that what he sometimes called trance, at other times

clairvoyance, was nothing more than a higher degree of somnambulism, which had, however, brought his daughter to the brink of the grave.

It must have been late when I quitted the Count's apartment, and there was no one in the public room save old Sebald, who was engaged in taking his supper. "Sir," said he, "pray come and speak a little German with me again, that I may not altogether forget my noble mother tongue, which I should deeply regret to do. Have you not been talking with my lord the Count?"

"Yes, indeed I have. I am going with you to Italy, and shall form one of your party."

"Capital!" cried he with delight; "it always does me good to feel another German near me, for the Italians are a bad lot, as I have often been told. Well, now, you will like all our party, even the bewitched young Countess; and as you are going to be one of us, I can talk to you more unreservedly of these matters. The Count would be an excellent master if he could only laugh, but I do not think he even likes to see others laugh; everybody about him must look as if the Day of Judgment were come. The old lady would be good enough, but she is too fond of scolding if every one does not run at her beck and call. I believe she is going to Italy for the sake of its fine liqueurs; for, between ourselves, she dearly loves a glass of that kind. The young Countess would not be so much amiss, if she had not a whole host of devils within her, to say nothing of her excessive pride. Dr. Walthen would be the best of all if he only understood the way to exorcise the devil. And then my fellow-servant, Thomas"——

At that moment the landlord rushed into the room in the utmost alarm, crying out, "Help! help! the house is on fire." "Where is the fire?" shouted I. "In one of the rooms above. I saw the flames at the window from without." Off he ran, and soon the household appeared in the most noisy confusion. I was on the point of rushing out when Sebald clung to me with both hands, exclaiming, "Merciful Heaven! what is the matter again?" I told him in German to fetch some water, as a fire had broken out in the house. "Another piece of devilry," cried he, hastening away to the kitchen.

The people were hurrying to and fro without any one to direct them what to do. I was told that the room where the fire had been seen was locked, and instruments had been sent for to force the door. Sebald was at the top of the stairs with a pail of water as soon as I was; and when he saw the door, he immediately exclaimed, "That's the old lady's room." "Break it open," cried the Count in an agony

of terror ; “break it open at once. Madame von Montlin sleeps there ; she will be smothered.”

Just at that moment a man came with an axe, but it was not without difficulty that he at length succeeded in breaking open the strong-built oaken door. Every one pressed into the darkened apartment, but the only thing to be seen in the background was a yellowish blue flame playing on the floor, which, however, quickly went out, while a most dreadful smell pervaded the room. Sebald made the sign of the cross, and rushed downstairs, some of the servants following his example. The Count called for a light, which was quickly brought. I proceeded to open the window, while the Count's attention was directed to the bed, which he found empty and untouched ; nor was there any smoke to be seen. Close to the window the aroma was so potent that it turned me quite sick. The Count called Madame von Montlin by name, and when he approached me with the candle, I perceived at my feet—oh ! horrible to relate—a large black heap of ashes, and close by what I could not mistake, a human head ; and on the other side, three fingers with gold rings, and a female foot only partially consumed. “Merciful Heaven !” cried the Count, turning very pale, “what is that ?” He looked with horror at the miserable remains of a human form, noticed the fingers with the rings, rushed with a loud cry towards the Doctor, who just then entered the room, exclaiming, “Madame von Montlin is burnt to death, and yet there is no fire nor smoke ; how incomprehensible is all this !” He tottered back to the spot to convince himself of the horrible truth of what he had seen, then gave the candle to a bystander, folded his hands, and with fixed gaze and pale cheek quitted the room.

I stood rivetted to the spot by this most horrible catastrophe. All the occurrences of the day, together with the marvellous things I had heard, had so completely bewildered me that I contemplated almost without emotion the black heap of ashes—the charred remains of a human body lying at my feet.

The room was speedily filled with the servants of the inn. I heard their whisperings and their stealthy steps ; it appeared to me as though I were surrounded by spectres. The nursery tales of my childhood seemed to be realised. As soon as I could recover myself, I quitted the apartment, with the intention of going down to the public room. At that moment a side door opened, and a young lady in her night dress appeared, supported by two female attendants, each of whom carried a lighted candle. I stopped, quite dazzled by this new apparition ; never had I seen, either in reality or in art, such graceful dignity in figure, features, or demeanour. All the ghastly horrors of

the last few minutes were almost forgotten. I was lost in admiring wonder. The young beauty, on perceiving the crowd of servants, stood still, and said in German, in a most authoritative tone, "Turn out all that rabble." One of the Count's suite immediately bestirred himself to enforce her command, which he did with so much violence that he forced all, myself among the number, down the stairs.

"If fairies," thought I, "ever existed on earth, this is certainly one of them." In the room below Sebald was sitting, pale as death, with a bottle of wine beside him. "Did I not say so?" he cried, as soon as he saw me. "One of us, I told you, was about to die. The bewitched lady, or rather Satan in person, would have it so; and therefore one must needs break his neck, and another be burnt alive. I shall certainly be off to-morrow, or it may be the turn of my insignificant self. In Italy, I am told, the mountains spit fire. God forbid that I should go near one of them. I might be Moloch's first bit of roast meat, for I am too religious to please him; but yet there are moments when I am far from being a saint." I then told him about the young lady. "That was the Countess," he replied. "I suppose she wanted to regale herself with the smell of the burnt mess. But you must to-morrow fly from this accursed house, as I shall do. Your young life excites my sincerest pity." "Was it then indeed the Countess Clementina?" "Who else could it be? She is beautiful, to be sure, and therefore it is that the prince of the evil spirits has fallen in love with her; but"——

At this moment Sebald was called off to the Count; he reeled away, uttering a deep groan. The terrible event put the whole house in commotion. I sat still on a bench, scarce knowing what was going on around me. It was long after midnight when the landlord showed me into a small room, where I could enjoy some hours of rest and repose, which I so much needed.

CHAPTER II.

I SLEPT soundly till noon after the fatigues of the day, and on waking the events of yesterday came into my mind like the ravings of a wild dream. I could with difficulty persuade myself of its truth, and yet could scarcely doubt it. However, I soon viewed the affair in a more cheerful light. I no longer hesitated about keeping my engagement with the Count, and as my fate seemed so strange I resigned myself to it with eager curiosity. For what had I in Germany to lose? What did I hazard by entering the Count's service? especially as I could leave at any moment when it became disagreeable to me.

On entering the public room of the inn I found it full of magistrates, police officers, Capuchin monks, and peasants from the neighbouring villages, who had come from some motive or other. No one doubted but that the death of the ill-fated lady was the work of the Devil. The Count had already caused the remains to be buried by his own servants, but the whole house, by the direction of the monks, had to be exorcised and purified of all evil spirits. That was a most expensive job. There was some talk of our being arrested and carried before the judge of the district, but it was a dispute whether we should be taken before the secular or ecclesiastical authorities—the majority of voices named the Archbishop of Udine.

The Count, ignorant of the Italian language, was rejoiced to see me. In vain had he been endeavouring by the offer of a large sum of money to prevent further proceedings, and now he entreated me to settle the affair with the people. I put myself at once into communication with the monks and the magistrates, explaining that I had as little connection with the strangers as they themselves, and pointing out that this unfortunate affair of the fire had arisen either from natural causes, of which the Count was entirely innocent, and that they would bring trouble upon themselves by arresting one of his rank; on the other hand, he must have entered into a compact with the Devil, in which case it would be in his power to do great injury to their monastery and town. The best course, I suggested, would be to take the Count's money and to let him go, as they had no responsibility, would then have nothing to fear from his revenge, and would be gainers in every way. This at once decided them. The money was paid down. We speedily mounted our horses and quitted the place.

The Countess with her attendants had preceded us by some hours; one servant alone remained behind with the Count, who naturally began to speak of the dreadful event of the night. He told me that his daughter had been greatly agitated by it, had suffered several hours from convulsions, and then had fallen into a deep sleep, from which she had awoke in a very composed state, though most anxious to leave the ill-omened house without delay.

It was to prepare me for my future position that the Count added: "There is much that I must overlook in my poor sick child; she has an indomitable self-will; every contradiction in her extraordinary state makes her angry, and even a very slight annoyance is sufficient to cause her days of suffering. I have spoken to her of your arrival, but she heard it with great indifference. I asked if I might introduce you. Her answer was, 'Do you deem me so curious? it will be time

enough when we reach Venice.' Nevertheless, I think we shall have opportunities enough by the way. Do not, dear friend, suffer my daughter's caprices to annoy you ; she is a poor invalid, whom we must treat with forbearance if we would not hasten her death. She is my all, my sole joy on earth. The loss of Madame von Montlin does not appear to affect her much, for lately she has taken a dislike to her, for what reason I know not, perhaps on account of her inclination to indulge in strong drink. Dr. Walthen declares that this unfortunate habit was the real cause of her taking fire, though otherwise she was an excellent woman, and much attached to me and my daughter. Dr. Walthen has mentioned several instances known to him of spontaneous combustion, by which means the body becomes in a few minutes reduced to ashes. He explained the circumstance in a very natural way, stating that it occurs in the case of those whose flesh and bones are thoroughly saturated with alcohol, the natural result of being too much addicted to strong drink, though I am unable to comprehend it in the least."

Such was the subject of our conversation until we reached Venice. For the young Countess, notwithstanding her weakness, had decided that she must take long journeys every day, only stopping as long as rest and night absolutely required. I had not yet been introduced to her, and although I always kept at a respectful distance, my appearance did not seem to please her. She was carried in a litter ; the Count travelled in his own private carriage ; the Doctor and I rode on horseback.

One morning the Countess saw me as she was on the point of getting into her litter, and said to Dr. Walthen, "Who is that man perpetually trotting close behind me? He is a most odious fellow ; send him away directly." "Madame," said the Doctor, "you wished for him ; the journey was undertaken on his account. Regard him as the medicine which you yourself have prescribed." "Like other medicine, he is very disgusting."

I was near enough to hear this flattering speech respecting myself, and cannot say how I looked on the occasion ; yet I recollect being very angry at its rudeness. And, indeed, if it had not been for the Count's exceeding kindness, I should have left the capricious lady in the lurch. I will not say that I was very handsome, but I knew that I was anything but disagreeable to the gentler sex ; but now to feel that I was endured only as disgusting medicine was rather trying to the vanity of a young man.

Meanwhile matters remained much the same. The Countess reached Venice without any particular misadventure. A magnificent

palazzo was hired. I had my own room, and an attendant to wait upon me. The Count lived in great style, and had many friends amongst the Venetian nobility.

It might have been about four days after our arrival that I was called in great haste to the Count, who addressed me on entering with great cordiality. "My daughter," said he, "has just asked for you. Not a single day passes without her ordinary fits; but not until now has she shown herself anxious for your presence. Come with me to her room; but tread very softly, as loud noises produce dangerous convulsions." "But," I asked, with a secret feeling of dread, "what do you want me to do?" "Who can tell? God will direct."

We entered a large apartment hung with green silk tapestry. The two waiting maids were leaning by the window in anxious silence; the Doctor sat on a sofa watching the invalid, who was standing in the middle of the room with her eyes shut. One of her beautiful arms was hanging down, the other was half raised—perfectly stiff, like a statue. The slight heaving of her bosom was the only sign of life. The death-like stillness which reigned around, added to the exquisite form of Clementina, filled me with an indescribable feeling of awe. No sooner had I entered than the Countess exclaimed, in a voice of extreme sweetness, without opening her eyes or changing her position, "At length you are come! Why do you remain at such a distance? Oh, come nearer and bless her, that her sufferings may cease." Probably I looked foolish at this tender speech, not knowing exactly whether it was addressed to me or not. The Count beckoned me to approach nearer, and signalled to me to make the sign of the cross as the priest does, and to lay my hands on her as if to bless her. I advanced towards her, raised my hands above her lovely head, but my feelings of awe prevented me from touching her. I let my hands slowly sink, when the Countess's face seemed to betray displeasure. I once more raised my hands, and held them stretched out towards her, uncertain how to begin. Her features immediately brightened, and I was induced to remain in that position. My perplexity, however, was greatly increased by the Countess saying, "Emmanuel, you have as yet no will to offer her aid. Oh, grant but your will! You are all-powerful; your will can accomplish anything." "Fair lady," said I, "doubt anything rather than my will to aid you"—which I said with the utmost sincerity, for had she then have required me to jump into the sea for her sake I would gladly have done so. I could almost fancy I was standing before some divinity; the delicate symmetry of every limb, the majestic beauty of her figure, the face

which appeared to belong to some superior being, gave me an idea of another state of existence. Never had I seen loveliness and dignity so united. Clementina's face, of which I had only had a momentary view before, and which seemed always pale and melancholy and marked with suffering, was now quite different. A delicate blush illuminated her countenance like a rose-coloured reflection, a beaming radiance pervaded every feature which neither nature nor art under ordinary circumstances can bestow. The general expression was that of a solemn smile, or rather a look of ecstasy. No painter in his happiest moments ever depicted such an appearance. Let the reader imagine the statue-like posture, the marble stillness of the features, the eyes closed as in sleep. I experienced a feeling of awe mixed with delight such as I had never before felt. "Oh! Emmanuel," she exclaimed, "now you have indeed an earnest will; now she knows that she will recover by your means. Your hair sparkles with golden beams; silver streams of light dart from your fingers; the air around is like the blue ether of heaven. Oh, how easily does her whole being absorb this brightness, this glorious healing flood of light."

In the midst of this poetic address I could not help recalling to mind "the medicine," to which I had been compared a few days before, and I secretly regretted being unable to see the gold and silver beams. "Do not be angry with her in thought," said she; "do not be angry with a poor weak girl, or with her disordered fancies, because she compared you to bitter medicine. Be more generous than a foolish woman who is affected by her sufferings, and often brought to the verge of madness by her ailments."

The Doctor smiled; I looked at him, but my gestures expressed astonishment, not that the proud beauty had apologised, but that she appeared to know my thoughts. "Oh! let not your attention be diverted, Emmanuel," said she; "you are talking to the Doctor. Direct your thoughts exclusively to her and to her cure. It pains her when your attention is called away, even for a moment; only continue earnestly desirous of exerting your beneficent will, that its light may be diffused over her half extinct existence. Mark its power; the stiffened fibres relax and yield like hoar-frost before the beams of the sun."

While she thus spake, her arm sank down: life and motion were restored to her form. She asked for an armchair; the Doctor brought one with rich embroidered green silk cushions. "Not that," she cried; "bring me the armchair, covered with striped chintz, which is in Emmanuel's room before his writing table; let her have that for

the future." I had actually left the chair standing before my writing table only just before ; the Countess had never been in my room. As I gave a servant the key, Clementina said, "Is that, then, the key? I do not recognise the dark stain : you have another key in the left pocket of your waistcoat ; take it out." I did so ; the first one was the key of my cupboard.

As soon as the armchair was brought, she seated herself in it, seemingly with great delight. She ordered me to stand close before her with both hands stretched out towards her, the tips of my fingers directed towards her heart. "Oh ! what rapture can be attained," she cried. "Emmanuel, promise her, she adjures you, do not forsake her till her disorganised frame is restored to health ; should you forsake her, she must perish miserably. Her life depends entirely on you." I promised, with pride and delight, to be the guardian angel of so valuable a life. "Take no notice," she continued, "if she does not recognise you in her waking moments ; forgive her, for she is a miserable creature, and knows not what she does. Sin itself is a disease of the mortal body, which paralyses the powers of the immortal spirit."

She became talkative ; and far from being angry with my questions, she appeared to listen to them with pleasure. I expressed my great surprise at the extraordinary nature of her illness. Never had I heard that a malady could make a human creature as it were super-human, so that objects unseen and distant could be discerned though the eyes were closed, and the person conscious of another's thoughts. After a minute's silence, she said—"Her state is like that of a dying person whose frame is crumbling to pieces ; it is as she will be when her heart ceases to beat, and the body, that earthly lamp of the eternal light, is broken to shivers."

"Your state," said I, "is one which I cannot understand."

"Not understand, Emmanuel ! But you shall hear all. There are many things which she knows and yet cannot express ; many things which she sees clearly, others dimly, and yet she cannot describe them. The body is but the shell of the immortal part, and that is the same as the soul. Now this earthly shell is, as it were, broken in the patient, therefore her ethereal part escapes, her soul comes in contact with objects from which she was separated while the bodily shell was in a healthy state, and she hears and sees and feels not only beyond the body, but within it. For it is not the body which feels—that is only the insensible case of the soul, without which eyes, ears, and tongue are like stones ; and now if this earthly shell cannot be restored by your means, Emmanuel, she must utterly perish ; she will

no longer belong to mankind, because she possesses nothing human which she can impart."

After this she became silent ; I listened as though she was uttering revelations from another world. I could not clearly understand what she said, and yet I had a vague notion of her meaning. Both her father and the Doctor listened with equal astonishment, and subsequently assured me that Clementina had never conversed so cheerfully, so consecutively, or, as it were, so supernaturally, as now. Sometimes it had been only in broken sentences and generally accompanied with much pain ; often had she suffered dreadful convulsions, or lain for many hours in a state of stupor ; and it was very seldom that she had replied to questions put to her. The conversation did not seem to cause fatigue. I mentioned her weak state, and asked whether long talk did not exhaust her strength. She assured me it did not at all. "She is very comfortable," was her reply ; "she is always so when you are near her. In seven minutes, however, she will awake. She will pass a quiet night, but to-morrow afternoon at three o'clock her sleep will return ; then be sure to return, Emmanuel. At five minutes before three her convulsions will come on ; you must then stretch out your hand towards her with the sincere and earnest desire to cure her mind. At five minutes before three by the time of the clock in your room, not by your own watch, which is three minutes slow. Set your watch by the clock that she may not suffer in consequence." She also spoke of other less important matters—ordered what was to be given her to drink on awaking, what for supper, and so forth ; and then became perfectly silent. The previous death-like stillness pervaded the apartment ; gradually her face became paler and paler, just as in her ordinary state ; the animation of her features passed away. At first she seemed desirous of sleeping—her rigid position changed, she sank down in her chair in a languid attitude, and nodded her head as persons do when asleep. Afterwards she began to stretch out her limbs and yawned ; then rubbed her eyes, opened them, and became almost all at once awake and alive to what was passing around her, as she had herself foretold. As soon as she perceived me she seemed perfectly annoyed, and looked around on the others who were present. Her maid, with the Count and Dr. Walthen, hastened to her side. "What means this, pray ?" she suddenly asked in a harsh tone of voice. "I only attend your ladyship's orders," I replied. "I am obliged to you for your good intentions, but allow me to say I wish to be alone." Saying which in rather a peevish manner, she gave a supercilious bow, rose from her seat, and turned her back upon me.

I quitted the room with a curious mixture of opposite feelings. What a vast difference was there between the sleeping and waking Clementina ! Gone were my gold and silver beams—gone her tone of affectionate confidence, which had so deeply penetrated my inmost soul—gone was the precious name of Emmanuel with which she had endowed me. All was changed in a moment ! I shook my head as I regained my own room, like a man who has been reading a fairy tale, and been so engrossed by it that he looks on sober reality as enchantment. The armchair stood no longer before my writing table. I placed another there, wrote off the marvellous account of what I had witnessed, and as much as I could recollect of Clementina's talk ; for I was afraid I should not give credit to it myself if I did not at once put it down in black and white. I had promised to pardon all the bitter expressions to which she might give utterance in her waking intervals, and readily did I keep that promise—but that she should be so lovely ! that was what I could not see with indifference.

On the following day the Count paid me a visit in my own room, and told me that Clementina had passed a very quiet night, and was stronger and more refreshed than she had been for a long time. He said :—"This morning at breakfast I told her all that happened yesterday. She shook her head, and would not believe me ; said she must have been out of her senses, and began to cry. I endeavoured to comfort her by assuring her that it would conduce to her perfect recovery ; for it cannot be denied, dear friend, that you must possess some wonderful powers, given by God Himself, and of which perhaps you have hitherto been ignorant. I begged her to admit you occasionally into her society, during her waking hours—for I promise myself much from your proximity ; but I could not prevail on her so to do. She assures me that she feels an invincible aversion towards you ; only by degrees would she be able to accustom herself to your presence. What can be done ? To constrain her would be to endanger her life."

Such was the tenor of his conversation, in which he endeavoured to exculpate Clementina ; and, by way of offering me some compensation for his daughter's aversion and pride, he gave me most touching proofs of his own confidence ; entered into particulars respecting his family concerns, his estates and lawsuits, and other unpleasant circumstances ; asked my advice, and promised to show me his papers in order that I might form a correct judgment of his affairs, all of which he did that same day. Thus initiated into his most secret concerns, I became daily more and more intimate with

him, and his friendship for me seemed to increase in proportion to his daughter's dislike. He handed over his correspondence to me. I had the management of his income, the direction of his household ; so that I soon became his confidential agent. He had unlimited confidence in me, being fully persuaded of my honesty and good will towards him ; and the only thing which seemed to trouble him was that I desired nothing for myself beyond what was absolutely necessary, and that I firmly declined the many presents which he was anxious to bestow. The Doctor and the servants of the household soon remarked the extraordinary influence which I had so rapidly and unexpectedly gained. They overwhelmed me with their politeness and flattery. And although I was gratified by this universal good feeling towards myself, I would most willingly have renounced it all if I could have obtained thereby some little forbearance from the scornful Clementina. She, however, remained inflexible, and her dislike of me seemed to wax stronger and stronger. She warned her father against me as a crafty adventurer and an impostor. She always spoke of me to her attendants as "the vagabond" who had wormed himself into her father's confidence ; and the Count was in such a state of anxiety that he could scarcely dare to think of me in her presence. But I must not forestall my story and the course of events.

My watch was duly regulated as Clementina had directed, and I found there was just three minutes' difference between it and the clock. Exactly at five minutes before three in the afternoon I entered her apartment unannounced. There were the same persons present as on the preceding day. She was sitting on a sofa with that grace peculiar to herself, pale, thoughtful, and apparently in pain. As soon as she was conscious of my presence she gave me a look of proud, indignant contempt, rose from her seat, and hastily exclaimed, "Who gave that man leave to enter my presence uncalled for, and in this abrupt manner?"

A violent scream and fearful convulsions prevented her from saying more, as she sank into the arms of her female attendants. The easy chair which she had desired the previous day was brought forward, and she had scarcely been placed in it when she began to beat her body and head in the most frightful manner, and with amazing rapidity. I could scarcely bear to witness so painful a scene. In great agitation of manner I resumed the position which she had prescribed the day before, directing the finger points of both hands towards her ; but she seized my hands with violence, and, while her eyes were distorted with convulsions, she herself repeatedly pointed

my fingers towards her heart. I stood still in that attitude. She became more composed, closed her eyes, and seemed to be falling asleep, after drawing one long, deep sigh. Her countenance showed signs of pain. Once or twice she moaned heavily; but soon her pain seemed relieved, and she twice gave a gentle sigh. Her features became more cheerful, and soon manifested the former expression of internal happiness, while a soft colour superseded the paleness of her face. After some minutes she said, "My kind friend, what would have become of her without you?" She uttered these few words in a tone of solemn tenderness, such as that with which we may suppose heavenly beings greet one another. Her voice thrilled through my whole frame. "Are you comfortable, Countess?" I asked in a low voice, for I was still afraid she would order me away.

"Yes, oh, yes, Emmanuel," replied she, "as comfortable as I was yesterday, and indeed far more so; for it seems as if your will to afford her aid was more earnest, and your power to do so is thereby increased. She breathes, she moves in an atmosphere of radiance, and her whole form is absorbed by the all-pervading influence of yours. Oh! would that this could last for ever!"

Such language to the prosaic listeners must have been very incomprehensible, yet to me it was no way disagreeable. I only lamented that Clementina did not mean me, but a certain Emmanuel, and most probably deceived herself; yet it afforded me some consolation to learn subsequently from the Count that to the best of his knowledge there had never been anyone among all her relations and acquaintances who bore the name of Emmanuel. When her father addressed her she did not hear him, for she would interrupt him to speak to me; but when he approached nearer and stood close to me, she would take more notice of him. "What, my dear father! are you there too?" she said, and then she replied also to his questions. When I asked her why she had not attended to him before she replied—"He was in the dark; there is no light but in your immediate vicinity; and you shine likewise, my dear father, but fainter than Emmanuel, and your light is only the reflection of his." When I told her that there were other persons in the room she was silent for a considerable time, and then named them all, as well as the places where they were standing; and notwithstanding her eyes were shut, yet she was able most accurately to describe all that passed behind her. She even mentioned the number of persons who were just then passing the palace in a gondola on the canal, and never did she make the slightest mistake.

"How is it possible," I once said to her, "that you can know that? You cannot see."

"Did she not assure you yesterday that she was ill?—that it is not the body which perceives the things of the external world, but the soul? Flesh and blood and all the framework of bone and muscle are nothing more than the shell which encloses the noble kernel inside; but this shell is broken, and the great effort of her life is to supply what is wanting—but this without assistance she cannot do. Then her spirit summons you to her aid, and her ethereal part being freed from the body, seeks you throughout the vast universe, and finding you, revels in the fulness of your energy. When she wakes to earthly life she hears and sees and feels the outer world and surrounding objects more rapidly and more vividly, but only them.' She afterwards spoke of her own illness, of her former somnambulism, of a long swoon in which she had once lain, and of all that had passed in her own mind and what she thought, whilst those around her lamented her death. The Count listened to her with the greatest amazement, for besides many circumstances of which he was entirely ignorant, she touched on others which had occurred during her long swoon of ten hours of which no one but himself could have been cognisant. For example, how, when he had lost all hope of her recovery, he had quitted her room for his own, and had fallen down on his knees and prayed in an agony of despair. This he had never mentioned to any one; no person could have seen him, for he had not only bolted the door, but it had occurred at night when all was dark, and there was no light in his room; but now that Clementina spoke of it, he did not deny it. It was utterly incomprehensible how she could have been aware of it in her swoon; still more so that she should now remember it, as this event had happened in Clementina's childhood, when she was not more than eight years old at the time.

Another remarkable thing may be mentioned—she always spoke of herself in the third person, as of a stranger, both when she gave the incidents of her life, and when she mentioned herself in respect to her social position. Once she expressly said, "I am not a Countess, but *she* is;" and on another occasion, "I am not the Count von Mensdorff's daughter, but *she* is."

As her whole appearance during her hours of clairvoyance was more ethereal, more beautiful, and more composed than on ordinary occasions, so did her language also correspond to her exterior; it was as clear and easy, but yet far more solemn than in ordinary life; her expressions were more choice, at times quite poetic. It was owing partly to this, and partly to her lofty powers of description, partly to her speaking of things of which we know nothing, or


regarding others in a peculiar point of view, which caused not unfrequently a singular obscurity in her language, and often an apparent inconsistency.

At length her trance came to an end ; as on the preceding day, she again foretold the precise time of her awaking, as also of the return of a similar visitation on the following day ; and the moment she opened her eyes, she dismissed me with an angry look, as she had on the previous occasion.

(To be continued.)



BURNS AT WORK.

IR WILLIAM ALLAN has anticipated almost everything that can be said in the way of description by his vivid and picturesque sketch of Burns at work. He gives us the poet at his desk, and standing by his picture you have Burns before you—Burns the peasant in his native suit of hoddie grey, the characteristic dress of an Ayrshire peasant, and Burns the poet, with his thoughtful face, his black brow, and his deep flashing eyes, Burns in the garret of the “auld clay biggin” at Mossgiel, where he wrote out most of his earlier poems. He holds his “auld stumpie pen” in his hand, and on his table is the MS. of his “Cottar’s Saturday Night,” or of his lines to the mouse whose “wee bit housie” he had turned up with his plough in the morning. The conception of the scene is in the highest degree picturesque. It is worthy at once of the poet and of the artist. In themselves the accessories of the picture are sufficiently humble, but Mr. Robert Chambers, who visited Mossgiel when preparing his edition of the “Life and Works of Burns,” tells us, upon the authority of those who knew the cottage in Burns’s youth, that Sir William Allan’s conception of the scene where the Genius of Caledonia found the most illustrious of her sons far exceeds the ‘reality in point of dignity. The cottage still exists; and exists, one is glad to think, almost as it did in the days of Burns. It consists in the main of a kitchen and parlour, or spence, and it was in this spence that Burns sat—

“By the ingle cheek,
And eyed the spewing reek,
That filled wi’ hoast-provoking smeeke
The auld clay biggin;
And heard the restless rattons squeak
About the riggin’,”

when Coila, the goddess of his inspiration—

“A tight outlandish hizzie braw,”

with her holly-bound brows and her flowing robes of tartan sheen, appeared in the vision to hail him as her own inspired bard, when, musing on his wasted time, how he had spent his youthful prime—

“And done nae thing
But stringin’ blethers up in rhyme
For fools to sing;”

he was muttering to himself “some rash aith” to be henceforth

"rhyme proof till his last breath." Almost the only other apartment in the house is a garret reached by a trap door, and lighted by three or four panes of glass set in the slanting roof. Here Burns and his brother Gilbert slept together. Under the window the poet had a little deal table, in which there was a drawer. It was here he transcribed the verses which, for the most part, he had composed in the fields; and his youngest sister used to steal up into this garret after the poet had returned to his work in the afternoon, to search the drawer for the verses which he had just thrown off, an epistle to Lapraik, a skit on the "Auld Light Divines," or his last love ditty.

"The first of my poetic offspring that saw the light," Burns says in his autobiography, "was a burlesque lamentation on a quarrel between two reverend Calvinists, both of them *dramatis personæ* in my 'Holy Fair.' I had a notion myself that the piece had some merit; but to prevent the worst I gave a copy of it to a friend who was very fond of such things, and told him I could not guess who was the author of it, but that I thought it pretty clever. With a certain description of the clergy, as well as laity, it met with *a roar of applause*." This was the "Twa Herds." It was written, or at least may be presumed to have been written, early in 1784, and, circulating from hand to hand, it brought Burns into some sort of note as "a maker of rhymes." "Holy Willie's Prayer," "The Ordination," and "The Holy Fair" followed in rapid succession; and the sensation produced by these caustic and brilliant strokes of satire in the theological circles of Mossiel taught Burns to explore the recesses of his mind and to bring the powers of his genius to the test of composition. How, possessing the rich and varied gifts which these satires reveal in the most vivid light, Burns should have passed twenty-six years of his life, like Homer's Cyclops, blindly groping around the walls of his cave, and should now be complaining helplessly of living without an aim in life, is one of those mysteries in the development of genius which even genius itself cannot explain. Yet this is the fact, and, if we may trust his brother Gilbert, it was not till the summer of 1784 that the thought of becoming an author entered his head. The two brothers happened, in the interval of harder labour, to be weeding the garden; and to kill the time Robert repeated the greater part of his "Epistle to Davie." "I was much pleased with the Epistle," says Gilbert, "and said to him I was of opinion it would bear being printed, and that it would be well received by people of taste; that I thought it at least equal, if not superior, to many of Allan Ramsay's epistles; that the merit of these, and much other Scotch poetry, seemed to consist

principally in the knack of the expression ; but here there was a strain of interesting sentiment, and the Scotticism of the language scarcely seemed affected, but appeared to be the natural language of the poet ; that, besides, there was certainly some novelty in a poet pointing out the consolations that were in store for him when he should go a-begging. Robert seemed very well pleased with my criticisms, and we talked of sending it to some magazine ; but as this plan afforded no opportunity of knowing how it would take, the idea was dropped." The idea of publishing once started, Burns set to work with his pen, and in the course of about fifteen months produced the splendid series of lyrics which have placed him in the first rank of original poets. This was the most active and, perhaps, taking it all in all, the richest and most brilliant period in the literary history of Burns, and through his own diaries and correspondence, and his brother Gilbert's notes, we may trace the composition of most of the masterpieces of his first volume.

"I compose hastily," said Burns, chatting about his poems with Cromek, "but correct laboriously ;" and that sentence condenses all that we know of the poet's habits of thought. A trifle set him off, as it did Byron and Wordsworth—a broken daisy lying in the furrow of his plough, a mouse turned out of its "wee bit housie, all in ruin," the picture of a man asking for work, the recollection of an old ballad, a line in Ramsay or Ferguson, or the contemplation of a scene of family worship in the cottage of a peasant. And when the idea had once sunk in his mind, he brooded over it till it took form and shape in a poetic creation. This, generally, is the history of his poems. His "Address to the Deil," for instance, was suggested, Gilbert tells us, "by running over in his mind the many ludicrous accounts and representations we have, from various quarters, of this august personage." Reading Ferguson's "Farmer's Ingle," and contemplating the scenes of domestic worship which constitute one of the most characteristic incidents of the cottage life of Scotland, suggested the "Cottar's Saturday Night." Robert had frequently remarked to him, says Gilbert, "that he thought there was something peculiarly venerable in the phrase, 'Let us worship God,' used by a decent, sober head of a family, introducing family worship." And one Sunday afternoon, when they happened to be walking together, Robert electrified his brother by his recitation of the "Cottar's Saturday Night." The picture of a peasant,

"Abject, mean, and vile,
Who begs a brother of the earth
To give him leave to toil,"

which forms the groundwork of the dirge, "Man was made to Mourn," was one that Burns had often spoken to his brother upon as, to him, a most mortifying picture of human life; and one can easily conceive him brooding over this sentiment,

"One evening as I wandered forth
Along the banks of Ayr."

Burns needed only the suggestion of a peasant, "weary, worn with care," to throw off his dirge. In composing this poem, however, Burns, as usual, borrowed many hints from an ancient ballad, "The Life and Age of Man," which his mother had often sung to an old grand-uncle in the ingle nook. Those exquisitely beautiful idylls upon the mountain daisy and the field mouse are the inspiration of the moment. The dew is still upon them. His gaudsman had, sixty years afterwards, a distinct recollection of the poet turning up the mouse. The plough-boy ran after the creature to kill it, but was checked and recalled by his master; who he observed thereafter became thoughtful and abstracted. "Death and Dr. Hornbook" arose out of a quarrel which Burns had at a Masons' Lodge at Tarbolton with a village grocer with a turn for therapeutics, who had added a few medicines to his stock of grocery, and proposed to give "advice in common disorders at the shop gratis." The poor dominie had apparently excited Burns's ire at the Masons' Lodge by boasting a little too much of his medical skill, and returning home that night Burns conceived, and partly composed, his poem of "Death and Dr. Hornbook." "These circumstances," adds Gilbert, "he related when he repeated the verses to me next afternoon, as I was holding the plough, and he was letting the water off the field beside me." Thought out at the plough and in his evening strolls on the banks of the Ayr—for Burns, like the poet of Rydal Mount, held that no poet ever found the muse,

"Till by himsel he learned to wander
Adown some trotting burn's meander,
And no think lang—"

Burns rarely committed his verses to paper till they had been thoroughly conned over in his own mind. "Holding the plough," Gilbert says, "was a favourite situation with Robert for poetic composition, and some of his best verses were produced while he was at that exercise." But we know, too, from his own confession how sweet he thought it in the gloaming—

"To stray and pensive ponder
A heartfelt song."

He composed generally, like Wordsworth, without any regular plan.

A thought struck him, and if in turning over this thought he hit on two or three stanzas to please him, he then cast about for proper introductory, connecting, and concluding stanzas ; hence the middle of a poem was often the part to be first produced. But knowing what we do of his conversational powers, and of the terseness, fluency, and felicity of his poetic diction, we should assume for ourselves, without the authority of his "Epistle to Davie," that Burns was rarely at a loss for apt and picturesque expressions to clothe his thoughts when his muse was "once fairly het." He frequently had half a dozen or more pieces of one sort and another on hand : a satire, a song, or a pastoral poem, which he took up in turn according to the momentary impulse of his mind, dismissing the work when it bordered on fatigue ; and in his seasons of inspiration rhyming was, as he tells us in his own vivid dialect—

"Amaist his only pleasure,
At hame, afiel', at wark, or leisure ;
The Muse, poor hizzie !
Though rough and raploch be her measure,
She's seldom lazy."

To say that these seasons of inspiration were regulated by the almanack is, perhaps, to adopt an ambiguous form of expression. Yet this is strictly correct. In the spring and summer Burns scarcely ever wrote anything ; nothing, I believe, with one striking exception, that adds the slightest lustre to his fame. His verse, like Milton's, flowed best from the autumnal equinox to the vernal. "Autumn," he used to say, "is my propitious season, and I make more verses in it than in all the year else ;" and it is curiously perplexing to find him year after year tuning his lyre as the leaves begin to fall, pouring out a flood-stream of poetry for three or four months, and then with the turn of the year laying aside his "auld stumpie pen" for five or six months. He took peculiar pleasure in winter.

"The winter's bleak has charms to me,
When winds rave through the naked tree ;
Or frosts on hills of Ochiltree,
Are hoary gray :
Or blinding drifts wild furious flee,
Dark'ning the day !"

He explained this *penchant* partly by the melancholy cast of his mind ; but analysing his feelings in his diary, he says there is still something, "even in the

' Mighty tempest, and the hoary waste,
Abrupt and deep, stretched o'er the buried earth,'

which raises the mind to a serious sublimity, favourable to everything

great and noble. There is scarcely any earthly object gives me more—I do not know if I should call it pleasure—but something which exalts me, something which enraptures me—than to walk in the sheltered side of a wood or high plantation in a cloudy winter day, and hear the stormy wind howling among the trees and raving over the plain. It is my best season for devotion; my mind is wrapt up in a kind of enthusiasm to Him who, in the pompous language of the Hebrew bard, ‘walks on the wings of the winds.’”

It was in one of these seasons that he composed his dirge on Winter, and the “Gloomy night is gath’ring fast.” A special interest attaches to this piece inasmuch as at the time it was thrown off Burns believed that it was the last song he should ever measure in Caledonia. He was returning from St. Margaret’s Hill on Irvine Water, a day or two before his anticipated voyage to the West Indies. He had a wide stretch of moor to pass on his way home, and on this he composed his lines. “The aspect of Nature,” he told Professor Walker afterwards at Edinburgh, “harmonised with his feelings. It was a lowering and heavy evening in the last of autumn. The wind was up, and whistled through the rushes and long spear-grass, which bent before it. The clouds were driving across the sky; and cold, pelting showers at intervals added discomfort of body to cheerlessness of mind.” “Bruce’s Address to his Army at Bannockburn” is generally supposed to owe its inspiration to a similar scene. But there is a schism among the biographers and critics upon the point. Burns in sending the MS. to Thomson gives this account of its origin:—“There is a tradition which I have met with in many places in Scotland that the old air ‘Hey tuttie taitie’ (an air which often filled his eyes with tears) was ‘Robert Bruce’s march at the battle of Bannockburn.’ This thought, in my yesternight’s evening walk, warmed me to a pitch of enthusiasm on the theme of liberty and independence, which I threw into a kind of Scottish ode, fitted to the air, that one might suppose to be the gallant royal Scot’s address to his heroic followers on that eventful morning.” The date of this note is 1793. But Mr. Syme, in his account of the “Galloway Excursion” with Burns in the previous July, gives, apparently upon the direct authority of the poet, a very circumstantial account of its composition in a storm on the wilds of Kenmure. “We left Kenmure and went to Gatehouse”—this is Mr. Syme’s note in his diary—“I took him the moor road, where savage and desolate regions extend wide around. The sky was sympathetic with the wretchedness of the soil; it became lowering and dark. The hollow winds sighed, the lightnings gleamed, the thunder rolled.

The poet enjoyed the awful scene ; he spoke not a word, but seemed rapt in meditation. . . . What do you think he was about ? He was charging the English army, along with Bruce, at Bannockburn. He was engaged in the same manner on our ride home from St. Mary's Isle, and I did not disturb him. Next day he produced me the address of Bruce to his troops, and gave me a copy for Dalzell." I have not the presumption to say how these accounts are to be read together. Dr. Currie got over the difficulty by a pious fraud. He altered the wording of Burns's note to Thomson. Mr. Robert Chambers restored the original reading, and, adhering to the letter of Burns's version, threw out the suggestion that probably Syme "misapplied circumstances and dates." Of course that is possible ; and yet, looking at the general tone of his narrative, its minuteness in point of detail, its local colouring, the striking nature of the scene and of its associations, I do not see how a man whose memory upon every other point is singularly vivid should be under an hallucination of this kind upon the only incident of the least literary interest that distinguished his excursion with the poet ; and especially upon such an incident as this, for the poet, he says, gave him a copy of his ode as a memento of their trip. Balancing the evidence as best I can, looking at the looseness of phrase which sometimes marked Burns's own account of the composition of his pieces, my impression is that Syme is in the main correct in his account ; and that Burns, thoughtlessly perhaps, threw a little mystification about the composition of his ode to avoid what he may have thought a tedious explanation, when, in point of fact, all he had done in his "evening's walk" had been to hum over his noble war song afresh, perhaps add a verse or two to it, under the inspiration of the French Revolution, and to fit it to the air of "Hey tuttie taitie." And I am strengthened in this impression, first by the terms in which Burns speaks of the air in the postscript of his note, and by a suggestive entry in his diary of the thoughts suggested by his visit to Bannockburn. "Here no Scot," he says, "can pass uninterested. I fancy to myself that I see my gallant countrymen coming over the hill, and down upon the plunderers of their country, the murderers of their fathers, noble revenge and just hate glowing in every vein ; striding more and more eagerly as they approach the oppressive, insulting, blood-thirsty foe. I see them meet in glorious triumphant congratulation on the victorious field, exulting in their heroic royal leader and rescued liberty and independence." That was written in the autumn of 1787 ; and knowing what we do of Burns's enthusiastic admiration of the Bruce, no one can read these glowing sentences without tracing in them the

germ thought of his ode. A scene like that pictured by Mr. Syme was exactly the scene to stir Burns's imagination to its depths, and to bring out his conception in its noblest form. The air was an old and a favourite one of Burns ; and he had often apparently hummed it over in his mind with the wish to fit it with a song worthy of its music. He tells Thomson in the postscript to his note that he had shown it to Urbani. "He was," Burns says, "highly pleased with it, and begged me to make soft verses for it, but I had no idea of giving myself any trouble on the subject till the accidental recollection of that glorious struggle for freedom, associated with the glowing ideas of some other struggles of the same nature *not quite so ancient*, roused my rhyming mania." The final phrase of this sentence of Burns is, I know, an embarrassing one ; but recollecting how Burns spoke of having just finished "Tam o' Shanter" in a note to Cunningham three or four months after it was written, I do not think we ought to allow a single phrase to deter us from accepting an account which has so much to authenticate it as Syme's. Adopting either reason, however, we have in this ode, one of the most heroic and soul-stirring in the dialects of the British isles, a striking illustration of Burns's power of translating his thoughts into the most vivid and energetic form of expression when anything touched the highest chords of his genius and of his strong sympathy with Nature in her wildest and most tumultuous moods.

Perhaps in illustration of both of these traits I may here note Burns's habit of composing, like Scott, on horseback. He threw off the "Chevalier's Lament," for instance, when riding alone one Sunday afternoon "through a tract of melancholy, joyless muirs between Galloway and Ayrshire," and humming over his favourite air of "Captain O'Kean," as a relief to the psalms and hymns which kept running in his thoughts. "Willie's Awa" was thought out, too, apparently, in the course of a miserably wet day's riding from Melrose to Selkirk, for it was written "nearly extempore at a solitary inn in Selkirk," where Burns was waiting for his dinner almost "jaded to death." Except, however, in cases of this kind, Burns's favourite hours of thought and composition—the hours, that is, when his mind was most active—were those of twilight. Now and then, perhaps, you may find him giving up a day to poetry, as in the case of "Tam o' Shanter." This was the work of a long day in the autumn of 1789, at Elliesland, and it was written, as I need hardly say, to preserve a grotesque Ayrshire legend in its most vivid and picturesque form for Captain Grose, the

"Fine, fat fodge! wight,
Of stature short, but genius bright ;"

whom Burns has immortalised in the lines—

“Hear, Land o’ Cakes and brither Scots
 Frae Maidenkirke to John o’ Groats,
 A chiel’s amang ye takin’ notes.”

Burns was fond of telling this story to visitors over a glass of whisky; and Grose wished him to throw it into verse. “Tam o’ Shanter” was the result. Thinking over the Captain’s request, Burns strolled out to his favourite walk on the banks of the Nith one morning after breakfast, and spent nearly all the day there, pacing up and down. Here, in the afternoon, his wife found him when out for a walk with her children. “He was busily engaged *crooning to himself*,” and Mrs. Burns, perceiving that her presence was an interruption, loitered behind with her little ones among the broom. Her attention was presently attracted by the strange and wild gesticulations of the bard, who, now at some distance, was agonised with an ungovernable access of joy. He was reciting very loud, and with tears rolling down his cheeks, those animated verses which he had just conceived :—

“Now, Tam ! O Tam, had thae been queans
 A’ plump and strappin’ in their teens,
 Their sarks, instead of creeshie flannen,
 Been snaw-white seventeen-hunder linen !
 Thir breeks o’ mine, my only pair,
 That ance were plush, o’ good blue hair,
 I wad hae gi’en them off my hurdies,
 For ae blink o’ the bonnie burdies !”

But this is the only instance I can recall of Burns breaking into the working hours of the day for the sake of poetry. When he had an idea which he wished to turn into rhyme he preferred to have “a gloamin’ shot at the Muses,” and towards the close of the year Burns was to be seen striding alone on a precipice overhanging the Nith, especially when the winds were high and the stream swollen and turbulent. It was here that his verses on the “Wounded Hare” were composed. James Thomson, son of the occupier of a farm adjoining Elliesland, told Allan Cunningham that it was he who wounded poor puss. “Burns,” he said, “was in the custom, when at home, of strolling by himself in the twilight every evening, along the Nith, and by the *march* between his land and ours. The hares often came and nibbled our wheat-*braird*; and once, in the gloaming—it was in April—I got a shot at one and wounded her; she ran bleeding by Burns, who was pacing up and down by himself, not far from me. He started, and with a bitter curse ordered me out of his sight, or he would throw me instantly into the Nith; and had I stayed I’ll

warrant he would have been as good as his word, though I was both young and strong."

These habits of contemplation, of reverie, and of composition were continued at Dumfries. Here his favourite walk was a "hazelly path" along the banks of the Nith, leading to the ruins of Lincluden Abbey. These ruins stand at the head of a tongue of land formed by the Nith and Cluden water, and form the centre of an amphitheatre of the most beautiful and diversified scenery. Those who do not know the spot may form at least a vague conception of its loveliness by the hints which the poet himself has thrown out in his "Vision." The ruins themselves are of the most picturesque description; and in Burns's time were apparently in a fine state of preservation. They are still distinguished by many noble fragments of architecture, particularly by the remains of what we may perhaps assume to have been the Calvary of the Abbey Church. Through the trellised windows of this chapel the eye takes in bits of landscape which are hardly to be equalled even in the Highlands, the native region of the picturesque.

"This noble pile of ruins, this roofless tower,
Where the wa'flower scents the dewy air,
Where th' howlet mourns in her ivy bower,
And tells the midnight moon her care,"—

was the scene of most of Burns's lonely musing hours at Dumfries; and the mount which has been distinguished as the Calvary of the ancient Church was the spot which the poet selected to hold special converse with the goddess of his inspiration. It was here that the "Vision" was composed, and composed in all probability when—

"The fox was howling on the hill;"

for Burns often lingered among these ruins till far into the night, especially on bright starlight nights, when—

"The winds were laid, the air was still;"

and the stream—

"Was rushing by the ruined wa's."

The poet found a shorter walk along the north side of the Nith towards Martington ford. This, like the walk to the Abbey, takes in a magnificent sweep of scenery, commands a view of the hills and of the towers of Lincluden, and afforded, what the poet valued almost as much as ruins themselves, soft greensward banks to stretch himself upon, and listen to the distant roaring swells and falls, and—

"Mark the sweet flowers as they spring."

Here, in the autumn evenings of 1793 and 1794, Burns threw off most of those exquisite lyrics upon which his popularity, if not perhaps his

fame, will chiefly rest. In sweetness, in strength, in music, and in pathos, these sparkling idylls have never been surpassed, and only in two or three cases equalled ; and when everything else in the literature of Scotland has perished, everything but the recollection of her valour and her genius, and when the songs of Burns shall be remembered only, like the ancient Spanish ballads, as Iliads without an Homer, they will still be sufficient in themselves to preserve the dialect of Ayr and her sister shires from the fate of that of Cornwall, even if the day should ever come when the dialect of Burns shall cease to be the language of any but a group of shepherds in the remotest glens of the Highlands, and of a few fishermen on the shores of the Orkneys.

Of the mass of these songs we may trace the composition in Burns's notes to Thomson almost stanza by stanza. They were generally, like the ode of Bannockburn, the suggestion of an old Scots air that had struck the poet at a revel on the roadside, or the musings of his wife singing her children to sleep. He felt peculiar pleasure, he tells us, whenever he met with a song with a facetious idea in it, in following out the idea for a verse or two. "My way," he says, "is this : I consider the poetic sentiment correspondent to my idea of the musical expression, then choose my theme ; begin one stanza. When that is composed, which is generally the most difficult part of the business, I walk out, sit down now and then, look out for objects in nature around me that are in unison and harmony with the cogitations of my fancy and workings of my bosom ; humming every now and then the air with the verses I have framed. When I feel my muse beginning to jade I retire to the solitary fireside of my study, and there commit my effusions to paper ; swinging at intervals on the hind-legs of my elbow-chair, by way of calling forth my own critical strictures as my pen goes on. Seriously, this, at home, is almost invariably my way." And a score of instances are clustering round the tip of my pen in illustration of this. One or two, however, must suffice. "I walked out yesterday evening," he says, "with a volume of the *Museum* in my hand, when, turning up 'Allan Water,' 'What numbers shall the muse repeat,' &c. ; as the words appeared to me rather unworthy of so fine an air, and recollecting that it is on your list, I sat and raved under the shade of an old thorn, till I wrote one to suit the measure." "That crinkum crankum tune, 'Robin Adair,' has run so in my head, and I succeeded so ill in my last attempt, that I have ventured in this morning's walk one essay more. You will remember an unfortunate part of our worthy friend Cunningham's story, which happened about three years ago. That struck my fancy, and I endeavoured to do the idea justice." "I am just now making verses for 'Rothemurchie's Rant,' an air which puts

me in raptures ; and, in fact, unless I be pleased with the tune I never can make verses to it."

These lyrics of Burns, like Shakespeare's sonnets, are mostly drawn from the poet's own personal experience. They are, so to speak, the monograms of his soul. Every one of them marks a fresh development in "the heart of the man and the fancy of the poet"—the two grand considerations for which Burns professed to live—and in them you may trace all his *affaires de cœur*, and every variation of light and shade in his temperament ; for no man, not even Byron, ever wrote more under the influence of impulse and passion ; and these lyrics represent the spontaneous emotions of his heart. Of course, like Shakespeare, Goethe, Byron, and Tasso—like almost every man, in fact, who has distinguished himself in art and poetry—Burns often replenished the lamp of his genius at others' altars ; and all through his works you may trace the influence of the old race of Scottish minstrels, of Allan Ramsay, of Ferguson, and now and then even of his own contemporaries in song. Most of the charges of plagiarism that have been brought against Burns were, I believe, purely imaginary, as imaginary, in fact, as the suspicious resemblance which a keen critic of the *Fortnightly Review* recently discovered between a striking line of Æschylus and the verses of a rustic English bard who could not probably distinguish Greek from Chinese ; for Burns, like Goethe, felt no false shame about avowing his obligations, such as they were, and appropriated thoughts, illustrations, and images wherever he found them, in sovereign contempt of all the critics in the world. That famous couplet in Bruce's ode, for instance,

"Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow!"

is an appropriation from the common stall edition of Wallace :—

"A false usurper sinks in every foe,
And liberty returns with every blow."

A couplet which Burns thought worthy of Homer. The oft-quoted lines, again, in "Green grow the Rashes"—

"Her 'prentice hand she tried on man,
And then she made the lasses, O !"

are a reproduction of a thought which occurs in an apostrophe to woman in an old comedy, which probably fell into the hands of Burns :—

"Man was made when Nature was
But an apprentice, but woman when she
Was a skilful mistress of her art."

In the early part of his life, Allan Ramsay and Ferguson were his

constant companions. A collection of Scottish songs was his *vade mecum* to poetry. "I pored over them," he says in his autobiographic memoranda, "driving my cart, or walking to labour, song by song, verse by verse; carefully noticing the true, tender, or sublime, from affectation or fustian; and I am convinced I owe to this practice much of my critic-craft, such as it is." "The elegantly melting Gray" was his model of style afterwards, and traces of the author of the "Elegy in a Country Churchyard" are frequently to be met with in the poems of his first volume. At Elliesland he generally carried a pocket edition of Milton with him when out on excise duty, and in his later years Milton was replaced by Cowper's "Task" as the companion of his solitary walks. Reading these books as Burns did, often making their thoughts his own by his intense powers of appreciation, it would have been almost a miracle had not coincidences between his own train of thought and theirs now and then cropped up. The surprise to me, and to most people I presume, is that they are not more numerous and striking than they are; for in fact Burns's obligations of this kind are, after all, very trifling, and what Burns borrowed he generally repaid with usury. Like Diomed, he gave gold for brass. The mainspring of his inspiration lay after all in his own deep passionate heart, and in his own intense sympathy with nature; for he combined the exquisite sensibilities of a woman with the passions of ten men. A walk by the sheltered side of a wood on a cloudy winter day, the stormy wind howling among the trees, enraptured him. He never entered a Druidical circle of stones without saying his prayers. He never heard the loud solitary whistle of the curlew in a summer noon, or the wild musing cadence of a troop of grey plovers in an autumnal morning, without feeling an elevation of soul like the enthusiasm of devotion or poetry; and, as in the case of Byron, the slightest hint was enough to set his fancy and imagination at work. Once lighted up, his passions, like Shelley's, raged, to use his own expression, like so many devils, till they got vent in rhyme, and the conning over of his verses, like a spell, soothed all into quiet. "I never had the least thought or inclination of turning poet till I got once heartily in love, and then rhyme and song were in a manner the spontaneous language of my heart."

This was at fifteen or sixteen, and music and love continued all through his life to be the main sources of his poetic inspiration. To "south the tune" of an old Scotch air, to dream of his bonnie Jean, or of Mary in Heaven, was with Burns always "the readiest way to catch the inspiration, and raise the bard into that glorious enthusiasm so strongly characteristic of our old Scotch poetry." Repeating odd

verses of these old Scotch ballads, he says in a note in his diary, "has lighted up my flame a thousand times." "Whenever I want to be more than ordinary in song," he tells Thomson, "to be in some degree equal to your diviner airs—do you imagine I fast and pray for the celestial emanation? *Tout au contraire!* I have a glorious recipe; the very one that, for his own use, was invented by the divinity of healing and poetry when erst he passed to the flocks of Admetus. I put myself in a regimen of admiring a fine woman; and in proportion to the adorability of her charms, in proportion you are delighted with my verses. The lightning of her eye is the godhead of Parnassus, and the witchery of her smile the divinity of Helicon!" And all Burns's best idylls and songs were thrown off in these fictitious reveries of passion, and thrown off generally, I may add, in a flood of inspiration in the course of a walk returning from a visit to one of these goddesses of his imagination, when strolling on the banks of a trotting burn, or, often, in two or three turns round his room; for Burns was never at a loss for apt and vivid words when he was not at a loss for thoughts. Perhaps now and then you may find him halting for a verse or beating about the bush for a thought, but this is very rare, and all his best pieces were composed with remarkable fluency, and written out often without a single alteration or correction. "The Deil's run awa' with the Exciseman," for instance, was composed off hand in two or three strides among the reeds and shingle of a wet salt marsh, to kill an idle hour, when the poet and two or three companions were lying in ambush to watch a suspicious-looking brig in the Solway Firth. "Death and Dr. Hornbook" was thought out on the road from Tarbolton to Mossiel, and the tradition runs that the poet in his reverie fell asleep on the parapet of a bridge after the composition of the piece, and when awakened by the morning sun brushed up his recollections and committed the ballad to paper on reaching his cottage.

Perhaps, however, the most striking illustration of Burns's powers of composition is to be found in the case of the ballad "To Mary in Heaven," the noblest of all his ballads. This was written in September, 1789, on the anniversary of the day on which Burns heard of the death of his early love, Mary Campbell, and, according to Mrs. Burns, the poet spent the day, though labouring under a cold, in the usual work of his harvest, and apparently in excellent spirits. But as the twilight deepened he appeared to grow "very sad about something," and at length wandered out into the barnyard. Here, in her anxiety about his health, for a sharp frost had set in, Mrs. Burns followed him, entreating him to return to the fireside. On being again and again requested to do so, he always promised compliance,

but still remained where he was, striding up and down slowly and contemplating the sky, which was singularly clear and starry. At last Mrs. Burns found him stretched on a mass of straw, with his eyes fixed on a beautiful planet "that shone like another moon," and prevailed on him to come in. Entering the house, he called for his desk, and wrote exactly as they now stand, with all the ease of one copying from memory, the sublime and pathetic verses,—

"Thou lingering star, with lessening ray,
That lovest to greet the early morn,
Again thou usherest in the day
My Mary from my soul was torn.

"O Mary! dear departed shade,
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid,
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?"

And as Burns wrote this, he wrote most of his lyrics. The only things that bored him were his English compositions. "These," he says, "gravel me to death." And Mrs. Burns used to say that most of them were written several times over. He "had plenty of excise paper, and scrawled away," with his children prattling at his knees; for, like Sydney Smith, Burns had no study of his own, but sat down at the close of the day at his plain, iron-rimmed desk standing in the recess of his cottage window, with a quire of official foolscap for his pad, and threw off his songs to the music of his children's voices and his wife's spinning jennet by the fire. Using his own native dialect, Burns wrote as if


"Phœbus and the famous nine
Were glow'rin' owre his pen."

But when he entered into rivalry with Dr. Beattie he lost all his fluency, all his ease, and all his vigour; haggled over a phrase in the fashion of "the elegantly melting Gray," and recast his verses line by line, word by word. But no Scot ever regrets this. Had Burns been as great a master of English as Byron, he might have won a wider popularity. But probably in proportion as his popularity had been wider spread, it would have been less intense. Burns's English difficulties threw him back upon his native Scotch, upon the dialect of ploughboys and milkmaids in the wildest parts of Scotland; and his Scottish songs are, as Campbell said, the *elixir vitæ* of their dialect.

CHARLES PEBODY.



A SPRING PSALM.

“WEET primal season, effluence divine !
Thou bright perennial from the fields of life !
Make earth once more thy consecrated shrine,
And hush the tumult of tempestuous strife.

“Come, as of old, with vivifying breath,
Pearl, blue, and silver, sunny sky, and cloud,
And Beauty, springing from the bed of death,
Shall break the trammels of her icy shroud.”

The hills are touched, and, lo ! their summits smoke,
The sea-fowl seek again their native strand ;
The hawthorns redden underneath the oak,
Broad rivers laugh, and greener grows the land.

Deep in the dell the wild bee's harp is heard,
High in the azure Heaven's own minstrel sings ;
Impassioned music fires the forest bird,
While tremulous raptures vibrate in his wings.


The flowers are all devotion, Nature's nun
In snow-veil drops her head in silent prayer ;
With conscious joy the crocus greets the sun,
And fragrant with thanksgiving is the air.

A holier impulse stirs in every soul
With each new revelation from above ;
Thou Spring, art one, we yield to thy control,
And hear creation whisper, “God is Love.”

EDWARD CAPERN.



A FLY FISHER'S FANCIES.

O have been an ardent fisherman all one's life, to have arrived at a respectable age, and never to have thrown a fly, may appear paradoxical, but it was my case until the beginning of last year. Having set up my tent in Devonshire, where every one is a brother of the angle, I felt bound to make an effort, and though it cost me a pang, as it would have done any well-disposed Cockney, to lay aside my spinning rods, my Nottingham reels, barbel tackle, and the rest, I was determined to attempt the science, and I am not ashamed to own that I have attained a tolerable proficiency for a novice. I have succeeded in getting my flies neatly on the water when I have the wind in my favour without the collar forming itself like that of the Lord Mayor into a SS, which it invariably did at first, to my great consternation and that of the trout; and I can bring witnesses to prove that I *have* caught fish—not many, but still undoubted fish. The first I caught I thought was a flying one, for on withdrawing my line sharply for another cast, to my great astonishment there was a small trout at the end of the line, which to my unpractised eye perched on a tree behind me—

“Piscium et summâ genus hæsit ulmo”—

and as I thought began singing. This amiable insanity, however, was caused by the wind whistling through the taut line; and the trout and a bran-new collar remain there no doubt to this day, for the inspection of the curious. The only drawback to my perfect happiness in pursuing the art is, that I have not yet quite made up my mind what the difference is between the trout and the salmon fry, and as the latter rise more eagerly, and there is a heavy fine if you take them, it might prove as expensive an amusement as being a shareholder in the Anglo-Alsatian Bank if at the end of the day you had filled your basket and a keeper were to make a call of a pound per fish.

But what a charming sport it is! And, indeed, it ought to be, for it costs an infinity of trouble and patience to learn. Soon after I began, I found I was not so young as I had been, and longed for a new set of muscles. How it made my back ache, and my hand shake in such a way that an old aunt from whom I had expectations, and to whom I had written on her birthday, actually wrote to my wife to say she supposed I had taken to drinking, so eccentric was

the formation of the letters. I trust, however, my explanation proved satisfactory, and arrived before she had added a codicil. These old women alter their wills on the slightest provocation, real or imaginary, and then if a reconciliation be effected, or the mistake discovered, they are too lazy to alter it again and you find yourself disinherited by a tom-cat or a poodle.

But when you throw well enough to be careless of criticism, then indeed

“Other joys are but toys.”

The first two or three times I went out I was as afraid of being seen as if I was about to commit murder, and skulked behind bushes and trees, that my awkwardness might escape detection. If I suddenly came across a brother of the craft and couldn't get out of his way, I immediately pretended that luncheon time had arrived, stuck my rod into the ground, sat down and opened my haversack, and glared at the intruder with an expression as who should say, “Don't disturb a man at his victuals.” My diplomatic efforts to conceal my ignorance were worthy of Talleyrand. A kind old gentleman came up to me one day and inspected the flies I was using—(how I hated him !)

“I think, sir, in this water, you will find the red spinner and blue upright more killing than those flies you have on.”

“Ah, I thought so. (Heaven forgive me, I hadn't the remotest idea of what he was talking about. Fortunately it was the beginning of the season.) I only found yesterday I was out of them, and till I get a fresh supply I must manage as I can.”

“Permit me to offer you two of mine, and to show you a neater way of putting them on. Your system of loops is, pardon me, rather clumsy. There, you see, it is very simple, and, as I said, much neater.”

I thanked him, of course, but I'm afraid I was not then grateful.

And here be it remarked that the courtesy of the humble fly fisher is superior to that of the bottom fisher. I was fishing a stream I had never fished before, and, not knowing the best places, hadn't risen a fish. To me there approached one of the strangest figures I ever saw. It was a very old man, shambling along with apparent difficulty. He wore a long coat, from which, I should think, every piece of the original cloth had long since departed, so patched was it with bits of many colours secured in a very rough way with packthread. His breeches were in much the same state, and his gaiters were stained with the mud and dirt of a hundred years. His old weather-beaten face, set in a frame of grey hair, beard, and whisker, would not have been wanting in dignity were it not for the poor bleary eyes, from

which "the big round tears coursed one another down his innocent nose"—not of grief, I trow, but of the gin for which Plymouth is famous. Round his neck was suspended a canvas bag to hold his fish, and a whip-like rod was in his hand, spliced in almost as many places as his coat was patched. What a capital rod it was when I handled it later. He had a disreputable-looking dog by his side, and as I saw the two together, I could not help thinking of that charming poem "The Vagabond," and of the old drunkard's description of his dog Roger—

"But he sticks by, through thick and thin ;
And this old coat with its empty pockets,
And rags that smell of tobacco and gin,
He'll follow while he has eyes in his sockets."

Ah, I thought to myself, I'll bet that old fellow's a regular otter, and can catch more trout in a week than I can in a year; I'll see if I can't get a rise out of him if I can't out of the fish.

"I say, old gentleman, is this water preserved?"

"Nawt as I knaws on, zur,"—in the purest Devonshire dialect; and he then proceeded to give me for five minutes what, no doubt, was valuable information, but entirely useless as it was unintelligible. With great volubility he attacked his favourite subject in words which all appeared to rhyme with the French *u*, *gnaw*, and *her*. When he had quite done I offered him hospitality in the shape of a sandwich, and a cup of brandy and water, of which refreshment he graciously condescended to partake. He asked me if I had had any sport.

"No," I said, at which he wagged his head doubtfully and examined my flies.

"They be right oons," he said patronisingly; "nawt better;" and then he said he would take me to a part of the river where I should get them in the "glimmer;" but they wouldn't feed well to-day—he'd only got a dozen the last hour or so (I had been at it for four hours with no results); however, he'd show me where the place was where I should get a brace or two; and so he did, and as he said, in the evening I basketed several nice fish.

Now, let a stranger go to any part of the Thames, for instance, and address a chance piscator on the banks as to a likely spot at which to commence operations—he will in all probability get a surly answer. And this jealousy for favourite pitches and swims extends itself to many of the puntsmen, who think they have a vested right in them. I remember one of these gentry proposing to come ashore with his boatful of Cockneys, and to punch my 'ed because I had taken up a

position which he averred was "his'n," and declined to move. But in those days I had not long left Oxford, and by doing the *retiarius* business with my landing net and butt end of the rod with the spike in it, was a match for all of them ; so nothing came of it.

I have observed there is one peculiarity which attaches itself to both branches of the art in all parts of the world. On whatever day you seek the river-side it is certain to be the one you ought to have avoided. The water is too high or too low, too thick or too fine ; the sky too bright or too cloudy ; the wind is in the east and it is no use trying, or it isn't and the east wind is always the best ; or you should have been here last Wednesday when, my eye, didn't the Cap'en give them a turn ; or if you could only stay over to-morrow (there be a nice little inn, better nor a mile from here, where my missus will make you very comfortable) ; or, I never knew 'em take when there was a full moon, or when it was in apogee or perigee, whatever that may be ; or the glass is rising and they'd take the minnow freely—when of course you haven't got one with you ; or it's falling, and a nice red worm on the great Blogg flight would be deadly—you can get them at his place at Crankton, which is eighty-three miles off, and there's been no rain for six weeks ; or you've got a white wide-awake on which frightens the fish, or a black one, and they can see you more plainly—*que sçais je !* All these and many more ridiculous reasons I have heard given for want of success. My idea is that fish are pretty much like human beings, and will take a dainty bait when put before them properly when they are not hungry, as a flabby worm or badly-dressed fly will not tempt them when they are.

Expertis credite. My companion and I returned one evening from a stream on Dartmoor, where the bracing air had begotten an appetite which would have made one's grandmother a welcome piece of resistance if served with a suitable sauce, and lo ! at the hostelry where we put up, and which had reminded me outwardly of the inn at Terracina, though inwardly I am bound to say that as regards cleanliness it was irreproachable (would that, like those happy brigands, we could have discovered a charming Zerlina undressed and singing before her glass—

"Voilà pour une servante
Une taille qui n'est pas mal,"

but, alas ! the figures of Devonshire lasses are, like their feet, flat and broad, though their faces are charming), a bull which evidently had gamboled but the day before provided the steak our teeth refused to gnaw. In addition it had been fried in a greasy pan, (oh ! how I

minded me of thy steaks, O Gilbey ! of the Woolpack Tavern, in St. Peter's Alley, Cornhill), and we had to rough it off "blue vinny," the cheese of the country, compared with which *strachino* is an elegant perfume, and the goat's cheese of Sicily a delicacy. And this brings me to the very important question of what is a good thing to take out with you for luncheon, portable, and at the same time toothsome. Will Lady Clutterbuck or Crefydd devote their great minds to the question ? Fly fishing is pretty hard work if you stick to it, and engenders desires which the odious and insipid sandwich is incapable of gratifying. I proposed to make the experiment the other day with the *débris* of an hesternal duck, but it did not come off—at least not under my own personal experience, for my above-mentioned friend approved of it so highly that he ate the greater part of it himself, and as compensation kindly handed over to me his sandwiches. After which, on our return home to St. Crabbe's he had the baseness to endeavour to hold me up to ridicule for being particular as to my victuals.

Nevertheless, I remark that these gentlemen avail themselves very freely of the contents of my flask and haversack if I have anything which hits their taste. My friend the gallant De Boots (who is the worthy Mentor of an unworthy pupil) met me on one of our fishing excursions, at a spot previously agreed upon, for the purpose of luncheon. It happened that we had both brought cold lamb with us. After a while, De Boots in a very gruff voice exclaimed, "Confound it all, this is very insipid. I wish I'd brought some salt with me."

"Here you are," I said, and handed him over that delicacy, wrapped up in a small paper like the powder of early childhood. "Perhaps you would like a capsicum?" And that vegetable was produced from a phial which had formerly contained a *Haust-Sum*.

"Capital, capital !" said De Boots. "What a fellow to think of these things ! But now really, 'pon my soul now, don't do that—it's too much ; do take a little water with it ; you'll hurt yourself, you will indeed."

I was only eating my lamb in a musing way, and taking alternate sips at a flask.

"What's the matter, and what am I to take a little water with ?"

"Why, my dear fellow, hang it all (he always interlards his conversation with these harmless oaths), raw spirits this time of day must be injurious."

"Spirits ! it ain't spirits," I remarked, indignantly and inelegantly.

"Well, confound it all, what is it then ?"

"Why, mint sauce, of course, you duffer; who could eat cold lamb without it?"

Poor De Boots, I thought he would never leave off laughing—and he didn't for three or four days afterwards, telling the story all over St. Crabbe's. For my part I have not yet discovered anything to laugh at in a perfectly sensible and straightforward proceeding. Mint sauce in a flask may be incongruous, and I confess to having had certain misgivings as to my being able to clean it again; but what are you to do for a palatable meal in the middle of the day which will carry you on till nine or ten at night. And this naturally leads me on to consider the advantages of bottom over fly fishing in this respect.

When you have a punt to fish in, the carriage of provisions is a simple matter enough, and the most humble Cockney who can afford the expense of a fisherman always has an enormous stone bottle of beer, and at least an ample supply of bread and cheese, with him. Indeed, some of the Thames fishermen won't go out unless there is plenty of prog. I once saw three Jews in a punt, surrounded by champagne bottles and delicacies of all kinds. I don't think they caught many fish, but no doubt found the eating part the best. I have seen one of our most eminent judges gudgeon fishing with his family not a hundred miles from Weybridge, with a noble-looking hamper in the stern of the boat. I merely mention these august examples to prove that fishing produces an appetite; and there is plenty of good eating and drinking in the "Complete Angler."

"Let us be going, good master," says Venator, "for I am hungry again with fishing;" and the master himself, after getting a trout or two, says:—"But now let us say grace and fall to breakfast. What say you, Scholar, to the providence of an old angler? Does not this meat taste well, and was not this place well chosen to eat it?"

The eminent convict Mr. Redpath, who was, I am sorry to say, a brother of the craft (if I remember right he was arrested when stepping out of his punt), was exceedingly particular about his luncheon, and used to have it brought down hot to the river-side in a gorgeous apparatus, accompanied by a small cellar of wine to wash it down. The fishermen and cads generally were much grieved when his angling career came to an end. And pray how did Venator manage to carry with him the ingredients of that cup he manufactured with "A bottle of sack, milk, oranges and sugar, which all put together make a drink like Nectar—indeed, too good for anybody but us anglers"? These old boys were evidently fond of a snack in the middle of the day, and I observe seldom went far away from a public-

house if they could help it where they might regale themselves ; but we fly fishers seldom find near our rivers a house of call, so must carry our lunch with us. Therefore I again ask some one to invent a portable toothsome meal, and under no circumstances to hint at cold hard-boiled eggs.

I am fortunate enough to have permission to fish in the stream which flows through the demesne and park belonging to Powderham Castle, the seat of the Earl of Devon. It is a privilege of which I avail myself very freely, not so much for the sake of the sport, in which to ensure success certain conditions of weather are essential—namely, a gale of wind and a bright sun—as for the pleasure of wandering in this lovely spot, where if the fish don't rise I sit me down and light my pipe, and with the grand old castle before me, I am induced to raise similar structures in Spain and elsewhere, with which kind of architecture I should be perfectly content if I could only realise my keep. Or, if I am in an historical mood, I mind me of the time when Fairfax overran the county with his Parliamentary forces, for to him, or rather to Colonel Hammond, the castle surrendered on Saturday, January 25th, 1646, as thus related in a quaint passage I have transcribed from a book called "*Anglia Rediviva : England's Recovery ; being the History of the motions, actions, and successes of the Army under the immediate conduct of his Excellency Sir Thomas Fairfax, Knight, Captain-General of the Parliament's forces in England. Compiled for the publique good by Joshua Sprigge, M.A.*" (Others lived before Mr. Beales proud of their M.A.) On January 25th Fairfax was at Totnes raising a regiment ; "which done, the General marched to the Lady Reynolds her house, whence on the Lord's Day after forenoon's sermon his Excellency marched to Chidley, endeavouring first to take a view of Pouldram, before which place Colonel Hammond was set downe with some force ; but night coming on (whilest he had two miles thither) he was forced to returne to Chidley, without viewing the Castle, which on the next day was happily put out of a capacity of being viewed by him, (but in a new relation ;) for about twelve at night the newes came to him of the surrender thereof, and therein five barrels of powder, match and bullet proportionable, and four pieces of ordnance."

Or, I fancy myself lord of all I survey: that the fine old oaks and pastures (I should like just now to have the society of an experienced woodcutter and permission to cut down a couple of dozen or so of the former for my own use), flocks and herds, are all mine ; and, oh ! shouldn't I just like a haunch from that fat buck who is disporting himself yonder in the pleasaunce, to my dinner, washed

down by a bottle or two of some rare old vintage which no doubt is mellowing in the castle cellars. Here comes a keeper. I can see him a long way off, for all the keepers wear red waistcoats. No doubt he thinks I am here for an unlawful purpose, but he touches his hat and hopes I have had good sport. He has a gun, apparently loaded, on his arm, and dogs. I should like to ask him what he does with a gun this time of year (May), but am afraid of displaying a culpable ignorance. Perhaps he wears it as a badge of his tribe. I remark that that retriever is a nice dog. It is not a retriever, but a setter, and of the female sex. I answer that on the Prairies they are so alike you can hardly tell the difference. He has never been in them parts, but thinks it must be a rum place. I converse affably and scientifically with him about fishing, having first ascertained he knows nothing about it, and doesn't think it much account, leastways as a sport like. Then of course comes the usual remark—"There was a gent here last Wednesday," &c., &c. I say, intending a compliment, as he does not speak the dialect, "Why, you don't belong to this country, do you?" He appears gratified, and replies, "No, t'other side of London. "Hertfordshire?" "No; black country." Ah! that's the place for poachers," and I relate a few anecdotes of trials of members of that profession which I had heard when on Circuit.

"Ah, you be a counsellor then?"

I explain that I was once, in such a tone of voice as no doubt induces him to believe that I had retired after amassing a large fortune. "Then, sir, I should like to ax you a question." He rests his gun against a tree, and opens his case with great ability. It involves a nice point of law. "Look 'ere, sir; if I takes his gun away from one of those darned poaching scoundrels, when I catches him in my woods of a night, is it true he can have the law of me? S'pose now (putting what he thinks a parallel case) you ain't got no leave to fish in this 'ere stream—(I immediately produce my credentials, taking it as a hint). I didn't mean that, sir; I knows it's all right. I could take your rod away, and you a genelman; then why not *his* gun?" And he pauses for a reply. Now I perfectly remember that this very point was decided by the Judges not very long ago, but how I can't for the life of me recollect. So, disliking to be nonplussed, I give an elaborate judgment of my own, on which I sincerely trust he will not frame his future proceedings. This is very charming and proper, my old keeper coming to ask my advice; and I keep up the illusion of his being mine by not tipping him when he goes away.

Fly fishing is not a bad guide to character. Behold that gentleman whose fly has caught in the long grass behind him. You

can see all this way by the movement of his lips and the expression of his face that he is using bad language ; why doesn't he go and disengage his hook ? Not a bit of it. He gives a great tug, bang goes the top joint, he hasn't got a spare one, and his day is spoilt all owing to temper. He sulkily goes home, and his family will probably have a lively time of it. I should not like to play cards with him. He would probably be insolent and overbearing in success, despairing and savage in misfortune. Yonder is one who has just raised a big fish, as you can see by the circles in the water, but has missed him. He does not try him again, but places a piece of stick opposite the spot where he rose. The cunning fellow doesn't go on whipping at him till he gives the fish an opportunity of finding out his mistake, but will return again in a quarter of an hour and probably basket him. Such a one in the affairs of life, if once baulked, will wait a second opportunity with patience ; in love, revenge, his profession, or trade he has learnt "to labour and to wait." There is the jealous brute, who sneaks off as you come up lest you should see the flies he is using ; the treacherous one, who recommends a fly which he knows won't kill ; there is the reckless and impetuous youth who hauls a big fish out by sheer force, sending him flying over his head into the grass behind regardless of consequences—we can all guess what his fate will be before the day is out, and what he must pay for rods during the season. Sitting on that fallen trunk of a tree is one who has only been trying for a quarter of an hour, and meeting with no success, has given up in despair. He looks furtively round and pulls out a flask, with the contents of which he consoles himself—he is one of those who takes to drinking under disappointment, and blames fortune instead of himself.

But of all bores on a day's fishing, commend me to Mr. Sponge. He is the gentleman who kindly offers to show you a new stream and the best places therein. Woe to thee, honest piscator, if thou consentest ! He has a talent for replenishing his diminished resources at your expense. He takes your fly book to look at your flies. "Ah, these are of no use here ; I think I have those you require." Those he condemns must be useful somewhere else, for he annexes samples of each. On reference to his own book he finds he has not those he promised you. He has brought the wrong book, he has lent his other to a friend. I mistrust that friend and book, and should like to see them both. About lunch time he is very assiduous in his attentions, and is pressing in his offers of some particularly nasty sherry, which he knows you won't take, because in a weak moment you have let out that your flask contains some very fine brandy, a case of

which a friend has lately sent you. Don't think to baffle him by going to the other side of the river. I tried that dodge, but he met me at the bridge and demanded a nip. Better six ordinary nips than one such as he took to make up for lost time. Now I keep a flask on purpose for him, filled with *something* from the grocer's.

But it is time to put up rod and tackle ; no more fish will rise to-day. Pleasant faces are waiting at home, and the frying-pan is hissing for its prey. Never mind whether the basket be heavy or not. I am content whatever be my lot, and sing with honest Izaak—

“And when the timorous Trout I wait
To take, and he devours my bait,
How poor a thing sometimes I find
Will captivate a greedy mind ;
And when none bite I praise the wise
Whom vain allurements ne'er surprise.”

J. E.

WITHIN AND WITHOUT.

A SERIES OF MOSAICS FROM THE CITY.

BY D. MORIER EVANS.

IV.—THE LAMP OF LIFE.



HOLLOA, Dick, here you are !”

“What’s the matter ? Anything in the wind ?”

“Oh, such fun—there he goes. Come along.”

“Who do you mean ?”

“Who do I mean ? Why, mad Ackerley, followed by his Indian, Peter Brown. He has just crossed ’Change ; we shall met him on the other side.”

Being inquisitively roused by this colloquy, and the names of Ackerley and Peter Brown striking on my ear, I knew at once that some special movement was on foot. Following the lads who had started the keynote of an adventure, I soon perceived “mad Ackerley,” as the boys called him, marching with Peter Brown through the Exchange, and having entered at the southern, he was leaving by the western entrance. Peter was close by his side, and they were engaged in earnest conversation. Presently came along, crossing by the Bank, the well-known itinerant preacher, Bo’swain Smith, with his stand, and his troop of orphan sailor boys and girls, attired in the most complete nautical fashion. A slight recognition took place between Ackerley and Bo’swain Smith, and Peter Brown “yelled a yell of delight ;” and patting the curly-haired children on the head, they both passed in different directions.

Suddenly Ackerley pulled up Peter Brown, watching the course taken by Bo’swain Smith and his train of juveniles. He took out the medal Peter was accustomed to wear, readjusted the ribbon by which it was suspended, and placed it carefully round his neck. He then inspected the contents of a blue bag, from which there protruded the connecting tube of a lamp, and after having found it in a satisfactory condition, he returned the bag to Peter. “We’ll track him, my son ; he is evidently off to Tower Hill.”

Knowing the eccentricities of my friend, and having a little time to spare, I followed at a respectful distance. Away trudged Ackerley

and Peter, dodging the steps of Bo'swain Smith and his little troop of innocents.

Forward rolled Bo'swain Smith ; I could see him straight ahead, making for the locality named by Ackerley, the orphan boys carrying the stand and the money box for subscriptions, and the girls marching hand in hand with their pastor and superintendent. Trudging through Leadenhall Street, down Lime Street, Billiter Square, with its quaint old-fashioned houses, up Tower Street, Tower Hill, with its rough, rugged stone embattlements, was soon reached.

The appearance of Bo'swain Smith was the signal for a general stampede. His burly figure, his kind, benevolent face, attracted immediate attention, and the neat white caps and cleanly faces of the children gave an additional charm to the scene. The watermen left their post at the Tower Stairs to approach him ; and the fish and fruit women, with the truant girls and boys of the neighbourhood, gathered round to take part in this primitive open-air service. Even the advanced itinerant, the gentleman who vended Everton toffee, bore up to the spot, carrying his bright, polished mahogany tray, covered with green baize, to hear what the old Bo'swain had to say.

By this time service had commenced ; the congregation paid strict attention ; Bo'swain Smith descanting at length upon the subject he had chosen for his text. Ackerley and Peter had arrived upon the ground, and I had followed in their wake. The old Bo'swain was full of rhapsody ; he appealed to all parties to leave the paths of vice —“ to quit the broad road which leadeth to destruction ;” and wound up by remarking that he, as one of the representatives of the Lamp of Life, would be ready to receive all converts into the fold.

I saw the lips of Ackerley quiver ; his face became perfectly livid with rage. Glaring at Peter, he muttered, “ Did you hear that ? He the representative of the Lamp of Life ! Where are we, Peter ? ” and he glared again, and took the blue bag from him, rattling it in anger.

The old Bo'swain was about to conclude with his regular peroration, “ And now to,” &c., when Ackerley stepped forward, and with vehemence denied that the old Bo'swain represented the Lamp of Life. “ For here,” he said, drawing forth the well-battered lamp from the blue bag, “ is the Lamp of Life itself, and I am its fortunate possessor. And you know it too.” After flourishing the lamp once or twice before the gaze of the astonished crowd, he returned it to Peter to put back in the bag.

The people crowded round, and seemed prepared to take summary vengeance ; but a voice in the midst intimating, in reply to a question

"Who is he?" "Only mad Ackerley," the announcement apparently appeased them.

The old Bo'swain endeavoured to explain that his was simply an allegorical allusion, adding that he was not prepared for any interruption of the kind from his friend Ackerley, who ought to know better, or any other man (shaking his fist menacingly at Peter).

The crowd cheered; Bo'swain Smith smiled with evident satisfaction; and the children cheered too.

Poor Ackerley and his associate, Peter, dropped back a little distance, but made no signs of active retreat.

"And now," said Bo'swain Smith, looking round on the surrounding multitude, and scowling from beneath his dark, shaggy eyebrows—"and now let us have old blind Bartimæus," rolling the last word in his usual sanctified manner; "raise your voices, my friends, and let them reach to the high blue heavens" (again rolling out the last word) "in thankfulness for having escaped the scoffer and his black satellite."

Poor Ackerley looked daggers at his assailant; and his black satellite appeared almost inclined to enter into personal conflict with Bo'swain Smith; but the latter, with his usual promptitude, gave out the first verse of the hymn, one of the children pitched the tune, and the voices of the crowd ringing out in sympathy, completely drowned the last utterance of the asserted real possessor of the Lamp of Life.

Ackerley, fuming with manifest rage, gave the blue bag to Peter in which was deposited the battered rattletrap metal lamp, and was about retiring, when I approached him, and, tapping him on the shoulder, remarked, "The old Bo'swain wears well, and is as vigorous as ever. He can defend himself at all points."

"Oh, yes," replied Ackerley, "we know each other well: it isn't the first time we have discussed the merits of the Lamp of Life. I shall meet him again in a week or two; we like to tackle each other."

Peter gave one of his customary ghastly smiles, showing his enormous row of teeth, simply saying, "Es, sar—(Yes, sir)—hiccorry, hiccorry."

My time was up, and I made my way towards Aldgate, leaving them to follow up the mud-begrimed and tarpauling-scented Minories.

It was in Wales, however, where the Lamp of Life made the greatest sensation. Ackerley, when on a visit to the neighbourhood, found himself in a mining district, and the labouring classes being grossly ignorant, and medical aid not generally available, he persuaded some

of the poor creatures to try the efficacy of his remedy—viz., the inhalation of spirit vapour from his lamp.

It need scarcely be added that the operation failed to have any effect, and that in one especial instance the patient, suffering from a long-rooted disease, ultimately grew worse and died. Then the Lamp of Life encountered strong criticism, and an investigation having taken place, Ackerley was put on his trial for manslaughter.

When the case was brought before the jury it was clearly shown that he had done nothing wrong; and the evidence being of the most inconclusive character, he was at once acquitted. After this period little more was heard of the Lamp of Life, except in the shape of oratorical displays and discussions with old Bo'swain Smith.

The great Ackerley was the individual who conceived the expensive but brilliant idea of preparing an advertisement that, as Lord Dundreary would say, "no fellah could understand"—possibly not even Ackerley himself. It appeared principally in evening papers, and was generally confined to one for a series of months, or perhaps a year.

Crabbed, awkward, disjointed, no connecting sentences, but a mass of hieroglyphics, occasionally illustrated with a Persian, Arabic, or Greek character; it exhibited a grotesque aspect, and what was supposed to mean something, in reality meant nothing.

Every one imagined that it referred to the claims of the immortal Peter Brown, the real Mexican Indian, the descendant of the Montezumas, or to that curiously arranged machine carried in the blue bag, the Lamp of Life. I do not believe the announcement concerned either. My impression is that it was a vagary of poor Ackerley's, and that Peter Brown was devoted to one service and the Lamp of Life to another; both combining in the end to carry out the objects of their eccentric master.

From evidence of the best character, and which could be produced at any moment, the following was the *modus operandi* of Ackerley arranging his work. It was a sight worth seeing, and when once seen it would never have been forgotten.

Ackerley, with his fevered face, sharp grey eyes, and bushy eyebrows, striding upstairs to the composing room. "Rather warm work this," addressing the printer. Printer: "Yes, Colonel." He was always called "Colonel" in the offices, though he was really a lieutenant in the royal navy.

Ackerley: "Where's the ad.?—(*ad.*, short for advertisement). It must go in to-morrow; important, very important"—rubbing his hands in a fussy manner, and looking wild and excited.

Printer : " But it takes so long to correct."

Ackerley : " Nonsense ! out of the way, man"—taking off his coat and necktie, and standing in his shirt sleeves—"give me the bodkin " (taking the compositor's bodkin, a sharp instrument for picking out letters), " I'll soon do it." So he would set to work, and in the space of half or three-quarters of an hour he would, by introducing a disjointed quotation, a new cabalistic character, or inverting the order of a few letters, replace the advertisement, defray its cost, and give the necessary instructions for its appearance.

At length, from want of means or other causes, the series was ultimately suspended, and Ackerley then occupied himself wholly with Peter Brown and the Lamp of Life.

Singular as it may seem, Bo'swain Smith, with his eccentric mannerism and rough eloquence—for occasionally eloquent he was—did a great deal of good in his time ; and although there were vague rumours not thoroughly creditable to his private character—which, however, in reality were never satisfactorily proved—the inhabitants of the lower bounds of Tower Hill, Ratcliff Highway, and Wapping benefited to some extent from his ministration.

The poor degraded creatures in the worst haunts of these sickly and fever-stricken localities always behaved decorously when Bo'swain Smith pitched his stand, and listened with attention ; whilst their acquaintances, newly-arrived " salts," were restrained from any exuberant feeling till he had finished his discourse and departed.

The old Bo'swain was one of the early advocates for Sailors' Homes, to accommodate the men previously to their leaving for sea, or on their return from distant voyages, in order to save them from the hands of " crimps " or other offscourings of society that infest the docks at all seasons. He happily lived to see the first initiation of the movement ; and it has since been greatly developed, to the advantage of the mercantile marine of all classes.

Peter Brown, the constant attendant of his master, Ackerley, made what would be called in homely phraseology "a good thing of it." He was well dressed, carried the time-honoured blue bag, and a heavily caparisoned green silk umbrella. When he and the Lieutenant went on 'Change, which they occasionally did, the latter would attempt to harangue the merchants on the misguided conduct of trade, and enforce the fact that the only salvation of England would be the restoration of Peter Brown, the descendant of the Montezumas, to the throne of his ancestors.

On one occasion a wag, who little dreamed of the mischief of which he was likely to be author, walked up to poor Ackerley and his

friend, and said, "Why, Ackerley, why are you not off with Peter to the London Tavern, where at this moment a meeting is being held of Mexican Bondholders? There you can regularly enforce the claims of Peter, and perhaps through his influence consolidate the debt."

"Well thought of," replied Ackerley; "a wonderful suggestion. Come along, Peter, we'll surprise them. You shall show them your medal and the flag, and we shall no doubt be of great assistance to the victimised creditors."

So saying, he dragged Peter along, who chuckled and laughed, and gave forth his customary ejaculations of "Hiccorry, hiccorry," a kind of hissing noise through the compression of his lips upon his teeth.

I was going up the stairs of the tavern when the worthy couple arrived, and I was quite prepared, seeing the state of excitement that the Lieutenant and his friend were in, for another manifestation of his peculiar tactics. Pushing my way forward, I got through a side door, and reached the reporters' table. Ackerley and Peter were left to struggle at the end of the room—one of the long rooms—with the general auditory, and with all their efforts to advance they found it impossible. The Lieutenant nevertheless kept Peter close by his side, ready on the first opportunity to make a demonstration.

Mr. John Diston Powles—the celebrated J. D. Powles, of New Grenada and Maraquita mining notoriety, and a member of the various Spanish-American Bondholders' Committees formed from time to time to protect their interests—was the chairman; and in the course of his address on a long string of resolutions, such as he alone could prepare, reviewed the conduct of the Mexican Government, and set forth the difficulty of obtaining remittances or an adjustment of arrears. He was applauded to the echo, and, being about to take his seat, formally moved the first resolution.

Ackerley, by elbowing, made a desperate rush forward, shouting at the top of his voice:—"Stay, Mr. Chairman, there is no need of any resolution. Look here (patting Peter on the back), this is the man who can settle the debt. Restore this Mexican Indian of pure blood to his rightful possessions, and we'll arrange this little affair for you. Come here, Peter! Show them your medal—the insignia of your claims."

Of course there were roars of laughter, amidst which Peter pulled out his medal, the size of a charity schoolboy's badge, and glanced triumphantly around.

The audience seemed regularly convulsed, and the proceedings were for the moment suspended.

The Chairman in trying to restore order lost his temper. "Who are you, sir, who thus dares intrude upon us and interrupt our discussion?" screamed J. D. Powles, piercing poor Ackerley through with his sharp grey eyes.

"I am Lieutenant Ackerley, and this is my Mexican Indian—the true descendant of the Montezumas and the rightful possessor of the riches of that fertile soil. Talk of the last of the Incas and the wealth of Potosi—here before you stands the lawful owner of the large property despoiled by Cortez and other Spanish and Portuguese pirates."

Peter only laughed and smiled, hissing through his row of large teeth "Hiccorry, hiccorry."

The Chairman could not restore order. The reporters were as much amused as the rest of the company. At length Mr. Powles was privately informed of the real nature of Ackerley's malady, and told that a pacific policy would be the best course to pursue.

Thereupon the Chairman said:—"Lieutenant Ackerley, we are much obliged for your valuable suggestions."

"You hear that, Peter?" audibly responded Ackerley.

Peter bowed assent.

"And," continued the Chairman, "if you will be good enough to allow us to pass the resolutions, and reserve any communication that you wish to make to the Committee or myself till after the meeting, it will be cheerfully received."

"You promise that?" screeched Ackerley.

"Yes," replied the Chairman.

"Then, by G—d, I'll stick to you for ever."

He remained a few minutes, then brandished his umbrella, beckoned to Peter, and they both retired.

The business of the meeting at length went on in due form, the resolutions were passed, and the various complimentary votes recorded.

Whether the Chairman or the Committee ever gave Ackerley and Peter Brown audiences never transpired, but from the progress of politics in Mexico it is very certain Peter has not yet been restored to the throne of the Montezumas.



TABLE TALK.

“AN ounce of civit, Mr. Apothecary !” A flourishing railway company in the West of England, which generally holds its meetings on a Wednesday, postponed the declaration of its dividends for a week, in order to throw the meeting over Ash Wednesday. Of course in itself this is quite right and proper ; and we commend the example of the Board of Directors to the rest of the railway companies. But when they keep their pointsmen in their boxes for thirteen and fifteen hours a day every day of the week for twelve or fifteen years at a stretch, is it not putting too fine a point upon the matter to pay such distinguished respect to Ash Wednesday as is implied in the postponement of a half-yearly dividend ?

TEN minutes can always be amusingly and instructively spent in examining the Annual Report of the Postmaster-General. Lord Hartington has just issued his summary of Post Office doings during the year 1869 (he is rather late, by the way), and out of the masses of figures that he presents to the Treasury magnates the following curiosities are culled by a slight digestive process. In round numbers there are five million inhabited houses in the United Kingdom, containing a total of thirty-one million inhabitants. These were the estimations for 1869 ; we shall be thinking a little more on this point in a few days. The whole number of letters delivered in the year was 832 millions, and of book and pattern parcels 109 millions. Therefore, upon the average, every house in the kingdom had 166 letters and 22 post-parcels, or every man, woman, and child had 27 letters and three and a half post-parcels. Considering the piles of missives that tumble post after post into some letter-boxes—editors’ boxes, for instance—what a vast number of houses there must be at which the postman never knocks ; since for every 27 letters that you or I receive in a year over and above our average 27 some one person has none at all. Another item. Nearly four million letters were returned to the “dead letter” office ; of these, 3,260,000 were returned to the writers, 133,000 re-issued to corrected addresses by the post officers, and 311,000 were destroyed or remain still in hand. Fifteen thousand letters were posted without any address whatever ; and 256 of these contained money to the aggregate amount of £2,810. Careless writers, reflect hereon, but do not think the sins of others make your peccadilloes excusable. We are not informed by the report upon one item that would be interesting : how many letters are discovered to be stolen or destroyed by dishonest carriers in the course of a year. recollect one theft being officially

reported, but it was exceptional in every way. A postman was going his round at Kelvedon, in Essex, when a tame raven plucked a letter from his hand and flew away with it. The bird was caught, but it had torn the letter to pieces ; the fragments were secured and united, and it was found that the missive contained a cheque for £30. This was six or eight years ago : has there been no robbery worth mention since ?

IN anticipation of the customary rush to the seaside, we should like to ask the public authorities of Brighton and St. Leonard's, of Clifton and Torquay, whether it is not possible to establish a system of sanitary inspection for lodging-houses, to guarantee visitors against small-pox and scarlet fever, and two or three other unpleasant trifles of that description. It is notorious that people with all these diseases still lingering about them and their clothes are in the habit of taking up their quarters in these places to assist their recovery, infecting beds, sofas, and easy chairs, and thus bequeathing what they are suffering from to the next occupant of the rooms. In any well-regulated country this ought to be an indictable offence, and one of these days, when we have out-grown our Philistinism, perhaps we shall make it so. But this, if it ever comes at all, will, we fear, only be

“Far on in summers which we shall not see ;”

and what are we to do in the meantime ? This is the question which we wish to ask the officers of health of our different watering-places ; for it is impossible that without their co-operation we can ourselves guard against the risk which a run to Brighton or Scarborough involves under the existing system of *laissez faire*. A bye-law, an inspector, and a few fines of £5 a head and costs, would in a single season, we believe, reduce the risks to a minimum ; and the town which first distinguishes itself by taking this work in hand will make its fortune.

“THE House of Commons ! What, then, is that still going on ?” asked the special of one of our contemporaries on reappearing in the world after the capitulation of Paris. “What discussions you must have had about us !” Of course these have yet to come ; and the prospect of one of the most active and talkative of Parliamentary Sessions that have been held within the recollection of most of us suggests an old question. Is it not possible in any way to shorten the Parliamentary reports of the newspapers ? Of course we are bound to apologise to the Houses of Parliament for asking such a question ; but, recollecting how distressingly life has been abbreviated by the Flood, how much busier life is growing every year, how much else there is to read, and how imperatively necessary it is that we should not fall behind in the race—for once behind now we are lost—we venture in the interests of suffering humanity to ask whether it is absolutely necessary to take up all the valuable space of the *Times* with the *ipsissima verba* of every one of the 658 noblemen and gentlemen

who takes it into his head to get upon his legs and challenge the Speaker's eye to repeat all he can recollect of a *Times* or *Pall Mall* leader upon a question which he personally knows no more about than the first club-window politician whom you may buttonhole at the Reform or the Carlton. Of course Gladstone, and Disraeli, and Lowe, and Bernal Osborne, and a few others whose names will suggest themselves at once as men who are "privileged in phraseology," must still be permitted to talk to us outsiders as freely and as epigrammatically as they talk to the galleries. But it really is time to protest against the growing eloquence of the ragtag and bobtail of the House. In the shires, at agricultural dinners and borough banquets, these hon. gentlemen may always find a brilliant opportunity for airing their vocabulary, and now and then, in committee upon a Turnpike Bill, they may do the State some service by a hint; but we protest against the frequency with which they start to their feet in the House of Commons, and much more against the space which they are allowed in our morning papers. Any reporter who is worth his salt could put the pith of three-fifths of the speeches into a third of the space which they are allotted at present if he was only told, as he ought to be, to think less of the speakers themselves and more of the public. Old Perry of the *Chronicle* used to say that it was impossible for him to make his reports too long for the members or too short for the public. But *Hansard* was not then in existence; and with that in their possession the newspapers ought to think more of us and less of the speakers than they do.

AND, talking of M.P.'s and their speeches, we wish to mark our appreciation of the candour of a gentleman who, in addressing his constituents a week or two ago on a perplexing topic, which he knew less of than perhaps an M.P. is bound to know of everything that concerns his constituents, took a copy of the *Times* out of his pocket and read an article to them, and then told them frankly, "Gentlemen, that is my view of the matter put into much better English than I could put it into on the spur of the moment." Of course "Members out of town" are talking the *Times* all through the Recess without acknowledging the fact either to themselves or their constituents. But this is the first time, as far as our observation goes, where a man has taken the paper out of his pocket and read it to his constituents instead of blundering about his meaning in a haphazard sort of way; and the man who did it must have been a man of equal courage and candour. It was Mr. Samuelson, of Cheltenham, a gentleman who can talk as sensibly and eloquently upon subjects which he has studied as any man in the House. He has but one fault. He is not omniscient. But this is not a fault that any one need be ashamed of; and the editor of the *Gentleman* takes off his hat to Mr. Samuelson in acknowledgment of his courageous modesty and his good sense.

HAS any one ever seen the Speaker of the House of Commons laugh? I mean, of course, laugh at a member, and not with him. Mr. Addington pleaded guilty to laughing once, and only once, when in the chair; and

that, as he explained apologetically, was when an hon. member, talking about Nootka Sound, exclaimed, "Mr. Speaker, it is impossible at this moment to look at the north-east without at the same time taking a glance at the south-west." "I bit my lips," said Lord Sidmouth, at the "Hear, hears" which greeted this sentence; but, overhearing some one behind the chair soliloquising, "By Jove, no one in the House but Wilkes could do that," I could keep my countenance no longer. I burst into a very undignified laugh. The House held its breath in horror, and I hid my blushes in my wig as well as I could." Mr. Mannors Sutton, too, confessed to laughing once. It was when, in the midst of an intensely personal debate, a large rat crept out from under the Opposition Benches, and walked across the House to the Treasury Bench. "I could not resist this," said the stateliest of all the Speakers. "I broke into a horse-laugh. But I never did it again."

"SCRUTATOR," in a brochure which has attracted a good deal of attention, asks, "Who is responsible for the War?" and answers the question. His reply is able and forcible, and SYLVANUS URBAN congratulates him upon the strong case he has made out against Prussia, whom SYLVANUS URBAN thinks the future historian will call severely to account for the part she played in the initiation as well as in the ending of this most awful and cruel war. But SYLVANUS URBAN, in the "Story of the War" which he related in the *Gentleman's Annual*, published three months earlier than this pamphlet, and in various articles in this Magazine, had anticipated "Scrutator" in some of his strongest points. The ten items in the left-hand column below are the positions which "Scrutator" seeks to establish. The quotations in the right-hand column are from the *Gentleman's Magazine* and the *Gentleman's Annual*.

SCRUTATOR.

"1. That the Hohenzollern candidature was a legitimate grievance to France, and was acknowledged to be such by the Neutral Powers.

"2. That the French Government, in spite of sundry indiscretions which Count Bismarck dexterously used against it, really desired a pacific solution of the question.

"3. That Count Bismarck got up the Hohenzollern intrigue with his eyes wide open to all the consequences that have followed.

"4. That Prussia never withdrew, directly or indirectly, the candidature of Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern, and that the eventual retirement of the Prince took place in such a way as to leave the grievance of France precisely where it was at the commencement of the quarrel.

"5. That, nevertheless, France still sought a

SYLVANUS URBAN.

"We have not discovered what contingent alliances Count Bismarck may have formed, but we know that, having caused Prince Charles of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen to be elected Hospodar of Roumania, four years ago, and having surrounded that prince with a strong army, furnished with needle-guns and officered by Prussians, he set about contriving, some months since, that the Hospodar's brother, Prince Leopold, should be nominated to the throne of Spain. Prince Leopold's wife is sister to the present King of Portugal, Prince Leopold's sister was wife to the late King of Portugal, and the young king now reigning at Lisbon married a daughter of Victor Emmanuel, Prussia's ally in the last war. There was a neat family and diplomatic combination. Italy bears the Emperor no good will, but she was not strong enough to fight her battle alone and to expel the French soldiers from Rome. But with Spain and Portugal on their side, and with Prussia in arms on the shores of the Rhine, the enemies of Napoleon might do what they pleased in Italy, and the position of France would be almost as critical as that of Austria at the beginning of the war of 1866." — "Bismarck's Prussia," September, 1870.

pacific solution, and solicited the good offices of England for that purpose.

"6. That Count Bismarck rudely rejected the mediation of England, and precipitated the war by the gratuitous invention and publication of a fictitious affront offered by the King of Prussia to the French Ambassador at Ems.

"7. That the deliberate intention of Prussia to provoke a war with France is proved by other circumstances, and particularly by Count Bismarck's rejection of repeated offers from France to join in a policy of mutual disarmament.

"8. That, at the commencement of the war, both the King of Prussia and Count Bismarck publicly admitted that the French people were 'really peaceably disposed and requiring tranquillity:' an admission which is inconsistent with the subsequent demand for French territory, on the plea that the French nation desired and approved the war against Germany.

"9. That Count Bismarck requires French territory, not as a security against French aggressiveness, but as a means of keeping up the military system of Prussia, and keeping down German liberalism.

"10. That in her determination to seize French territory Germany is taking a long stride backward in civilisation, and is really violating a principle which was quietly taking its place in the political ethics of modern Europe."

"So soon as the Spanish candidature was mentioned, all the leading journals of neutral countries in Europe foresaw that French susceptibility and indignation would be aroused,"—"Table Talk," Feb., 1871.

"It is not difficult to understand the anxiety with which M. Benedetti, the French Minister at Berlin, in March, 1869, after the visit of Senor Rances, questioned the Count von Bismarck and the Under Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, Herr von Theile, as to the truth of the rumours of Prince Leopold's candidature. . . . M. Benedetti insisted that the candidature of Prince Leopold would be regarded in a very serious light by the Emperor's Government, and Herr von Theile declared to him, upon his honour, that there had not been, as far as he was aware, and could not be, a question of the Prince of Hohenzollern for the throne of Spain. From that time until the 2nd of last July, the Government of France seems never to have experienced any further disquietude on the subject."—*Gentleman's Annual*.

"Whatever may have been the mode in which Prince Leopold was approached, the probabilities of the case lead with irresistible force to the conclusion that some sort of diplomatic understanding existed between Marshal Prim and the Count von Bismarck."—*Gentleman's Annual*.

"The time has not yet come to tell on whose counsel Prince Leopold acted when he intimated his acceptance, but of this there is hardly a question: Count Bismarck was aware of the offer, and knew of the acceptance."—*Ibid*.

"On the 14th of July an article appeared in the *North German Gazette*, &c. . . . Who could have contrived a rumour so cleverly constructed as at once to lead Prussians to feel that their King had been offered an affront and France to declare that she had received an indignity in the person of her Ambassador? . . . It may be that this rumour, though it was published in a paper inspired by the Prussian Ministry, and related to a matter of the utmost delicacy, was based on an ordinary mistake; but if it were invented and published by order of a Minister for a definite purpose, the event would do no violence to the traditions of official journalism, nor would the act be less defensible than that of sending to the *Times* a copy of the *Projet de Traité*, designed to fasten upon the Emperor the responsibility of a dishonest proposal, the onus of which has since been shown to rest upon the Count von Bismarck."—*Ibid*.

The war "has reopened the Eastern question, freshened up old theories of the dominion of race, and renewed among civilised nations the practice of seizing territory as the prize of successful warfare."—*Ibid*.

In passages too long to quote, the "Story of the War" shows that Prussia had nothing to do with the withdrawal of the Leopold candidature, describes the abortive scheme of the French Emperor (through the instrumentality of the late Lord Clarendon) to enter with Prussia upon an agreement for the reduction of armaments, and sets forth the determination of the Count von Bismarck to treat the bellicose language of the Duc de Grammont as a *casus belli*. But SYLVANUS URBAN does not go the whole length with "Scrutator" in removing blame from the shoulders of the French Emperor and France.

Commercial Union Assurance Company,

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NEW FEATURES IN LIFE ASSURANCE.

Settlement Policies without the expense of Settlement Deeds.

A brief analysis of the Section of the Married Women's Property Act of 1870, under which these Policies can be effected, is contained on the following page.

The Continuance of Assurance notwithstanding the Discontinuance of Premiums.

Policies effected under a limited number of Premiums are entitled to this privilege. Each Premium paid is considered, in the event of the Policy being discontinued, as the single Premium for a definite portion of the sum assured, and a new Policy, subject to no further payment, is granted in lieu of the old one, for an amount equal to the total portions secured by each of the Premiums which have been received.

Thus, if a Policy for £1,000 be taken out, with the Premiums limited to ten payments, the Assured would receive a paid-up Policy for £300 if he discontinued his Premiums after three years' payments, or £500 if he discontinued them after paying for five years.

A full description of the scheme is given on page 3.

1. Settlement of Policies without the expense of Settlement Deeds.

The settlement of a Policy of Assurance by a married man upon his wife and children has hitherto required a separate deed with the appointment of Trustees, and has been attended with expense. The Married Women's Property Act, 1870, gives a Policy, taken out under its provisions, the effect of a Settlement Deed, so that the creation of a family Trust Fund may be accomplished without cost by filling up one simple Form.

The following are the conditions prescribed by the Act :—

1. The Assurance must be effected after marriage.
2. It can only be effected for the wife and children of the Assured, or some or one of them.
3. The persons whom the Assured desires to receive the benefit of the Policy, and the extent of their several interests, must be expressed upon the Policy itself.

If these conditions be fulfilled a Policy of Assurance, effected by a married man for the benefit of his wife, or of his wife and children, or any of them, will be deemed to be a Trust for those purposes, and will not, while any object of the Trust continues in existence, be subject to the control of the husband or of his creditors, and will not be considered as a part of his estate.

The Act also provides for the appointment of a Trustee, either during the currency of the Policy, or at the time it becomes a claim, who will receive the money from the Assurance Office, and distribute it according to the terms of the Policy.

(The Act extends to the whole of the United Kingdom, except Scotland.)

Proposals for Policies under the provisions of the Act may be had on application, and will be found to be simple in their form.

2. The Continuance of Assurance, notwithstanding Discontinuance of Premiums.

An example will be the best explanation of this scheme.

If a Policy for £1,000 be effected at an Annual Premium limited to ten payments, the position of the Assured, if he be a civilian resident in Europe or in any part of the world north of 35°, will be as follows :—

1. If he survived the ten years and had paid the whole of the ten Premiums, he would then be in possession of a Policy for £1,000, free from any further Premium.
2. If he died at any time during the currency of the ten years, and had not accepted a paid-up policy (as explained in the next paragraph) the sum assured of £1,000 would be paid to his representatives *without* the deduction of any of the Premiums which remained to be paid.
3. If after the payment of the first Premium he decided to drop the Policy, he would receive in place of it a Policy for £100, free from any future payment, and payable whenever death might occur. If he discontinued his payments after the third Premium, a fully paid-up Policy for £300 would be issued in substitution for the original Policy; and generally, a paid-up Policy would be granted, on the first Policy being dropped, for as many tenths of the original sum assured as there had been Premiums paid.

[The only restriction is, that a paid-up Policy will not be issued until the tenths of the original sum assured amount to £100 and upwards. Thus, if a Policy be effected for £500, the first Premium will only secure £50 of the sum assured, and a paid-up Policy cannot at that time be issued; when the second Premium, however, is paid, the two-tenths, which they have secured, amount to £100, and a paid-up Policy will then be granted for that sum, if the original Policy be dropped. But should the Assured decide to drop his Policy before the Premiums paid have been sufficient to secure £100 of it, he will receive a surrender value in respect of all the payments he has made, which will be at a higher rate than that allowed for Policies with the Premiums payable throughout life.]

4. If the original Policy has been effected on the participating scale, the paid-up Policy which may be granted in substitution will share periodically in the profits made by the Company.

The Table appended contains the rate of Premium where the number of payments is limited to *ten*. The *principle* of the scheme, however, applies to Policies upon which the Premiums are restricted to five or fifteen. The corresponding rates for any age will be quoted on application.

Commercial Union Assurance Company.

CAPITAL, Fully Subscribed	- - -	£2,500,000
„ Paid-up	- - -	£250,000

The Life Funds, exceeding £225,000, are held in special trust for Life Policies.

Life Policyholders have also the security of the uncalled Capital of £2,250,000, and the General Assets of the Company, which exceed £620,000.

The Expenses of Management are guaranteed by Deed of Settlement not to exceed 10 per cent. per annum on the *Premium* Income.

Clear accounts of Income and Expenditure, with a statement of Investments, have been published each year from the commencement.

The rate of Mortality and of Interest assumed in the Valuations are those which require the largest reserve of any methods in use, and the net Premiums only are taken into account.

The Bonus declared in 1867 averaged over 2 per cent. per annum upon the sum assured, or upwards of 65 per cent. upon the Premiums paid.

Rates of Premium for assuring £100, with Participation in Profits.

Premiums payable throughout Life.				Premiums limited to Ten Payments, entitling the Policy to the benefit of the Scheme described on Page 3.			
Age next Birth-day.	Annual Premium.	Age next Birth-day.	Annual Premium.	Age next Birth-day.	Annual Premium.	Age next Birth-day.	Annual Premium.
£ s. d.			£ s. d.	£ s. d.		£ s. d.	
21	1 19 8	41	3 6 0	20	4 16 6	41	6 18 7
22	2 0 7	42	3 7 10	21	4 18 4	42	7 0 9
23	2 1 6	43	3 9 9	22	5 0 2	43	7 3 1
24	2 2 7	44	3 11 9	23	5 2 0	44	7 5 6
25	2 3 8	45	3 13 10	24	5 3 11	45	7 7 11
26	2 4 9	46	3 16 2	25	5 5 9	46	7 10 7
27	2 5 11	47	3 18 8	26	5 7 8	47	7 13 2
28	2 7 1	48	4 1 4	27	5 9 6	48	7 15 11
29	2 8 3	49	4 4 4	28	5 11 5	49	7 19 1
30	2 9 5	50	4 7 8	29	5 13 3	50	8 2 5
31	2 10 7	51	4 11 4	30	5 15 3	51	8 6 2
32	2 11 9	52	4 15 4	31	5 17 2	52	8 10 5
33	2 13 0	53	4 19 8	32	5 19 3	53	8 14 10
34	2 14 4	54	5 4 3	33	6 1 3	54	8 19 9
35	2 15 9	55	5 9 2	34	6 3 5	55	9 4 10
36	2 17 3	56	5 14 4	35	6 5 6	56	9 10 4
37	2 18 11	57	5 19 10	36	6 7 7	57	9 16 2
38	3 0 8	58	6 5 8	37	6 9 8	58	10 2 3
39	3 2 5	59	6 11 8	38	6 11 11	59	10 8 8
40	3 4 2	60	6 17 8	39	6 14 1	60	10 15 6
				40	6 16 3		

Either of these Scales of Premium can be selected for Policies effected under the Married Women's Property Act.


THE
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE

MAY, 1871.

ON THE COMIC WRITERS OF
ENGLAND.

BY CHARLES COWDEN CLARKE.

II.—BEN JONSON.*

 HE prevailing, if not the peculiar, characteristic of Ben Jonson's genius appears to have been that of an extreme—even a formal—correctness, and strict propriety of language and personation in his productions. I do not mean "*propriety*" in the modern, conventional sense of the term; (for he is *morally coarse* in his language), but that he is distinguished by appropriateness rather, and a perfect conformity with Academic rules, and the established forms of art. This peculiarity of his intellectual construction is correctly estimated in Dr. Johnson's lines :—

" Then Jonson came, instructed from the *school* ;
To please by method, and invent by *rule* !
His studious patience, and laborious art,
With regular approach essay'd the heart ;
Cold approbation gave the lingering bays,
And they who durst not censure, scarce could praise."

* With an author like the subject of the present essay,—whose works are not at hand in every private library, and, if they were, are of a prolixity and a grossness more objectionable to modern popular taste than to that which prevailed when Ben Jonson wrote,—it is not probable that readers will search for passages illustrating the opinions, the customs, and manners that are here presented. I therefore preface it by stating that I mean to give these illustrative quotations in rather unusual number and length, by way of saving the reader trouble in reference, and thus presenting him with the "best bits" ready picked out for him that serve to confirm my remarks.

This constant presence, and, it may be, tyranny of correctness and propriety induced him even to alter the scene of his "Every Man in his Humour," one of his earliest productions. When originally represented, the scene of this comedy was laid at Florence, and the *dramatis personæ* were all Italians; but feeling that the gulls and bullies, who comprise the under personages in this play, were rather drawn from home models, and had in fact little to do with the conventional habits and manners of Italy (though, in conformity with the fashion then prevalent, he had adopted that locality), he subsequently printed them under English names, and changed the scene to London, as the play now stands.

Honest Ben was, by tradition, an excessive self-estimator, if not self-worshipper. He had surrounded himself with a scholastic bulwark impregnable to any contemporary who might venture to approach him—as Fluellen would say, "according to the disciplines of the Roman wars, the wars of the ancients"—and, like many another secluded and learned pedant, he not only magnified his *acquired* knowledge, as compared with the *instinctive* knowledge of mankind in other geniuses of his own age; but he would make it the "be-all and the end-all" of intellectual accomplishment. As compared with Shakespeare, for instance, Fuller, in his "Worthies of England," when speaking of the two men at the Mermaid in Fleet Street, has described them with his own graphic dexterity in the well-known passage:—"Many (he says) were the wit-combats betwixt him and Ben Jonson, which two I behold like a Spanish great galleon and an English man-of-war. Master Jonson, like the former, was built far higher in learning—solid, but slow in his performances. Shakespeare, like an English man-of-war, lesser in bulk, but lighter in sailing, could turn with all tides, tack about, and take advantage of all winds, by the quickness of his wit and invention."

A curious corroboration of Jonson's precision of character and egoistical minuteness of method and order, displaying also the high estimation in which he himself held his works, may be witnessed in his play of "Every Man *out* of his Humour." He has prefixed to it an analysis, what he calls "the characters of the persons," wherein he gives a sort of intellectual map or portrait of each individually. For instance, "Fastidious Brisk, a neat, spruce, affecting courtier, one that wears his clothes well and in fashion, practiseth by his glass how to salute, speaks good remnants (notwithstanding the bass viol and tobacco), swears tersely, and with variety; cares not what lady's favour he belies, or great man's familiarity; a good property to perfume the boot of a coach. He will borrow another man's horse to

praise, and backs him as his own ; or, for a need, on foot can post himself into credit with his merchant, only with the jingle of his spur, and the jerk of his wand." Another programme of a character is—"Saviolina, a Court lady, whose weightiest praise is a light wit ; admired by herself, and one more, her servant, Brisk."

These prefaces to his *dramatis personæ*, though doubtless sprightly and amusing, savour somewhat of the pedantry spoken of ; and, indeed, they hardly exempt the author from the charge of coxcombry. In this point of his character he reminds one of Richardson, the eminent novelist, who, Narcissus-like, so passionately contemplated his own productions, so petted, and polished, and refined them, that he supplied a minute index to each letter in his "Clarissa ;" and not only did he furnish a correct catalogue of all the personages who figure in his "Grandison," but he actually made out an alphabetical list of all the similes, allusions, and striking sentiments that occur throughout the work. How different is all this anxiety of authorship, lest a waif or stray thought should be lost to the world, from the modest unconsciousness and intellectual prodigality of Shakespeare, who was content to wait till the world should estimate his genius !

In addition to his accumulated store of classical attainments, Ben Jonson possessed a gigantic memory. Whalley, in his life of him, says "he was laborious and indefatigable in his studies ; his reading was copious and extensive ; his memory so tenacious and strong, that when turned of forty, he could have repeated all he ever wrote." This last expression, by the way, is again confirmatory of what I have remarked respecting his self-estimation.

Ben Jonson has been regarded as the first person who has done much in settling the "*grammar* of the English language." This merit is duly awarded to him, and Pope gives him the credit of having brought critical learning into vogue ; also of having instructed both actors and spectators in what was the proper province of the dramatic Muse.

His prose style, however, is a transcript of his laborious and painstaking mind, ostentatiously correct, and frequently forcible, with commonly a satisfactory felicity of epithet ; but his sentences never appear to be extemporaneous, but always studied, and as being one result of the primæval curse, for he seems to have produced both his thoughts and his language "by the sweat of his brow." In various phases of his mind it must be confessed that Jonson was really a great man, for he made *himself* all that he was ; and that must ever command our respect and esteem, although we may not intellectually sympathise with his conventional order of mind. In allusion to him, as

compared with Shakespeare, the great critic Schlegel observes that :—
 “Whereas Shakespeare gives the springs of human nature, which are always the same, or sufficiently so to be interesting and intelligible ; Jonson chiefly gives the *humours* of men, as connected with certain arbitrary or conventional modes of dress, action, and expression, which are intelligible only while they last, and not very interesting at any time.”

As the peculiar and characteristic developments of one order of mind, and as being the chronicles of the customs, habits, and manners of his own age, I think—with all deference to the great German critic, who, in his idolatry of our Shakespeare, has given but scant credit to his contemporary—that the writings of Jonson are both valuable *and* “interesting ;” but, as he wrote only for his own age, and not for “*all time*,” they have become little better than legendary lore, and are resorted to only by the curious and the fantastical. Certain it is, that both in the structure of his language, and in the hard and formal way in which he runs down a joke, as well as in the unfanciful manner in which he will insist upon a quaint action or circumstance, as if the twentieth repetition made that humorous which was originally dull, his productions do assume the air of antiques, when compared with the fluent and spontaneous effusions of Shakespeare. All this rigidity, however, is imperceptible in his poetical epistles and lyrics. In these the homely and burly tone of his verses is frequently dashed with a modulation so refined and complimentary that they fairly take one by surprise. Every one knows the little song, “Drink to me only with thine eyes,” but the second verse is probably not so familiar an acquaintance with the many who have sung the first stanza ; yet it contains a sentiment of homage to triumphant beauty worthy of the greatest lyrical poet that ever breathed, and seems to be a total contradiction to the bluff nature of the man :—

“ I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
 Not so much honouring thee,
 As giving it a hope that there
 It could not wither'd be ;
 But thou thereon didst only breathe,
 And send it back to me,
 Since when it grows and smells, I swear,
 Not of itself—but thee.”

And every glee-singer knows those pompous lines, “See the chariot at hand,” sounding the glories of his mistress, and which are as sonorous without as with music. The song, too, “Oh do not wanton with those eyes,” has been deservedly admired for its grace and

polish. And the "Discourse with Cupid" is so exquisite a thing as to have been aptly termed a "nest of spicery." His well-known lines to the memory of Shakespeare exhibit the real nature of the man in unclouded light, proving that however rough, impetuous, and overbearing he might be at times, yet that these were but vapours shrouding the noble disc. On this occasion he shows himself so great as to be free from vulgar envy, and untinctured with malice, for Shakespeare and himself had quarrelled. He has even repeated his homage of the world's poet in a prose tribute to his honour, where he says—"I do *love* the man, and *honour* his memory, *on this side of idolatry*, as much as any. He was indeed honest, and of an open and free nature."

In stating my opinion that Jonson's lyrics are to be ranked among the finest in the language, I do not say that they contain the intensely cordial appeals of Burns's ballads—for Burns has scarcely been equalled, and never surpassed, in the *passion* of song; but Jonson has a higher classical tone and finish, as might be expected from his learned education.

His poetical epistles are admirable for their free and nervous diction, sound sense, cordial spirit, and frequent touches of unhackneyed thought and expression. That addressed to Michael Drayton, the author of the "Polyolbion," is a celebrated one. It begins with the honest avowal of his constitutional churlishness:—

"Michael, by some 'tis doubted if I be
A friend at all; or if a friend to thee."

And the epistle to Sir Robert Wroth is pregnant with his finer qualities of head and heart. This also is interesting from the graphic account it contains of the town and country amusements in his day.

In person Jonson was corpulent and burly; the predisposing cause, in all probability, of his saturnine disposition. He was at times, too, oppressed with the gloom of a splenetic imagination, the result of a sedentary life, with consequent indigestion. As an instance of this, he told Drummond, the poet of Hawthornden, that he had "lain a whole night, fancying he saw the Romans and Carthaginians, Turks and Tartars, fighting on his great toe." He was an hypochondriac. Drummond, by the way, who seems to have been a peevish and finical cavalier, ought to have better estimated the homage of a brother poet, who walked all the way to Scotland for the purpose of visiting him, than to have left upon record unfavourable representations of honest old Ben's "rough and untractable temper." He was a great smoker of tobacco, and this disgusted the idolater of Charles I.

Moreover, he had met with disappointments and untoward events in life ; and these did not mitigate his constitutional spleen. We find from his life that he adopted the profession of a strolling player, in preference to the occupation of a bricklayer and to soldiering, both of which he had tried in obedience to the recommendation of his father, who is said to have been a bricklayer by trade, and to have built the north wall of Gray's Inn Gardens next Theobald's Road. He subsequently became a writer for the stage, and one of his pieces attracted the attention of Shakespeare, who recommended him and his writings to public patronage. His "*Alchemist*" gained him such reputation that he was appointed to be Poet Laureate to James I. In the decline of life he appears to have fallen into straitened circumstances, if not into absolute penury, and he speaks of a pension allowed him by the City, that had been withdrawn, in these contemptuous and bitter terms: "Yesterday the barbarous Court of Aldermen have withdrawn their chandlerly pension." This extract is from the postscript of a letter addressed by him to the Earl of Newcastle, in which he adverts to his own miserable condition with a sort of melancholy humour, both curiously quaint and characteristic of the man. He says :—

"I myself being no substance, am fain to trouble you with shadows ; or, what is less, an apologue, or fable in a dream. I being stricken with palsy in 1628, had, by Sir Thomas Badger, some few months since, a fox sent me for a present ; which creature, by handling, I endeavoured to make tame, as well for the abating of my disease as the delight I took in speculation of his nature. It happened this present year, 1631, and this very week ushering Xmas, and this Tuesday morning in a dream (morning dreams are truest) to have one of my servants come to my bedside, and tell me : 'Master, master, the fox speaks !' Whereat, methought, I, startled and troubled, went down into the yard to witness the wonder. There I found my Reynard in his tenement, the tub I had hired him, cynically expressing his own lot, to be condemned to the house of a poor poet, where nothing was to be seen but the bare walls, and not anything heard but the noise of a saw dividing billets all the week long, more to keep the family in exercise than to comfort any person there with fire, save the paralytic master, and went on in this way, as the fox seemed the better fabler of the two. I, his master, began to give him good words, and to stroke him ; but Reynard, barking, told me this would not do, I must give him meat. I, angry, called him a stinking vermin. He replied, 'Look into your cellar, which is your larder too ; you'll find a worse vermin there.' When presently calling for a light, methought I went down, and found all the floor turned up, as if a colony of moles had been there, or an army of saltpetre vermin. Whereupon, I sent presently into Tuttle Street for the King's most excellent mole-catcher, to release me and hunt them ; but he when he came and viewed the place, and had well marked the earth turned up, took a handful, smelt to it, and said : 'Master, it is not in my power to destroy this vermin ; the King, or some good man of a nobler nature, must help you. This kind of mole is called "*a Want*," which will destroy you and your family, if you prevent not the

worsting of it in time. And therefore, God keep you, and send you health.' The interpretation both of the fable and the dream is, that I, waking, do find '*Want*' the worst and most working vermin in a house : and therefore, my noble Lord, and (next the King) my best patron, I am necessitated to tell you, I am not so imprudent to borrow any sum of your lordship, for I have no faculty to pay ; but my needs are so urging, as I do beg what your bounty can give me in the name of good letters, and the bond of an ever grateful and acknowledging servant to your honour."

As regards the charge that Jonson brought against the Corporation of London for having withdrawn the pension they had allowed him, Mr. Brewer kindly furnished me with a paper of minutes that he had extracted from the City records, wherein the Court of Aldermen appear to have been completely justified in the step which the poet complains of in such contemptuous terms ; the fact being that he had engaged to furnish them with laudatory verses upon stated occasions for a stipulated salary (in short, he held the office of City Poet Laureate), and he failed to fulfil his contract ; the Corporation, in consequence, ceased to pay. Thus far as to the personal character of *honest* old Ben.

The play by which he is best known is his "Every Man in his Humour ;" a comedy which has always held a high place in public estimation, and even been from time to time revived upon the stage. Its having been selected as the medium of an amateur frolic by some of the most distinguished writers of our own day, almost every one of them men capable of originating as good wit as that which they were uttering by rote, served to bring it once again vividly to the minds of all those who were so fortunate as to witness its performance. The admirable gusto with which the ineffable swaggerings, bullyings, bravadoes, and lies of Captain Bobadil were mouthed out, *ore rotundo*, by the man who had the genius to conceive those modern Bobadils, Alfred Jingle and Montague Tigg ; or that *moral Bobadil*, Pecksniff, may be believed. And all may fancy the exquisite treat it was to see the quaint inanity and flabby coxcombry of Master Stephen set forth by the man whose own intellectual power reads us profound lessons of human depravity and human excellence, of human frailty and human devotion, in his "Schoolfellows," his "Time Works Wonders," his "Men of Character," his "Story of a Feather," his "Chronicles of Clovernook," and his "St. Giles and St. James." But without the comment afforded by such actors, I apprehend that the peculiar and almost isolated humour of this play of Ben Jonson's must be admitted to be of a bygone, and, I might almost say, of a dull character. I the rather venture upon this blunt, and, it may be, startling opinion, from the strong claim that he himself advances in

his prologue to its being considered a pure comedy, and composed of such stuff as alone constitutes pure comedy: to say nothing of the sly gird at Shakespeare in which he indulges in this very prologue; and for which I owe him a hearty grudge.

The character of Kitley, the jealous husband, is well conceived: his restless half-confidences to his servant Cash—no sooner entertained, than they are repented of, and withdrawn ere they are more than hinted at; his abrupt, capricious speeches and conduct to his wife; his indecisions, his misgivings, his waverings, and the whole process of his mental torture, are carefully, and even *greatly* depicted.

The bully and coward, Bobadil (the prominent character in the play), toweringly brave in his prosperous pretensions, and grovellingly abject in his abasement and reverses (a painful spectacle at all times in a fellow man, however we may despise the character); and his adoring satellite and imitator, Master Mathew, are struck out with admirable skill and humour; though the fashion of their whimsicalities be of a somewhat antique and obsolete pattern, and though we bear in our hearts' memory the fine fustian and florid vapouring of "mine ancient Pistol," and the unimaginative chandler-poltroonery of Monsieur Parolles. There is a rich scene (indeed, it is *the* celebrated one), in which Edward Knowell "draws out" Bobadil, and "fools him to the top of his bent," by feeding and fanning the flame of his bragging humour; and the Captain concludes with his famous recipe for effecting the pacification of Europe. It is a favourite dramatic point with Jonson to get hold of, and work the pump-handle of, a fool. He has more than once plied it with success. Bobadil says:—

Yet I hold it good polity not to go unarmed; for though I be skilful, I may be oppressed by multitudes.

Ed. Know. Ay, believe me, may you, Sir; and, in my conceit, our whole nation should sustain the loss by it, were it so.

Bob. Alas, no; what's a peculiar man to a whole nation?—Not seen.

Ed. Know. O, but your skill, Sir.

Bob. Indeed, that might be some loss; but who respects it?—I will tell you, Sir, by the way of private, and under seal:—I am a gentleman, and live here obscure, and to myself: but were I known to Her Majesty, and the Lords (observe me), I would undertake upon this poor head and life, for the public benefit of the State, not only to spare the entire lives of her subjects in general, but to save the one-half, nay, three parts of her yearly charge in holding war; and against what enemy soever. And how would I do it, think you?

Ed. Know. Nay, I know not, nor can I conceive.

Bob. Why, thus, Sir. I would select nineteen more to myself throughout the land; gentlemen they should be, of good spirit, strong, and able constitution. I would choose them by an instinct, a character that I have; and I would teach these 19 the special rules; as, your punto, your reverso, your stoccato, your imbro-

cato, your passado, your montanto ; till they could all play very near, or altogether as well as myself. This done, say the enemy were 40,000 strong, we 20 would come into the field the 10th of March, or thereabouts ; and we would challenge 20 of the enemy ;—they could not in their honour refuse us : well,—we would kill them :—challenge 20 more ; kill them :—20 more, kill them :—20 more, kill them too :—and thus we would kill, every man his 20 a day ; that's 20 score ; 20 score, that's 200 :—200 a day, 5 days 1,000 :—40,000 ; 40 times 5, 5 times 40, 200 days kills them all up by computation. And this will I venture my poor gentlemanlike carcase to perform ; provided there be no treason practised upon us, by fair and discreet manhood ; that is, civilly by the sword.

Master Stephen is a sort of cross between Shakespeare's Master Slender and Sir Andrew Aguecheek ; but so far from combining the merits of both, he, of course, falls short of either. The following little scene displays his empty vapouring and flabby vivacity to a very fair advantage ; and it is, perhaps, the most quotable portion of his business on the scene.

[*Enter Ed. Knowell (with a letter), Brainworm, the Servant, and Master Stephen.*]

E. Know. Did my father open it, say'st thou ?

Brain. Yes, o' my word, Sir ; and read the contents.

E. Know. That scarce *contents* me. What countenance, pr'ythee, made he i' the reading of it ? Was he angry, or pleased ?

Brain. Nay, Sir, I saw him not read it, nor open it, I assure your worship.

E. Know. No ? How know'st thou, then, he did either ?

Brain. Marry, Sir, because he charged me, on my life, to tell nobody that he opened it ; which, unless he had done, he would never fear to have it revealed.

E. Know. That's true ;—well, I thank thee, Brainworm.

Stephen. O, Brainworm, didst thou not see a fellow here, in a what-ye-call-'em doublet ? He brought mine uncle a letter e'en now.

Brain. Yes, Master Stephen ; what then ?

Steph. O, I have such a mind to beat him :—Where is he ? Canst thou tell ?

Brain. 'Faith, he's not of that mind ; he is gone, Master Stephen.

Steph. Gone ! Which way ? When went he ? How long since ?

Brain. He is rid hence ; he took horse at the street door.

Steph. And I staid i' the fields ! A rascally, scanderbag rogue ! O, that I had a horse to fetch him back again !

Brain. Why, you may have my master's gelding, to save your longing, Sir.

Steph. But I ha' no boots, that's the spite on't.

Brain. Why, a fine whisp of hay rolled hard, Master Stephen—

Steph. No, 'faith, it's no boot to follow him now ; let him e'en go hang. Pr'ythee, help to truss me a little. He does so vex me.

Brain. You'll be worse vexed when you're trussed, Master Stephen. Best keep unbraced, and walk yourself till you be cold ; your choler may founder you else.

Steph. By my faith, and so I will. Now thou tell'st me on't, how dost thou like my leg, Brainworm ?

Brain. A very good leg, Master Stephen ; but the woollen stocking doesn't commend it so well.

Steph. Foh ! the stockings be good enough, now the summer is coming on, for

the dust :—I'll have a pair of silk 'gainst winter, that I go to dwell in the town. I think my leg would shew in a silk hose.

Brain. Believe me, Master Stephen, rarely well,

Steph. In sadness, I think it would.—I have a reasonable good leg.

Brain. You have an excellent good leg, Master Stephen ; but I cannot stay to praise it now, and I'm very sorry for it.

Steph. Another time will serve, Brainworm. Grammercy for this.

E. Know. [*Reading the letter*]. Ha, ha, ha !

Steph. 'Slid ! I hope he laughs not at me ; an' he do——

E. Know. Here was a letter, indeed, to be intercepted by a man's father !
[*Reads.*]

Steph. O, now I see who he laughed at. He laughed at somebody in that letter. By this good light, an' he had laughed at me——

E. Know. How now, cousin Stephen ; melancholy ?

Steph. Yes, a little. I thought you had laughed at me, cousin.

E. Know. Why, what an' I had, coz ? What would you ha' done ?

Steph. By this light, I'd ha' told my uncle.

E. Know. Nay, if you would have told your uncle, I *did* laugh at you, coz.

Steph. Did you indeed ?

E. Know. Yes, indeed.

Steph. Why then——

E. Know. What then ?

Steph. I am satisfied ; it is sufficient.

It will be recollected that in Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night," Sir Toby hoaxes Aguecheek about the cut of his leg. The parallel is a curious one. Sir Andrew says :—

Ay, it is strong ; and it does indifferent well in a flame-coloured stock.

Sir Toby. Let me see thee caper. Ha ! higher :—ha, ha ! excellent !

The opening of the "Alchemist" (the title of the play telling its own tale), although it is coarse in the extreme, as befitting the speakers, Subtle and Face, two low knaves ; and Doll Common, their associate in roguery ; is nevertheless of surpassing drollery ; and introduces the audience at once to two cheats and scoundrels, each ripping up old grievances on the other's score ; and each entreating the other to "speak lower." The quarrel is ludicrously maintained ; beginning with long recriminative speeches, in which they twit each other with their former lowness of life, and beggarly nothingness ; then proceeding to a sharp cross-fire of vituperation, of a line each ; and lastly, in the fervour and fury of animosity, the climax ending in hard, point-blank shot of alternate single words thus :—

Subtle. Cheater !

Face. Rogue !

Subtle. Cowherd !

Face. Conjuror !

Subtle. Cut-purse !

Face. Witch !

There is, in this play, as might be anticipated, an ample exhibition of satire on the jargon of the pretenders to the discovery of the philosopher's stone ; and upon the gullibility of their disciples and followers :—but ordinary intellects, simple understandings, and uneducated ones, may surely be excused their implicit credulity, when in so late a period as that in which Addison and Steele flourished, we learn that the latter eminent man was infected with the same mania. The fact is upon record, and I have been shown the house in Poplar, whither Steele secluded himself, to make experiments in the science of multiplication, or in the chemic art of converting the baser into the more precious metals. Steele's motive, however, for retiring from the world at certain periods was, I vehemently suspect, not entirely confined to the study of experimental philosophy. He was subject to fits of disgust when he encountered the lynx eyes of a Sheriff's officer. They are ill-favoured people, those bailiffs ; and fascinating as ugly. There is no escaping them ; the rattle-snake not more fatal to the poor bird on the spray.

Lord Bacon, with his luminous and prospective mind, in discoursing upon the science of alchemy, deduces from it a noble moral in illustration ; he says :—" This science is at an end. Yet surely to alchemy this right is due : that it may truly be compared to the husbandman, whereof Æsop makes the fable ; that when he died, told his sons he had left to them a great mass of gold, buried under ground in the vineyard, but did not remember the particular place where it was hidden : who, when they had with spades turned up all the vineyard, gold indeed they found none ; but by reason of their stirring and digging the mould about the roots of their vines they had a great vintage the year following : so the painful search and stir of alchemists to make gold hath brought to light a great number of good and fruitful experiments, as well for the disclosing of Nature, as the use of man's life."

In this play of the " Alchemist," Sir Epicure Mammon, the dupe, says to Surly :—

I'll show you a book where Moses and his sister and Solomon have written of the art ; ay, and a treatise penned by Adam.

Surly. How !

Mam. On the philosopher's stone, and in High Dutch.

Surly. Did Adam write, Sir, in High Dutch ?

Mam. He did : which proves it was the primitive tongue.

Surly. What paper ?

Mam. On cedar board.

Surly. O, that indeed (they say) will last 'gainst worms.

A happy example, this, of the purblindness of a gull.

Surly overlooks the monster improbability of our father Adam's scholarship, in the fact of cedar-wood being imperishable. There is one admirable sarcasm, with a sly gird at hypocrisy. After Sir Epicure Mammon has been indulging in all sorts of luxurious visions of what he will do when he obtains this money from the philosopher's stone, Subtle, the alchemist, taxes him as to the use he will make of the mass of wealth that he will acquire through his means. Sir Epicure demurely replies: "No, I assure you, I shall employ it all in *pious* uses; founding of colleges, and grammar-schools, marrying young virgins, building hospitals, and now and then a church."

There is an interesting allusion to an experiment, then little short of a miracle, but now rendered familiar under the name of Eccalobion, or hatching eggs by artificial heat. Subtle, the alchemist, under pretence of his art of transmutation, bids his dupes bring him all kinds of utensils of divers metals. He says: "Get your stuff here against afternoon; your brass, your pewter, and your andirons."

Mam. Not those of iron?

Subtle. Yes, you may bring them too. We'll change all metals.

Surly [*a sceptic, who sees through Subtle's cheaterly, says*]. I believe you in that.

Mam. Then I may send my spits?

Subtle. Yes, and your racks.

Surly. And dripping-pans, pot-hangers, and hooks, shall he not?

Subtle. If he please.

Surly. To be an ass.

Subtle. How, Sir!

Mam. This gentleman you must bear withal; I told you he had no faith.

Surly. And as little hope, Sir; and much less, charity, should I gull *myself*.

Subtle. Why, what have you observed, Sir, in our art seems so impossible?

Surly. But your whole work,—no more. That you should hatch gold in a furnace, Sir, as they do eggs in Egypt.

Subtle. Sir, do you believe that eggs are hatched so?

Surly. If I should?—

Subtle. Why, I think *that* the greater miracle. No egg but differs from a chicken more than metals in themselves.

Surly. That cannot be. The egg's ordained by Nature to that end, and is a chicken *in potentia*.

Subtle. The same we say of lead, and other metals; which would be gold, *if they had time!*

The whole scene (of which this is but a small portion) is an admirable specimen of sophistication. There is an amusing little stroke of satire in his "Poetaster," that is quite as applicable to our own time as that of "rare Ben." He says: "'Tis the common disease of all your musicians, that they know no mean, to be entreated either to begin, or end." And here is a slight sample of

his humour. It is the simile of a fat man disguised as a Spaniard. The extravagance of the image reminds one of Falstaff's description of Shallow : where he compares the Justice to "a man made after supper out of cheese paring." Ben Jonson says of his corpulent subject : "He looks in that deep ruff like a head in a platter, serv'd in by a short cloak upon two trestles."

The plot of "Epicene ; or, The Silent Woman," is whimsical enough, and it has doubtless furnished the groundwork for all those plays in which a man, with only one idea to his back, is tricked into a totally unsuitable wife ; whereby his diseased imagination being exasperated to an unbearable pitch, he is willing to purchase his emancipation by yielding to any demand of the schemer. From Molière's miser "Harpagon" down to the "Don Pasquale" of our own day, this plot has been common stock for the dramatists to work upon. Morose, the hero of Jonson's play, is described in the list of *dramatis personæ* as "a gentleman that *loves no noise*," and who keeps his nephew, Sir Dauphine, on what the latter considers a too short allowance of money. In order to obtain a fairer income from his uncle, Sir Dauphine induces a young gentleman of his acquaintance to personate a lady, who, by feigning an ultra-demure behaviour and a habit of expressing her thoughts in the very fewest words, and those suggested in a whispered underbreath, is to win the old gentleman's heart, and induce him to marry her. They are joined in their scheme by two other young friends, Clerimont and Truewit, who assist in mystifying the old uncle in the first place, and in goading him to madness when the marriage ceremony has been performed. The author has involved an impudent sarcasm in his plot ; for besides that the point of the catastrophe, or winding up, rests upon the discovery of the sex of the impostor, it is as if Jonson wished to infer that it were hopeless to look for *silence* in a *real* woman, and that therefore recourse *must* be had to a man when such a quality was required.

The plot is a distasteful one to my own feelings : it is coarse in design, coarse in its improbability, and, in short, is a direct contradiction of the author's own theory as to that which should characterise *legitimate* comedy ; for the play of "Epicene" is little better than a hoydening farce.

The character of Morose himself is certainly well sustained, although in it an extreme case is put throughout ; and enormous demands are made upon the credulity of the audience that such a man could be supposed to exist at all, with so morbid a sensitiveness to noise as to poison his whole existence. He is thus introduced :—

Truewit. When saw you Dauphine ?

Clerimont. Not these three days. Shall we go to him this morning? He is very melancholic, I hear.

True. Sick of the uncle, is he? I met that stiff piece of formality, his uncle, yesterday, with a huge turband of nightcaps on his head, buckled over his ears.

Cler. O, that's his custom when he walks abroad. He can endure no noise, man.

True. So have I heard. But is the disease so ridiculous in him as it is made? They say he has been upon divers treaties with the fish-wives and orange-women; and articles propounded between them: marry, the chimney-sweepers will not be drawn in.

Cler. No, nor the broom-men: they stand out stiffly. He cannot endure a costard-monger; he swoons if he hear one.

True. Methinks a smith should be ominous.

Cler. Or any hammer-man. A brazier is not suffered to dwell in the parish; nor an armourer. He would have hanged a pewterer's 'prentice once on a Shrove Tuesday's riot, for being of that trade, when the rest were quiet.

True. A trumpet should fright him terribly, or the hautboys—

Cler. Out of his senses. The waits of the City have a pension of him not to come near that ward.

True. How does he for the bells?

Cler. O, in the Queen's time, he was wont to go out of town every Saturday at ten o'clock, or on holiday eves. But now, by reason of the sickness, the perpetuity of ringing has made him devise a room, with double walls and treble ceilings; the windows close shut and caulked: and there he lives by candle-light. He turned away a man last week, for having a pair of new shoes that creaked. And this fellow waits on him now in tennis-court socks, or slippers soled with wool; and they talk to each other in a trunk.

True. I'll tell thee what I would do. I would make a false almanack, get it printed, and then have him drawn out on a Coronation-day to the Tower wharf, and kill him with the noise of the ordnance.

Jonson is fond of thus *introducing* a character by means of third parties—a good medium, of course, for humorous description, wherein, as it appears, lay this author's *forte*; but it ceases to be *dramatic* when carried to the length in which he is apt to indulge. *Describing* people, instead of letting *them* act and speak, and by so doing evolve their own peculiarities, belongs rather to *narrative* writing than to the fulfilling the purposes of dramatic art.

When we first see Morose he is giving orders to his servant with amusing eccentricity, desiring him to answer all his questions by "making a leg," or, in modern parlance, by bowing. The effect of the scene in performance must be sufficiently humorous, but very little of the "mirror-holding to Nature" will be recognised, either in the action or the language.

His first interview with his pretended lady-love, the young fellow Epicene (or the silent woman), is yet more whimsical. I will give only an abstract of it; for the whole is lengthy, and would be found tedious.

Morose. Come near, fair gentlewoman. [*She curtseys.*] Nay, lady, *you* may speak though my man might not ; for of all sounds, only the sweet voice of a fair lady has the just length of mine ears. I beseech you say, lady—out of the first fire of meeting eyes (they say) love is stricken—do you feel such motion suddenly shot into you, from any part you see in me? Ha, lady? [*Curtseys.*] Alas, lady, these answers by silent curtseys from you, are too courtless and simple. I have ever had my breeding in court ; and she that shall be my wife must be accomplished with courtly and audacious ornament. Can you speak, lady?

Epicene. [*Speaks softly.*] Judge you, forsooth.

Mor. What say you, lady? Speak out, I beseech you.

Epi. Judge you, forsooth.

Mor. O' my judgment, a divine softness ! But can you naturally, lady, as I enjoin these (my servants), by doctrine and industry, refer yourself to the search of my judgment, and (not taking pleasure in your tongue, which is a woman's *chiefest* pleasure), think it plausible to answer me by silent gestures, so long as my speeches jump right with what you can conceive? [*Curtseys.*] Excellent ! divine ! If it were possible she should hold out thus ! I will try her farther. Dear lady, I am courtly, I tell you, and must have mine ears banqueted with pleasant and witty conferences, pretty girds, scoffs, and dalliances, in her that I mean to choose for my bed-phere. The ladies in court think it a most desperate impair to their quickness of wit, and good carriage, if they cannot give occasion to a man to court them ; and when an amorous discourse is set on foot, minister as good matter to continue it as himself ; and do you so much differ from all them, that what they (with so much circumstance) affect and toil for, to seem learned, to seem judicious, to seem sharp and conceited, you can bury in yourself with silence, and rather trust your graces to the fair conscience of virtue, than to the world's or your own proclamation?

Epi. [*Softly.*] I should be sorry else.

Mor. What say you, lady? Good lady, speak out.

Epi. I should be sorry else.

Mor. That sorrow doth fill me with gladness. O ! Morose ! thou art happy above mankind ! I will put it to her once more, and it shall be with the utmost touch and test of their sex. How will you be able, fair lady, with this frugality of speech, to give the manifold, but necessary, instructions for that bodice, these sleeves, those skirts, this cut, that stitch, this embroidery, that lace, this wire, those knots, that ruff, those roses, this girdle, that fan, the t'other scarf, these gloves? Ha? what say you, lady?

Epi. [*Softly.*] I'll leave it to you, Sir.

Mor. How, lady? I pray you, rise a note.

Epi. I'll leave it to wisdom, and you, Sir.

Mor. Admirable creature ! I'll trouble you no more !

In the delirium of his rapture he bids his servant hasten for a parson : —“Go thy ways, and get me a minister presently, *with a soft voice*, to marry us ; and pray him he will not be impertinent, but brief as he can.” The servant afterwards describes the parson he has procured : —“I have so pleased him with a curate ! one that has caught a cold, and can scarce be heard six inches off ; as if he spoke out of a

bulrush that were not picked, or his throat were full of pith : a fine quick fellow, and an excellent *barber of prayers*."

They afterwards ask him :—" Ha ! you spoke with the lawyer, Sir?"

Mor. O, no ! There is such a noise in the court, that they have frightened me home with more violence than I went. Such speaking and counter-speaking, with their several voices of citations, appellations, allegations, certificates, attachments, interrogatories, references, convictions, and afflictions indeed, among the doctors and proctors ! that the noise here is silence to't ! a kind of calm midnight.

True. Why, Sir, if you would be resolved indeed, I can bring you hither a very sufficient lawyer, and a learned divine, that shall inquire into every least scruple for you.

Mor. Can you indeed, Master Truewit ?

True. Yes, and are very sober, grave persons, that will despatch it in a chamber, *with a whisper or two*.

These illustrations verify the observation made in the introduction to this essay upon the ostentation of learning displayed in our author's writings, as, for instance, in the long catalogues and heaping up of terms. Morose, in his dialogue with Epicene, is profuse in his knowledge of millinery, and his law technicalities are like the preamble to a bill in Chancery. Moreover, it has been observed that Jonson's dramatic writings would be valuable, if only to serve as chronicles of customs, manners, and characters of his own age, and which have now become obsolete. In this same play of "*Epicene*" there is a clever little sketch of that day in Sir Amorous la Foole, a Knight of the Order of Donkeys. The order itself remains ; the costume only has changed fashion. Clerimont describes Sir Amorous—" O, that's a precious manikin !"

Dauphine. Do you know him ?

Cler. Ay, and he will know you, too, if e'er he saw you but once, though you should meet him at church, in the midst of prayers. He is one of the braveries, though he be none of the wits. He will salute a judge upon the bench, and a bishop in the pulpit, a lawyer when he is pleading at the bar, and a lady when she is dancing in a mask, and put her out. He does give plays and suppers, and invites his guests to them aloud out of the window, as they ride by in coaches. He has a lodging in the Strand for the purpose : or to watch when the ladies are gone to the china-houses, or the Exchange, that he may meet them *by chance*, and give them presents, some two or three hundred pounds' worth of toys, to be laughed at. He is never without a spare banquet, or sweet-meats in his chamber, for their women to alight at, and come up to for a bait.

Now there is a perfect specimen of an obsolete custom ; the manners and habits, however, of the parties are also obsolete.

And here is a type of the illustrious "*Mrs. Caudle*," furnished from the lady's own mouth. Her ancestral name was "*Otter*."

[Enter Tom Otter and Mrs. Otter.]

Otter. Nay, good princess, hear me.

Mrs. O. By that light, I'll ha' you chained up with your bull-dogs and bear-dogs, if you be not civil the sooner. I'll send you to kennel i' faith.

Tom O. Under correction, sweet princess, give me leave—

Mrs. O. By my integrity, I'll send you over to the Bankside, I'll commit you to the master of the garden, if I hear but a syllable more. Must *my* house, or *my* roof, be polluted with the scent of bears and bulls, when it is perfumed for great ladies? Is this according to the instrument when I married you? that I would be princess, and reign in mine own house; and you would be my subject, and obey me? What did you bring me should make you thus peremptory? Do I allow you half-a-crown a day, to spend where you will, among your gamesters, to vex and torment me at such times as these? Who gives you your maintenance, I pray you? Who allows you your horse-meat, and man's-meat? your three suits of apparel a year? your four pair of stockings—one silk, and three worsted? your clean linen, your bands and cuffs,—when I can get you to wear them? 'Tis marvel you have them on now. Who graces you with courtiers or great personages, to speak to you out of their coaches, and come home to your house? Were you ever so much as looked upon by a lord or a lady before I married you, but on the Easter or Whitsun holidays? and then out at the banquetting-house window, when Ned Whiting or George Stone were at the stake?

I should here mention that the Ned Whiting and George Stone that Mrs. Caudle—I beg her pardon, Mrs. Otter—alludes to were two noted bears of that day who went by the names of their owners. Shakespeare makes Master Slender allude to another beast of the same species that was nicknamed after its owner, yet assuredly the bear was the nobler brute of the two. Slender says:—"I have seen *Sackerson* loose twenty times, and taken him by the chain; and the women have so shrieked that it passed. But they are rough, ill-favoured things."

I will close my illustrations from this play by a portion of one rich scene, in which Sir John Daw (another coxcomb, but a *literary* one) is vapouring about his accomplishments before his assumed mistress (Epicene); while the two wags, Clerimont and Dauphine, are hoaxing and drawing him out. This point of situation in his comedies was evidently a favourite one with Jonson; and, when skilfully managed, it is sure to take with the audience, who are always pleased with being let into a secret of which an actor before them is unconscious. Clerimont says:—"Pray, Mistress Epicene, let us see your verses; we have Sir John Daw's leave; do not conceal your servant's merit and your own glories."

Epi. They'll prove my servant's glories, if you have his leave.

Dauph. His vain-glories, lady.

Daw. Show 'em, show 'em, mistress; I dare own 'em.

Epi. Judge you, what glories.

Daw. Nay, I'll e'en read 'em myself, too; an author must recite his own works. It is a madrigal of modesty:

“Modest and fair, for fair and good are near
Neighbours howe'er.”

Dauph. Very good.

Cler. Is it not?

Daw. “No noble virtue ever was alone,
But two in one.”

Dauph. Excellent!

Cler. That again, I pray, Sir John.

Dauph. It has something in it like rare wit and sense.

Daw. “No noble virtue ever was alone,
But two in one.
Then when I praise sweet modesty, I praise
Bright beauty's rays:
And having praised both beauty and modesty,
I have praised thee.”

Dauph. Admirable! It is Seneca!

Cler. No, I think 'tis Plutarch.

Daw. The Dor on Plutarch and Seneca; I hate it: they are mine own imaginations, by that light. I wonder those fellows have such credit with gentlemen!

Cler. They are very grave authors.

Daw. Grave asses! mere essayists: a few loose sentences, and that's all. A man would talk so, his whole age; I do utter as good things every hour, if they were collected and observed, as either of them.

Dauph. Indeed, Sir John?

Cler. He needs must, living among the wits and braveries, too.

Dauph. Ay, and being president of them, as he is.

Daw. There's Aristotle,—a mere commonplace fellow; Plato,—a discourser; Thucydides and Livy, tedious and dry; Tacitus,—an entire knot: sometimes worth the untying,—very seldom.

Cler. What do you think of the poets, Sir John?

Daw. Not worthy to be named for authors. Homer, an old tedious, prolix ass; talks of curriers, and chins of beef. Virgil, of dunging of land, and bees. Horace, of I know not what.

Cler. I think so.

Daw. And so Pindarus, Lycophron, Anacreon, Catullus, Seneca the tragedian, Lucan, Propertius, Tibullus, Martial, Juvenal, Ausonius, Statius, Polytian, Valerius Flaccus, and the rest.

Cler. What a sack full of their names he has got!

Dauph. And how he pours them out! Polytian with Valerius Flaccus!

Daw. And Persius, a crabbed coxcomb, not to be endured.

Dauph. Why, whom do you account for authors, Sir John?

Daw. Syntagma juris civilis; Corpus juris civilis; Corpus juris canonici; the King of Spain's bible—

Dauph. Is the King of Spain's bible an author? What was that Syntagma, Sir?

Daw. A civil lawyer, a Spaniard.

Dauph. Sure, Corpus was a Dutchman.

Cler. Ay, both the Corpuses, I knew 'em : they were very corpulent authors.

Daw. Then there's Vatablus, Pomponatius, Symancha ; the others are not to be received within the thought of a scholar.

Dauph. 'Fore gad, you have simply a learned servant, lady,—in titles.

Cler. I wonder he's not called to the helm, and made a Councillor !

Dauph. He is one, extraordinary.

Cler. Nay, but in ordinary ! To say truth, the State wants such. I muse a mistress can be silent to the dotes of such a servant.

Daw. 'Tis her virtue, Sir. I have written of her silence too.

Dauph. In verse, Sir John ? How can you justify your own being a poet, that so slight all the old poets.

Daw. Why, every man that writes in verse is not a poet :—you have of the wits that write verses, and yet are no poets :—*they* are poets that *live* by it ; the poor devils who live by it.

Dauph. Why, would you not live by your verses, Sir John ?

Cler. No, 'twere pity he should. A knight live by his verses ! He did not make them to that end, I hope.

Dauph. And yet the noble Sydney lived by his ; and the noble family not ashamed.

The other most celebrated comedy of Ben Jonson's is his "*Volpone* ; or, *The Fox*," which, however unnatural in its plot (and in his plots he makes unblushing demands upon our credulity), displays, nevertheless, in parts intensity and considerable power. The last scene in it is known to all who have read Charles Lamb's admirable collection of "*dramatic specimens*." His "*Sad Shepherd*," which does not range under the present subject, is a very charming fragment ; so sweet and gentle, that it stands alone in conspicuous beauty amidst the rough and stalwart productions of his dramatic Muse.

I believe that I have quoted the best of his comic writings ; and in coming to them for my present purpose, I certainly had no thought or recollection that there existed so vast a gulf between his genius and that of Shakespeare ; indeed, I entertain strong doubts whether in dramatic humour he ranks even *next* to Shakespeare, while in grandeur, sublimity, and pathos he is not even to be spoken of in the same breath, and I have yet to learn who is. Jonson is choice, and select, and frequently witty, though far-fetched and constrained in his ideas ; but we rarely, if ever, meet with those profound touches of character, or that piercing insight into the heart of man's heart, which we encounter at every step of the giant of dramatic portraiture.

Nevertheless, the large and solid merits of Ben Jonson in the peculiar walk of comedy to which he chiefly adhered, and the occasional corruscations of a loftier poetical talent that are to be met with in his works, must be acknowledged by every one who can distinguish the varied excellences of dramatic composition. His humour *may* be rough and austere, but it is eminently good of its kind ; and scarcely

has any one surpassed him in exposing the coxcombrity of folly, or the roguery of quacks and cheats and bullies, who make their harvests of the simple and the credulous. This acknowledgment of the old humourist's excellences is the duty of every one who still believes in the great man's defects and failings ; for it should seem that all who determine to place confidence in the testimony of Drummond and Howell respecting the roughness of his manners, and acerbity towards the compositions of his brethren in literature, and who believe in the gossip about his ingratitude and enmity to his early friend Shakespeare (and which his own honest eulogy of the head and heart of that friend has disproved), must therefore retaliate upon his fame by depreciating his genius and censuring his compositions—a course as unjust as it is injudicious.

I believe that Jonson's scholastic accomplishments encumbered his genius, as David was encumbered with Saul's armour. His scenes are apt to be of interminable length and drouth, he wire-draws prodigiously, and his classical citations (when he strikes upon that vein) appear to have no end ; they are lists of terms, poured out as in a catalogue.

His characters are frequently anomalies in nature ; and scarcely should we, as critics, think of subjecting any one of them to the test of analysis. Still Jonson's intellectual frame was of an athletic structure ; and, with all his egoism, he was not naturally, if constitutionally, churlish towards his brother poets. "Honest Ben," like many other honest men, was apt to mistake coarseness and bluntness of manner for sincerity and independence of mind, whereas it involves neither quality. His self-worship, of which Howell, his contemporary, speaks in one of his letters, was part and parcel of, if not the chief cause of, his bluff behaviour ; and which, by a facile sophistry, is placed by his partisans to the account of honesty of mind.

I cannot forbear the thought, however, that that acrid shell which encrusted his spiritual man enclosed a genial and milky kernel. In this point of his character he reminds one of the great tone-poet, Beethoven, who, with all his asperity and repulsiveness of manner, left behind him an atoning document, which proves him to have been imbued with deep sympathy for others. To sum up the social character of Jonson in few words, I believe him to have been as honest as plain-spoken ; and, I doubt not, would show more to advantage when a friend was in trouble than when the wind of fortune "sat in the shoulder of his sail," for then, I suspect, he could be sufficiently sarcastic and cynical. In short, *I like the man* and his sterling qualities, and wish I could have heard him and his brother wits in one of their high intellectual carnivals at the Mermaid.

CHINESE SOCIETY IN VICTORIA.



ONE of the most significant results of the enlarged commercial intercourse established between the Eastern and Western nations during later years, has been the steady distribution of a portion of the Chinese community.

The direct influence of this agency has undoubtedly been to remove much ignorance and misapprehension from the minds of the Celestials with regard to European and American character, a prime consequence of which is a social movement that cannot but be considered a healthy innovation. With a knowledge of the industry, sobriety, and extreme frugality of the Chinese, it is a source of astonishment to the economic world that arbitrary social distinctions should have so long prevailed, by which the labours of a really useful class have been almost generally excluded from the great arteries of industrial progress.

Emigration, it is true, has been, at no period, popular among the Chinese, and the present century was well advanced before any decided exodus can be said to have taken place from the Flowery Land. Unacquainted with any language but their own, and beset by difficulties inseparable from their enterprise, the Chinese have shown not a little astuteness and capacity in their attempts at settlement among Anglo-Saxon or strange communities.

San Francisco City and the golden shores of the Western Continent abundantly testify to the energy of the Mongolians, and in the numerous islands of the Indian Archipelago the Chinese have long since discussed "bird's-nest soup." Their advent among the "red-haired barbarians" of the Southern Continent was marked by a hostility towards them that has been rarely paralleled. The prejudice of "race" displayed itself to an extreme degree, and the immigrating Chinese had to battle with persecutions enough to daunt the energies and depress the spirit of any less adventurous people.

The Australian gold fields at this period were occupied by representatives of nearly every race, when the landing of thirty thousand Mongolians in Victoria within three years gave to the latter a large class preponderance.

Isolated and united among themselves by close and secret associations, these people soon became the objects of suspicion and dislike, which their peculiar social condition but served to confirm.

Following in the wake of the diggers who had wrought and abandoned the golden ground, the Chinese at first confined their labours to washing the "drift" and pipeclay lying on the top of the "claim," and running through "surfacing." Thus, without contributing to develop the auriferous value of fresh ground, they indulged in a wasteful expenditure of water, which, combined with petty offences of a criminal nature, led to an aggressive interference on the part of the white population, which culminated in the expulsion of the new comers from certain districts.

The progress of the colony, and the introduction of suitable mining laws, have rectified these irregularities, and since the appointment of "Chinese protectors" they have rarely been molested, while European prejudice against them is fast disappearing.

Now John Chinaman follows a "rush," marks out a "claim," and goes down two or three hundred feet with a zeal and intrepidity that would have astonished him in the early days of his experience on the mines.

He has opened new fields, whose wealth might have remained undiscovered for years to come but for his careful explorations for "surface ground," a pursuit which presents unusual attractions to John Chinaman.

It was in this way that the important mines of Mount Ararat became developed. The Chinese were in force at Armstrong's, and also at Cathcart—diggings which had been worked for two or three years previously. Some of them spread around the Mount, and up to the "Gap," while others crossed the range; and the great western gold-field of Victoria was the splendid result of their perseverance, rewarding the pioneers by some of the richest claims.*

Besides the Canton Lead at Ararat, the Stony Creek, Burrandong, Burnt Creek New Lead, Chinaman's Flat, and a number of minor goldfields, were severally discovered by Chinese prospectors.

A good number are believed to have realised an independence and retired to the Flowery Land; but of late the successful have shown a preference for colonial enterprise. In this spirit of progress, a taste for "coaching" pursuits has strongly manifested itself among the community, and the Mongolian Jehu may be seen handling the ribbons, with the skill and *sang-froid* of his predecessor, the Canadian,

* The average earnings of the Chinese are stated to be about £50 per annum.

or "Blue-nose," bowling his four-in-hand through the immense forests, and along the up-country lines of route that are inaccessible by rail.

Some have valuable horse-teams, transporting goods from the metropolis to the diggings, or conveying their less fortunate brethren across country to some seductive locality; others, again, are to be seen in stores stocked with all kinds of oriental and colonial merchandise, or, perhaps, superintending some thirty or forty of their own countrymen in a mining venture on the deep leads of Ballarat, or cutting through the old flats and gullies of Mount Alexander, &c., the alluvium of which, to a considerable depth, they put through steam and horse machinery.

A large proportion of them have devoted great attention both to agriculture and gardening, and in the latter pursuit their skilful culture, patience, and close economy have given them a monopoly of the market. And here it may be observed that the Chinese immigration will specially commend itself to the Australian colonist. With a natural taste for the cultivation of most ground products, quick at receiving instruction, and thoroughly acclimatised, the labours of this class will prove invaluable in connection with those enterprises to which attention has of late been directed—the cultivation of the tobacco plant, the vine, and the olive.

The present numerical strength of the Chinese in Victoria may be roundly estimated at 20,000. Their immigration into the colony commenced in 1853, and attained its maximum in 1860, when they numbered 40,000, but the subsequent attractions of New Zealand and other fields withdrew large numbers from Victoria.

The peculiar distinctions of social grade among the Chinese are to be observed both in native society in Melbourne and on the principal goldfields. The great bulk of the Chinese present a physiognomy that is singularly uniform and uninteresting, defying the attempts of Europeans at individual identification. But among the "bosses" of society* there is a very perceptible difference, both in intelligence and physique, betokening a decidedly superior caste, and the distinction is heightened by their respective habits and style of dress. It is not, however, the elaborate and highly finished costume—half oriental, half European—affected by the wealthier classes, that affords the best indication of native rank. Great

* In the principal quartier of the Chinese in Melbourne is situated the "Chinese Exchange," which was established chiefly for the commercial intercourse of the traders of the Sam Yup district, near Canton, who number between 400 and 500.

importance is attached to certain facial distinctions, and to the embellishment and fineness of the "tail," while by men of many buttons the nicest attention is bestowed on the growth and preservation of the finely-tipped, horny appendages of the hand, which, to the outside barbarian, resemble claws rather than finger nails.

Apropos of the importance the Chinese attach to the possession of long hair, a characteristic incident occurred at one of the townships on the diggings. A Chinaman was detected making off with a pair of boots, which he was suspected of stealing from the front of a store. Pursuit was given, and the delinquent was overtaken. His broad sombrero having fallen off in his flight, his tail was released from its confinement, and now streamed out horizontally behind. This his pursuer caught at, when, to his astonishment, the coveted appendage remained in his hand, while the owner was scudding away under a bare poll !

Despite the social degradation which their punishment entails—namely, the loss of their hair—the Chinese are notorious for the commission of petty offences against society. On the other hand, they fully appreciate the colonial administration of justice, and promptly appeal to the law in cases of appropriation of their mining ground.

In all such proceedings they claim the intermediate aid of the interpreter. The latter, a stylishly-attired Anglicised Mongol, who holds a semi-official position, is a personage of considerable importance on the goldfields. Possessed of the litigant's confidence, he straightway introduces his aggrieved countryman to his lawyer (between whom and the interpreter it often happens that an *entente cordiale* is established), and John Chinaman may be seen with his "boss" ahead, figuring at court, and supported by an array of tail testimony, prosecuting his claim with the assurance of a man conscious of the justice of his cause. He gravely takes his oath by blowing out a candle, smashing a plate, or cutting off a cock's head, whichever process is the most binding on his conscience.

The interpreter, however, who virtually holds the disposition of the case in his own hands, does not always regulate his conduct in court by a conscientious advocacy of his client's suit, so that the litigious Mongol often retires vanquished and crestfallen, wondering at the injustice of the British law, and not a little disgusted with the stupidity of the English barbarian.

The physical capacity of the Chinese, who are mostly men of inferior stature on the goldfields, appears remarkable. With a stout bamboo pole slung across the right shoulder, and occasionally

shifted with a kind of "hitch" round the back of the neck, they will sustain the whole burden of their mining implements and camp appendages (an aggregate weight of, perhaps, two hundred pounds); and they may be seen travelling in single file, at their uniform sling trot, upon a journey of some seventy or eighty miles, going from one district to another.

In migrating to a fresh locality, while jealously isolating themselves from the "barbarian," they generally select an eligible spot as a common camping-place, pitching their tents close to each other, and encircling the whole encampment with a brush fence, or *chevaux-de-frise* of wattle and gum. These encampments are to be seen thickly dotted over the leading fields of each mining division, having their own quartier or commissariat near the centre.

The Burnt Creek settlement, in the Maryborough division, is, perhaps, one of their most prominent "townships" up country, and, during their celebration of the Feast of the New Year, which is observed with great ceremony and display, this place presents a novel appearance to the European, and attracts many visitors.

During a trip through the western districts a short time back, I, in company with a few friends, explored "Hong Kong." The township then contained a population varying from two to three thousand. Lying on the Trans-Loddon route to Dunolly and the remote north-western goldfields, it occupies the upper end of a large flat, that may be said to have been systematically "burrowed" by the Mongolians (who have had a settlement at Burnt Creek since 1854), and is sheltered by a succession of alluvial hills that gradually stretch away to the west, until they unite with the Black ranges. Among the buildings which bordered each side of the principal street we noticed gambling saloons, opium and smoking rooms, jewellers' shops, gold buyers', coach proprietors', clothing, fish, fruit, and provision stores, the contents of the latter being most temptingly displayed. An elaborate barber's shop, built of shingles and fancifully ornamented, occupied a prominent site, where the "Professor" might be seen carefully shaving the hair off the face, neck, and forehead of some Celestial dandy, or perhaps tickling his ears. Here were shops for literature and shops for art; there were scholars to write your letters, and interpreters to read them. Now a pretentious and venerable Esculapius—whose diploma, if estimated by the length of his tail, was unexceptionable—dispensed his astringent medicines. A cobbler, vigorously plying his craft in a tent about five feet square, professed to make "very good shoe;" and in the building adjoining might be observed a round, plethoric individual, intently occupied in the

development of some fancy "jumper" or other showy Mongolian garment. Restaurateurs abounded, most of whom displayed, hanging in rows suspended from a horizontal pole, an infinite number of porcine shreds, which, to a suspicious observer, looked like so many rats' tails grilling in the sun, while the whole animal was seen temptingly garnished with mandarin orange and perfumed seeds. Here, too, in all the glitter of Chinese ornamentation, which ranges from small gilded emblems to imposing globular lanterns, was their "house of Joss."

The race who, centuries before Christ, reared their temple of worship in the Eastern World, are divided into numerous sects, who worship independent deities. It may be mentioned, by way of illustration, that the most numerous of these are the followers of Buddha, Tu-ki-a-su, and Ja-on. The distinction between each involves little or no material deviation, so far as the text of their sacred book is concerned. All regard with the highest veneration the writings of their greatest philosopher, in which the social virtues, notably filial piety and morality, are inculcated; while the last-named sect, who are followers of La-on-ke-um—a contemporary of Confucius—are alchemists, and rely on their alleged gifts of prophecy. High as is the estimation in which the moral teachings of their celebrated writers are held, there are few people among whom greater immorality exists than among the Chinese. The building which we were permitted to enter was draped in crimson cloth, highly ornamented, and lavishly inscribed with Chinese sentences. Surmounting an altar, erected in the centre of the room, was the idol or goddess of the temple, "Que Sin," to propitiate whom offerings of wheat, wine, and fruit were deposited in jars and baskets around the altar in profusion. The fetish-like image, abounding in the grotesque characteristics of all Chinese idols, was decked out with various coloured articles, gold bands, peacocks' feathers, and Dutch metal entering largely into the composition of its attire. In this instance the beautiful tail feathers of the lyre bird (*menura superba*) adorned the head-dress of the goddess, the whole presenting a curious combination, the *bizarre* appearance of which was heightened by a large robe bearing various devices in crimson and gold. Immediately surrounding the figure were numerous wax tapers, joss sticks, incense burners, and Chinese saucers; while suspended from the ceiling were small transparent lanterns for evening illumination.

At the conclusion of the ceremony, in which all evinced a lively desire to "chin chin" Joss, we were invited to taste some of the highly-prized "saqui," a Buddhist inspiration, which takes the form of a

strongly spiritualised cordial—an invitation which a lady friend of ours was prevailed upon to accept. Some native brandy, very hot and unpalatable, and a few conserves were then introduced ; and, after examining the offerings and ornaments, we left the building, and directed our steps towards a gambling saloon. The propensity for games of chance among the Chinese is proverbial. While almost entirely free from the vice of intoxication, the passion for gambling pervades all classes of society. The building which we now entered contained about a hundred people, and was furnished with half a dozen high square tables, equally distributed down the two sides of the room. There was no attempt at privacy or seclusion. Selecting one of the tables for observation, we found the banker, who was disposed *à la* Turk at the upper end, with a heap of “counters” raked in front of him. The quantity contained in this heap is varied at frequent intervals, the interest of the game being centred in the number left piled on the table. There are two prizes, success being dependent upon guessing correctly at the two highest numbers respectively contained in the heap. Those who guessed over or wide of the actual number (of course the greater proportion) forfeited their stakes to the croupier. Great dexterity was displayed by the latter in the manipulation of the numerous counters with a short stick held between the forefingers.

Sometimes John, with increasing confidence in his judgment, would double or triple the ordinary sum bet, in which case he would be, of course, entitled to *pro rata* returns. The whole affair was of the most transparent character, devoid of subtlety or point. The aspect of the various groups, the excited gamblers loudly disputing and reaching over each other round the table, their feverish earnestness during the process of counting, while convulsively toying with the tails which fantastically wreathed their respective heads and necks, and the delirium of success occasionally depicted on the countenance of some winner, altogether presented a curious and unattractive spectacle.

Adjoining this place was an opium and smoking saloon, where the devotees to this pernicious custom were reclining at full length in berths ranged one above another round the room, and enclosed with curtains. To a European the atmosphere of the room was in itself a soporific. The various stages of the opium smoker were here presented at one view. Voluble and excited, a number were laughing and talking incoherently as we entered ; while others were fast merging into the wished-for state of unconsciousness, the countenance wearing an expression of imbecility. By way of pipe, a stout reed is used,

having a brass bowl at one end, with a small hole in it for the reception of the opium. The drug is prepared and scented, and a small quantity only is inhaled, the smoke being taken into the lungs. Surrendering to the influence of the drug, the smoker professes to experience an absorbing delight, the charm of which is indescribable. But the pernicious effects of the practice are fearfully apparent in the confirmed smoker, and the suffering which accompanies reaction is often attended with the most calamitous results.

On coming into the main street again, the noise of musicians and peripatetic vendors resounded on all sides. Our proximity to an eating-house induced a visit to a portly Celestial rejoicing in the appellation of "Sun-li-Fat," whose gastronomic talent was of no mean order, judging by the thirty or forty unctuous and gratified countenances which greeted our entrance. Invited by the obliging restaurateur to taste some of his productions, we complied, and, of course, acknowledged their excellence. One dish, we were told, consisted of eggs, sugar, and flour, with small layers of fat pork disposed in the centre. Another, "chouá," was composed of strings of pork, fowls, rice, and flour, all mixed up together, and crisped on the top. "Bang," a third dish, was a material covered with seeds, and to the eye bore an unpleasant resemblance to thin glue. Fowls, sucking-pigs, and sweetened strings of pork made up the remainder of the bill of fare. Small Chinese cups were now handed round, containing a little pale-coloured tea, upon which boiling water was poured. After a short infusion the decoction was to be drunk ; but, upon tasting it, the unsophisticated beverage was entirely opposed to our notions of the proper flavour. Lastly, we were presented with a small quantity of Chinese plums ; and, carrying a disinfectant, in the shape of a pocket flask of cognac, we offered a portion of its contents to our host, who pronounced it "welly good," and, after handing it to one or two other pigtails, we took our departure, tendering the customary "ho-ki."

The Chinese circus next invited our attention. It is a favourite evening resort of the Celestials, who, at the sound of the tom-toms, hurry to the centre of attraction from all points of the ranges, guiding their steps by the light of small oil lanterns, which at a distance have the appearance of so many fire-flies flitting about the dark "leads."

The entertainments consisted of Chinese acting and gymnastic and acrobatic performances, periodically enlivened by a grand discharge of crackers. The "tumbling" was excellent, and was in fact the only redeeming part of the evening's amusement. We were, however, obliged to withdraw before it was concluded, the "dramatic" uproar

and the suddenly redoubled exertions of the excited operators on the gongs, &c., perilling our tympanums.

Their music is of the most extraordinary character. Pitched in the highest falsetto, the voice of the singer flies from note to note with singular capriciousness. It is altogether unearthly, and has no relation to any conceivable progression of human sounds. Heard at a distance, a Chinese song might be supposed to be a chorus by fairies, sung in a green and haunted dell, or it might be a wild love-lilt by Robin Goodfellow addressed to a sleeping dairymaid.

P. ARIS EAGLE.

BYGONE CELEBRITIES.

BY R. H. HORNE.

II.—MR. NIGHTINGALE'S DIARY.



STAGE play, however slight, devised and written by the combined humour and skill of two such admirable amateur actors and such popular writers as the late Charles Dickens and the late editor of *Punch*, could not fail to be peculiarly interesting ; how much more so when we know that the characters introduced on the scene were expressly invented and adopted with a view to the special histrionic talents of the two eminent persons who enacted the piece, and when we also know but too sadly that neither of them can ever again be seen in any earthly form. This very amusing production was written for the after-piece to Lord Lytton's comedy of "Not so Bad as we Seem ; or, Many Sides to a Character," and was enacted for the first time at Devonshire House, on the night which inaugurated the series of amateur performances in aid of the fund proposed to be raised for the foundation of "The Guild of Literature and Art." It was never published, and a few copies only were printed and circulated among the members of the "Guild." But, like the possessors, they have all drifted away on the surges of time, and whoever would revert to the piece has very little chance of getting any copy, or fragment of a copy, to assist his memory.

The plot was so very slight as scarcely to merit the name, but the principal characters were of a kind never to be forgotten. These principal characters were eleven in number, of which Mark Lemon personated three, Mr. Dickens five, and the late Augustus Egg, R.A., one—and a very remarkable one it was. The remaining characters are of little moment, and, in truth, we forget who it was that played *Mr. Nightingale*. The reader will bear in mind that the Queen, the Prince Consort, and most of the Court were present, Her Majesty and *suite*, who had retired for some refreshment after the performance of the comedy, having returned to their places. The Duke of Devonshire was "all smiles" at our success thus far. It was quite delightful to see any man so happy. And with regard to the audience, nearly all of whom were members

of the highest circles as to rank, and also, perhaps (at any rate in the eyes of Douglas Jerrold, who repeatedly declared it aloud behind the scenes), as to female beauty, most truly might it be said, that they all came *pour assister* on this our all important first night, and constituted, therefore, the best possible audience that could be desired.

The piece opened with the entrance of Mark Lemon, dressed as a German student, travelling after the manner of Wilhelm Meister on his "art-apprenticeship." The scene, however, was the private parlour of an English country inn; and it was at once discovered that the apparent student was a strolling player who had adopted that disguise in order to practise the not very uncommon, yet by no means easy, art of "living by his wits." Mark's portly figure was covered with a nankeen summer blouse, having a broad leather belt round the waist, or the place where a waist should be; and on his head he wore a German cap with a great peak, which did but little to shade his large, round, sunbrowned, smiling face. On his first entrance he gave the effect of an over-grown schoolboy; but when he came close down to the lamps it was evident that he was a fully developed rogue. He wore travelling boots; a German *quersack*, or leather wallet, dangled from his belt, and he carried an unmistakable English carpet-bag, which he rapidly, and rather furtively, deposited under a table on one side of the room.

He now made a brief soliloquy, illustrated with a richly humorous expression of countenance, to the following effect:—"He was not at present a member of a company of strolling players, but he kept better company—to wit, his own—and he was now strolling, not to please others by playing for them, but to play *upon* them to please himself; and the more they paid the better *he* was pleased; *them* was his sentiments. But, at the present moment, unfortunately, he was quite out of cash, and, as was sure to happen when he was penniless, he felt more than usually hungry. For this reason he had naturally entered an inn, as the proper place for satisfying hunger; and when that sacred duty had been performed, he would consider by what means the bill was to be paid. Could any man do more?"

So saying, he seated himself at a side-table, and, after running over an imaginary larder, he resolved on ordering a good dinner, and forthwith rang the bell. As no waiter made an appearance, he rang again vigorously; and yet a third time he had to ring. The individual who then entered was greeted with a round of smiles, as well as general applause; and be it here observed that this most courtly audience did by no means affect to be too fine to give way to their

feelings by plaudits, for they applauded everything that pleased them. Of course they all recognised *Sam Weller*, and Mr. Dickens as the impersonator.

"Are you the waiter, or the groom, or what—of this inn?" demanded the German student, affecting rather a high air.

"Well, Sir," said Sam, "I'm a half-waiter, and a sort of a half-boot."

"Ah—indeed. This seems rather a humble kind of an inn, my man. Is there any corn in Egypt?"

"Don't know, Sir; but we've got some *here*—quite enough for any 'orse you may 'ire for the day."

"Ahem! You misunderstand me, young man; *I* am the horse inquiring for corn. What's the state of the larder, eh?"

"Well, Sir, there's the not werry shapely remains of a round o' boiled beef, as was 'ot the day afore yesterday; and there's the back and drumsticks of a seasonable old goose; and—and—why, Jemmy!—Jemmy Daddleham, is that you? *I thought* I know'd you!"

It turns out that Sam Weller was at one time a member of a company of strolling players, and now recognises in the German student Mr. James Daddleham, the leading tragedian of that company. Sam quickly disappears, in order to bring some refreshment for the famishing "star," who falls into a train of sentimental absurdity during his absence.

Some of the characters in this laughable piece of stage composition had no names given to them, and others had names liable to be changed with every fresh representation; and as for the dialogue, it was never twice alike, the two principals understanding each other well enough to extemporise whenever they had a fancy to do so. For this reason we have truly designated the piece a stage composition. Consequently, the printed copies (whenever a straggler may be discovered) will contain very little of what was said by these two celebrated humourists and amateurs.

Sam Weller speedily returns, bringing with him a tray. He spreads the cloth on the little side-table, and "in no time" it is seen covered with beef and bread and bottles and plates and a couple of tankards. This done, Sam seats himself at the table, opposite the eminent tragedian, who falls to with every demonstration of hunger and delight. Eating heartily, and drinking to match, always gives great pleasure to a British audience; and this most refined of audiences proved no exception. While the "star" was recruiting himself, Sam contented himself by responding to friendly pledges with the tankard, and by various amusing references to their strolling days, and to the

characters impersonated by the "world-renowned" Mr. Daddleham, especially some of his tragic parts, concerning which Sam alternately flattered him with preposterous compliments, and startled him by equivocal commentaries. For instance :—

"O, Sir," said Sam, "what a 'Amlet youn was ! Shall we ever again see sich a 'Amlet ? "

"You think it was good, do you, Sam ? "

"Good, Sir ! good's no word for it."

"Ah !" said Mr. Daddleham, with affected modesty, laying down his knife and fork, and looking down sentimentally at his portly corporation ; "yes, Sam ; I think there *was* something *in* my Hamlet."

"Yes, and something *of* you, too, Sir."

This ridiculous compliment to his unsuitable figure of course upset the previous eulogy. The conversation then dropped into melodrama, and Sam referred to a certain piece in which they had fought a dreadful combat together in a wood. This enlivening recollection induced a mutual draught from the foaming tankard ; and Sam, exclaiming, "Ah, those was the days, Sir—they was !" regretted they could not fight that celebrated combat again. Hereupon Mr. Daddleham informed Sam that it could very easily be fought again.

"When, Sir ? " said Sam, eagerly.

"Now, Sam ! "

"Where the place, Sir ? "

"Not 'upon the heath,' but on these very boards."

"These ! "

"Yes, these, Sam. Behold yonder carpet bag, there ! "

"Ha ! under the table ! I see it all. That bag contains——"

"It does—it does ! all the theatrical properties now left me by invidious fate."

The eminent *incog.* now rushed across to his carpet bag, and from its well-stuffed paunch hurriedly disengaged and extracted two melodramatic short swords. Sam eagerly seized one of these weapons, and a sanguinary combat of the unique old school of popular melodrama at once commenced, in process of which every outrageous and ridiculous *stage business* of that class was carried to the utmost perfection. First, they prowled round and round each other—now darting in, very nearly, and as suddenly starting back ; next a passing cut is exchanged, then two or three cuts, the swords emitting sparks, and the combatants uttering strange guttural sounds, breathing hard, and showing their teeth at each other like hungry wolves. At last they close, and strike and parry to a regular measured time, till gradually

you find they are beating a sort of time very like the one known as *Lodoiska* in the Lancer Quadrilles. After this they strike at the calves of each other's legs by alternate back stroke and parry, and then Sam springs upon Mr. Daddleham's left hip, and deals a succession of blows downwards at his head, all parried, of course, with ludicrous precision. Finally, the sword of Sam is passed under one of his antagonist's arms, who thereupon exhibits the agonies of being run through the body, but nevertheless comes again and again to receive the same mortal wound ; in fact, he comes, though fainter and fainter each time, till Sam is at length so exhausted with running through such a fat body that he reels backward fainting just as his antagonist falls with a last gasp and a bump upon the stage that convulses the whole audience with laughter.

After this they return panting to the table, and recruit themselves with another tankard of ale, over which some conversation takes place, introductory of the plot of the piece, such as it is, and the two quondam strollers separate. I have said that several of the characters were not named in the bills, so that we are at liberty to give them any passing name by way of identification. Even the name of Sam Weller was not given, so far as I remember ; but nobody could doubt who it was from the first moment of his entrance. One of the characters, however, represented by Mr. Dickens was named *Mr. Gabblewig*, a capital name for an over-voluble barrister (many of his names, in nearly all his works, are invented with singular humour and appropriateness), but certainly of far less mark and importance in the piece than other characters to whom no names were given.

Another of the characters in this piece was a hypochondriac, played by Mr. Dickens, for whom a certain renowned Doctor (a quack, of course) had prescribed repeated doses, day and night, of mustard and milk. The sick gentleman, seated in a great high-backed, padded arm-chair, went through a rambling discourse, continually interrupted by spasmodic contortions, which he accompanied with declarations such as, "That's the mustard ! I know by the hot, biting pang ! Ha ! that's the milk ! I'm sure that must be the milk by the griping ! The sour curds are now in full—Oh !—there's the mustard again !—come to—come to—come to correct the milk, as the Doctor said it would."

At this painful crisis Mark Lemon enters as the great Doctor. His make-up is altogether admirable. Black evening dress ; with knee-smalls, black silk stockings, gilt knee-buckles, and gilt shoe-buckles ; black silk vest, with very large white shirt-frill, and a mock-

diamond pin. His fingers display several mourning-rings. A high, old-fashioned white neckcloth, without shirt collar, and his hair powdered, complete his costume. He advances with a slow, soft pace, a gentle, yet somewhat pompous air, and gesticulates with his hands, occasionally patting the patient's shoulder, very much in the style of the Doctor in Punch's show, being full of ridiculous patronage and conceited paternal dogmatism. The discourse he delivered was in the following strain :—

“Yes, yes—ah, yes, my friend—calm yourself, my *dear* sir—be quite calm. What you are suffering from at this moment is simply the pervestigation of the lacteal mustardine panacea, acting diagonally and hydrodynamically upon the vesicular and nervine systems, and thence sympathetically upon the periosteum. But be calm—be quite calm. We shall very soon—yes—let me feel your pulse ! Ah, yes very fair—three, four, five, six—my watch—my—bless my soul ! I've left it at my nephew's [*Aside* : My uncle's] ; but we can count as well without it. There—that will do—keep yourself—keep yourself calm, my *dear* sir !” (Here the patient exhibited a variety of contortions.) “We shall change the medicine. We shall just order you a mild preparation of the agglomerated balsamic phenomenon, with a few grains of the carthusian pigment, and a table-spoonful every half-hour of the astrobolic decoction of tetramuncus.”

Here the patient starts up in horror at the prospect of these prescriptions, and, forgetting all his ailments, rushes madly about the stage, driving the Doctor and everybody else before him in his exit.

The character that produced the greatest effect was that of a woman who had no name awarded to her in the piece, but to whom Mr. Dickens always alluded as Mrs. Gamp, although to our thinking she was not the real Mrs. Gamp, but only a near relation. Mr. Dickens's make-up in this character was not to be surpassed, unless indeed by one other which he personated, and by that of a wretched half-starved charity-boy represented by Mr. Egg. The woman, so far as I can remember, was accusing Mr. Nightingale of paternity in this matter, and she calls the boy to come forward and show himself as the living proof of her declaration. Thus summoned, a pale, miserable face, with hair cropped close, like a convict, and wearing a little round workhouse-cap, peeped forth at one wing. By stealthy degrees the object advanced in a side-long way, half retreating at times, and finally getting behind Mr. Nightingale's chair, and only showing himself now and then when lugged forth by his mother. Mr. Egg was naturally short and attenuated, but how he contrived to make such a skeleton-like appearance was a marvel to all who

looked upon him. Over his own face he had literally painted another face, and one so woeful and squalid was surely never seen before upon the stage of a theatre. The acting was equally perfect, for not only did he enter like "a thing forbid," but all his movements kept up this appearance of abject self-consciousness and furtive evasion of all eyes. He crouched down behind or at the side of Mr. Nightingale's chair, like a starved hound, too terrified and apprehensive even to eat if it were offered to him, and finally he skulked and bolted off the stage at long strides, looking back as though he expected to be shot at like some intruding reptile. Altogether the thing was too real; it was more painful than amusing, or at all events pleasurable, and so far passed the true bounds of Art. But the speech of the woman, as delivered by Mr. Dickens, amply made up for the pain caused by her wretched-looking boy. This speech, often repeated afterwards, was never heard to the end, from the incessant laughter it caused, not only among the audience, but among all the "Guild" behind the scenes. When not in front to hear it, we used to congregate at the wings of the stage. It was uttered with unbroken volubility, very nearly in the following words:—

"Don't speak to me, sir! now, don't go to argify with me! don't pertend to console or reason with a unpertecked woman, which her naytural feelings is too much for her to support! Leave your 'ouse! No, sir, I will *not* leave the 'ouse without seeing my child, my boy, righted in all his rights!—that dear boy, sir, as you just saw, which he was his mother's hope and his father's pride, and no one as I knows on's joy. And the name as was guv to this blesseddest of infants, and vorked in best Vitechapel mixed, upon a pin-cushion, were Abjalom, after his own parential father, Mr. Nightingale, and likewise Mr. Skylark who no otherwise than by being guv to drinking, lost an 'ole day's work at the veel-wright business, vich it wos but limited, being veels of donkey-chaisses and goats; and vun on 'em wos even drawn by geese for a wager, and came up the ile of the parish church one Sunday during arternoon sarvice, by reason of the perversity of the hanimals, as could be testified by Mr. Vix the beadle, afore he died of drawing on new Vellington boots after a 'arty meal of boiled beef and pickle cabbage to which he was not accustomed. Yes, Mr. Robin Redbreast, I means Nightingale, in the marble founting of that werry church wos he baptised Abjalom, vich never *can* be undone I am proud to declare, not to please nor give offence to no one, nohows and noveres, sir. No sir, no sir, I says, for affliction sore long time Maria Nightingale bore; physicianers was in vain, and one, sir, in partickler vich she tore the 'air by

'andfuls out of his edd by reason of disagreement with his perscriptions on the character of her complaint; and dead she is, and will be, as the 'osts of the Egyptian fairies, as I shall prove to you all by the hevydence of my brother the sexton, who I shall here perduce to your confusion in the twinkling of a star or humin hye!"

In the foregoing richly ridiculous speech Mr. Dickens was scarcely ever heard to its conclusion, the laughter of the audience seldom ceasing after the death of Mr. Vix by reason of his fatal new boots and too hearty meal. This woman, though designated "off the stage" as Mrs. Gamp, was evidently not that person, but another of those laughable eccentricities in which the inventive novelist delighted to indulge. A critic in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, in dealing synthetically with the works of Mr. Dickens, alludes to his habit of inventing or selecting peculiar characters and whimsical individualities, treating them as classes of character actually existing, the author thus living in the midst of a world of oddities, very much of his own creation, and not appearing to be at all aware that no such classes were extant. Very observant people who have also penetrated among the more hidden abodes, so to speak, of the lower strata of the population, have, from time to time, noticed specimens of most of these oddities; but the specimens have been rare; nobody but Mr. Dickens would say they constituted classes. Whether this be the fact or not the fact, it can be no injury to the novelist, as what he will lose on the one hand he will gain on the other (whether inventing or realising), and, in either case, most people are highly amused with these wonderfully ingenious absurdities. The critic previously quoted also alludes to our author's faculty of making things "more laughable than nature," and this is no doubt perfectly true. Countless illustrations might be adduced. Two or three at once present themselves. What are we to think of the humorous description of a vulgar woman going to see the dead body of her husband in the workhouse, with two penny-pieces over his eyes, and his wooden leg neatly tucked under one arm! What is there to laugh at in the actual sight of so painfully distressing, not to say disgusting, a thing as sea-sickness? Yet, how ludicrous it becomes under his treatment, even where he is himself a party concerned (see the "American Notes"), when he is seated at one end of a sofa in the cabin, and Mrs. Dickens at the other end, and he in vain endeavours to approach her with the supposed remedy of a tumbler of cold brandy and water, the lurching of the ship taking him from side to side, till he finally deposits the whole of what remains into the lady's lap, or upon the cabin floor. In one of the early numbers of "The Heads

of the People," an article was written by Leigh Hunt, entitled "The Monthly Nurse." His description of this character, not omitting the great event in the house of "the baby," is not only perfectly truthful and natural, but extremely amusing. Like most of his writings, it is full of touches of kindness and elegant humour. But for laughable qualities and broad fun it cannot be compared to Mrs. Gamp. We once heard a lady exclaim, "Oh, do read to us about the baby. Dickens is capital at a baby!" Not a doubt of it; but is there in nature anything so very laughable in our first appearance and unconscious importance in the world? It is anything but laughable, according to the experience of the great majority.

But, to conclude our account of this very curious kind of after-piece, one more impersonation by Mr. Dickens remains to be described. It will have been noticed that the woman who discoursed so volubly and confusedly about her boy, making accusations which nobody on the stage, or off, can understand, announces the coming of her brother, the sexton, who is to prove something, to the confusion of everybody. And now, in a remarkably brief time after his exit as the woman, Mr. Dickens again enters as her brother, the sexton. He appears to be at least ninety years of age, not merely by the common stage make-up of long white hair, large white eyebrows, blinking pink eyelids, and painted wrinkles and furrows, but by feebleness of limbs, a body pressed down by the weights and workings of time, and suffering from accumulated infirmities. He is supported carefully by one arm, and now and then on each side, as he very slowly comes forward. The old sexton is hopelessly deaf, and his voice has a quailing, garrulous fatuity. He evidently likes to talk when an opportunity occurs, but it is quite obvious that he cannot hear himself speak any better than he can hear those who speak to him. When somebody bawls in his ear a certain question about burying, he replies in a soft, mild, quavering voice, "It's of no use whispering to me, young man." The effect of these few words was very striking, being at once pathetic and ludicrous. Tears struggled, not quite ineffectually, with laughter. This sexton is the character that the late Miss Mitford pronounced as something wonderful in the truthfulness of its representation. After repeated shoutings of the word "buried," he suddenly fancies he has caught the meaning, and the worn and withered countenance feebly lights up with the exclamation, "Brewed! oh, yes, Sir, I have brewed many a good gallon of ale in my time. The last batch I brewed, Sir, was finer than all the rest—the best ale ever brewed in the county. It used to be called in our parts here, 'Samson with

his hair on !"—in allusion—in allusion"—(here his excitement shook the tremulous frame into coughing and wheezing)—“in allusion to its great strength.” He looked from face to face to see if his feat was duly appreciated, and his venerable jest understood by those around ; and then, softly repeating, with a glimmering smile, “in allusion to its great strength,” he turned slowly about, and made his exit, like one moving towards his own grave while he thinks he is following the funeral of another.

With this afterpiece closed the first night's performance of the “Guild” at Devonshire House. The Duke was so delighted with our success that he proposed both the comedy and the afterpiece should be repeated. On this second night his Grace gave a magnificent ball and supper to the performers, and the whole audience. It certainly was a very brilliant scene. Some of the younger ladies amused themselves with identifying the various characters who had appeared on the stage ; and this would not have been thought an easy matter, as the make-up by wigs, paint, and powder, of most of us was a complete transformation, as we had flattered ourselves. One of the most amusing things in this ball-and-supper scene was the state of romantic admiration into which Jerrold was thrown by the beauty of some of those who might truly have been designated the flowers of the nobility, for a more lovely floral and ripe wall-fruit appearance than many of them presented could not be imagined. Jerrold moved hastily about, his large eyes gleaming as if in a walking vision ; and when he suddenly came upon any of the “Guild” he uttered glowing and racy ejaculations, at which some laughed, while others felt disposed to share his raptures. One may freely relate these things now. The long shadows and the changes of many years have intervened, and that brilliant “wit” is gone, and so has all the beauty he admired, even though the once proud possessors may, in some cases, still live to sigh over the memories of their former charms.

After these two great inaugural nights, the same performances were given in the provinces, and also in Edinburgh, and at the Duke's mansion at Chatsworth, where the extraordinary improvements in the gardens, orchards, conservatories, and shrubberies, by Sir Joseph Paxton, so much enhanced the pleasure of the visiting amateurs. The next performances, however, immediately after those at Devonshire House, were given by the “Guild” at the Queen's Concert Rooms, Hanover Square, where they were attended by overflowing audiences. We then visited Manchester, Liverpool, Bath, Bristol, &c., meeting with great success everywhere ; so much so, that Mr. Dickens announced one night after supper, and before the usual

games began, that having already made £3,000, without much trouble, he thought we should continue until £5,000 was realised. With that sum he considered the "Guild" would be fully justified in laying their prospectus before the public for the establishment of the "Guild of Literature and Art"—saying, "We have done thus much ourselves towards the foundation; now what will you do to help us?"

The same pieces being played at each town, and no rehearsals being required, as we had all been letter-perfect before the first night, it will be understood that there was plenty of leisure for private study and work of another kind, besides visiting and amusement. It was, however, established as a rule among us, that no one should accept any invitation to dinner or luncheon on the days when a performance was to be given, but that we should all dine together at two o'clock, and not sit long at table afterwards. When the performance was over we had supper, to which each person invited any particular friend who was resident in that city; and in most cases the mayor and other civic magnates were invited. It was generally Mr. Dickens's custom, as he always liked to do things on a handsome scale, to single out the principal hotel in the place, and then take the whole hotel—at any rate the two largest rooms, and all the beds—for the worshipful company of the "Guild." Sometimes it happened that we had no visitors to these supper-parties, and the wind-up was then very apt to merge into a more unreserved hilarity. At certain times it appeared as if everybody was talking or laughing at the same moment; in fact, it certainly was so. Sitting next to Dickens one night, and beginning to say "As for conversation"—he suddenly exclaimed, "Impossible! it's hopeless!" and sank back in his chair laughing. I have alluded to some "games" that were occasionally played among ourselves after supper; and the reader who imagines that whist, billiards, cribbage, chess, backgammon, or even a "round game" were played, will by no means have hit upon the fact. And yet, in one sense, it no doubt was a round game, for the favourite game on these particular occasions was leap-frog, which we played all round the supper-table. Very much of the fun of this consisted in special difficulties, with their consequent disasters; for Dickens was fond of giving a "high back," which, though practicable enough for the more active, was not easily surmounted by others, especially after a substantial supper; while the immense breadth and bulk of Mark Lemon's back presented a sort of bulwark to the progress of the majority. Now, as everybody was bound to run at the "frog-back" given, and do his best, it often happened that a gentleman landed

upon the top of Mark's back, and there remained ; while with regard to the "high back" given by Mr. Dickens, it frequently occurred that the leaping frog never attained the centre, but slipped off on one side ; and we well remember a certain occasion when a very vigorous run at it failing to carry the individual over, the violent concussion sent the high-arched "frog" flying under the table, followed headlong by the unsuccessful leaper. Mr. Dickens rose with perfect enjoyment at the disaster, admirably imitating the action in pantomimes under similar circumstances, and exclaiming that it was just what he expected ! But the accidents attending Mark Lemon were far more numerous, for while his breadth and length of back were a most arduous undertaking for any but the very long-legged ones to leap over, his bulk and weight, when it came to his turn to leap, were of a kind to bring down the backs of all but the very strongest frogs.

The female characters of the comedy were enacted by professional ladies, who took private apartments in the vicinity of the concert room, or hall, engaged for the "Guild," or else came down by express train on the nights of performance. It should be explained that the "Guild" carried their own "theatre" with them, constructed in various parts and pieces, and made to be packed up, erected, and taken down again in a few hours—the whole being comprised in a small compass, under the arrangement of Sir Joseph Paxton and a theatrical machinist. No breakages of any importance ever occurred, and no accident ; but once there was a narrow escape, and of a serious kind. It will be remembered that a scene was described in my first article on this subject as having occurred in "Will's Coffee-room," and that there was a fire-place at the remote end, where the semblance of a fire was burning brightly. This was effected by the painted transparency of a fire, with a large lamp standing close to it behind the scene. One night a certain gentleman, who was rather late in his dressing, and who ought to have been ready to enter on the other side, rushed by so flurriedly that he thrust the lamp aslant against the scene. The glass cracked and opened, and the flame caught the scene, which at once took fire. Smoke and tumult were just commencing, when Mark Lemon and Mr. Dickens simultaneously rushed upon the stage ; one or other caught up a thick overcoat, which was flung upon the rising flames, and then they both jumped upon it, and, without being aware of their excited performance, literally danced up and down together upon the smothered flames and the smashed lamp, the glass of which kept up a ridiculous crackle all the time. Certainly nobody laughed. It was anything

but a laughing moment ; and if we were to mention the particular edifice in which this occurred, it would be yet more apparent that there was cause for dismay. Of course it was prudently hushed up—in fact, ignored. Somebody had thoughtlessly lighted a cigar ; but it had been immediately cast aside, and trampled out. That was all.

It may be reasonably expected that a few words should be said on the final results of these histrionic labours. That singular run of good fortune which attended its brilliant commencement did not keep pace with the hopes that had been turned towards the practical foundation of the original design. Whether the public did not adequately respond to the appeal ; whether the appeal was not properly made, or the leaders of the scheme found it impossible to devote any more time to the work, or whatever else was the cause, is not within our knowledge ; neither do we know what was the total sum realised, or how it was employed, the writer having sailed for the South Seas before the series of performances was brought to a close. The local position and surroundings of the proposed College, and the structure itself, we do not consider to be very cheerfully described by the visitor who said that “he had seen three doleful cottages standing in a field ;”—poor shadows and frail images of the fine idea of a College-retreat for Literature and Art—sad, yet suitable emblem of the mortal remains of nearly all the original projectors.



A FLY-FISHING SONG.



WHEN sunbeams sparkle on the lawn
And strong the west wind blows,
What wonder if our hearts are drawn
Where the lov'd trout-stream flows?
What wonder if the pulse beats high,
As loud the thrushes sing,
And tempting fancy bids us try
An airy line to fling?

Away with business! From its nook
The fav'rite rod we seize,
Our pannier, flies! The morn will brook
No ling'ring! In the breeze
Against dark sapphire skies the larch
Waves tassels fringed with pink;
Through garden croft and mead—quick march!
Hurrah! the river's brink!

Sweet the low murmurs of the stream,
Its changeful rippling light
Athwart the pebbles—but we dream!
There! now the reel runs right.
Brave wind that cleav'st the volleying mist
Around the hill-sides blown,
Waft on the line which skilful wrist
And lissome rod have thrown!

A splash! the touch electric rings
Through rod to arm and heart,
Shrilly the swift-drawn line now sings;
What if its strands should part?
But no! the struggling captive leaps,
Then halts—another rush—
Still fights, and darting from the deeps
He's gained the awkward bush!

Again he speeds his arrowy way,
But soft ! his course is run ;
The gallant trout succumbs, a prey
To patience. See, the sun
Brings out his ruddy spots, then glints
From off his scales, and plays
Around their silver-purpled tints !
Two pounds at least he weighs.

Pass on and catch another, lose
The next perchance ; for so,
Like human life, we cannot choose,
Our lot and grief ne'er know ;
But time will yet the basket fill,
Deftly the rod we ply ;
In work or play he wins who will
Pay court to industry.

And so till eve with witching stealth
Dims the gorse-blazing down ;
We drink in beauty, wisdom, health,
Think out life's problems, crown
These speculations with deep joy
That thankful peace is ours ;
And rambling, mind and hand employ,
And take both sun and showers.

For philosophic is the life
That happy anglers lead,
Simple our solace, far from strife
Nature's great book we read :
Then praise with me the angler's art,
His gentle, thoughtful days—
The craft from which we saddest part
When life's sun slants his rays.

COACHING.



GENERATION is growing up—nay, has arrived at maturity, without ever listening for the cheery notes of the mail guard's horn ; a generation which only knows from hearsay of the wondrous assemblage of newly-painted coaches and bright scarlet liveries in the Post Office yard at eight o'clock on the evening of the King's birthday—which has to draw upon imagination to realise the bustle around the country inn at midnight, when "the changes" were brought out and "put to" the London coach to draw it another eight-mile "stage" through the dark, on its flight up and down hill, over breezy commons, through snow or tempests, towards its destination—which can form no idea of the awakening echoes of the sixteen iron-shod hoofs over the round stones of the High-street as the sun was rising, or the glorious sights of the Norfolk coaches at Christmas-tide, with their six horses and outriders, "swaying" their last stage into London under their load of game and turkeys ; of coaches buried deep in snow-drifts, requiring a dozen sturdy labourers to dig them out, while the guard, with one of the leaders, was riding bare-back across country with the letter-bags slung in front of him, "expressing" over dykes and through hedge-gaps for the nearest post-town, because His Majesty's mail must not be stopped by six feet of snow. Of some of these things let me tell the half-forgotten story, the spirit-stirring tale.

It is five-and-twenty years, alack ! since the hand that is writing these lines held the "ribbons" of the four sleek bays that drew the Devonport "Independent" out of the court-yard of the New London Inn at Exeter on its way to Plymouth. Noble beasts ! Food for the dogs long since—literally, "gone to the dogs !" With flowing manes and tails erect, without a hair on their backs out of place, how they shone in the morning sun ! Dreary Dartmoor, with its daily rain (for there is an old local saying, that "If it rains in any part of England, it rains on Dartmoor,"—an adage which I would extend to, "When it rains nowhere else, it rains on Dartmoor"), I say the downpour of this aqueous region glanced off those polished backs—combed and brushed from without with affectionate care, and lubricated from within by wholesome oats and beans—and left no soil or stain

behind. "Let go their heads, Black Ben! Hie, Jock! Wo ho, steady, old maid! Sit fast! We are off! Get out of the way—pull on one side, and make a little room, for some Phantom Coaches are coming by!"

Surely Charles Dickens loved stage coaches and coach travelling, else how could he have given us such soul-stirring, yet real life, pictures of the journeys of the Pickwick travellers to Rochester, Bath, and Ipswich, and of Nicholas Nickleby, from the Saracen's Head to Greta Bridge, of dear old Pinch's and bashful Copperfield's coaching experience—such portraitures of Tony Weller and his "chums"—such warm pictures of the Boro' Coach Inns, and the Great White Horse? Smollett, too (and, if I mistake not, Fielding) gives us incidents of coach travelling in his own time—nay, I *know* that Fielding does in his "Joseph Andrews," and I doubt not that if stage coaches had been an institution of his time, I should have been enabled to quote Shakespeare as an earlier authority; but I must be content to start with the first stage coach.

Previously to that epoch, personal locomotion was carried on saddle-back or by waggon. Saddles in early days were, as the modern metropolitan stage carriage regulations would express it, "constructed to carry two outside," if required, by the aid of the supplementary "pillion." But that was a private arrangement, and the public waggon was the real public conveyance. Hogarth, who lived to draw us the stage coaches of his time, also leaves us, in the first plate of the "Harlot's Progress," a picture of the country waggon which brought the poor but pretty country wench to London among its passengers. There were, as that picture indicates, worse thieves than the mail stoppers of after times besetting those waggons on their arrival, to rob passengers like her of the only treasure they possessed—haunting the innyard to pick up their prey. No doubt they were not the only, though probably the worst, class of expectants of the waggon's arrival. Fancy how easily the other male and female passengers emerging from under the tilt, fresh from quiet, far-away country villages, fell into the hands of sham guides and porters who undertook to show them the ways of the unlighted and unwatched city—emissaries from the Mint and the purlieus of Old Smithfield, offering to take them by the nearest way "to their friends," whom, with a very vague idea of the topography of London, they were in quest of. How many, I wonder, went back by the waggon? How few returned with the fleece they brought up with them? Roderick Random and his friend Strap were, according to Smollett, about a

fortnight travelling by waggon from Newcastle-on-Tyne to London, and were charged only ten shillings for the journey. Their travelling companions were an aged usurer, a lady of pleasure, and a captain in the army.

The first mention of public coaches is made by Sir William Dugdale in his Diary, from which it would appear that there was a Coventry coach in 1659:—

“May 2nd.—I set forwards towards London by Coventre coach.”

Under date of June 28th, 1662, he speaks of travelling with his man by Aylesbury coach; January 30th, 1663, “by St. Alban’s coach to London;” April 9th, 1677, “to Woburn by Chester coach;” July 16th, 1679, “out of London by the stage coach of Bermicham to Banbury;” June 30th, 1680, “out of London in Bedford stage coach to the Earle of Aylesburie’s house at Amptill.”

The new style of travelling seems soon to have grown into popularity, and was in the very earliest days patronised by people of quality; but a letter from one Edward Parker to his father at Preston, in Lancashire, in 1663, does not say much for its convenience:—

“I got to London on Saturday last, but my journey was noe ways pleasant, being forced to ride in the boote all the way. Y^e company y^t came up with me were persons of greate quality, as knights and ladyes. My journey’s expense was xxx s. The travel hath soe indisposed me y^t I am resolved never to ride up again in y^e coach.”—*Archæologia* xx., pp. 443-76.

But a hot opposition was set up against the stage coaches by “J. C(ressett), of the Inner Temple, Gentleman.” Some of his arguments are very curious. He makes out to his own satisfaction that they destroy the breed of horses; effeminatise the people; lower the value of land; knock up the calling of watermen, “who are the nursery for seamen, and they the bulwark of the kingdom;” lessen His Majesty’s revenues; and injure every trade of the country that he can think of. The people, he says, have “hereby become so weary and listless when they ride a few miles, and unwilling to get on horseback; not able to endure frost, snow, or rain, or to lodg in the fields. There is such a lazy habit of body upon men that they, to indulge themselves, save their fine cloathes, and keep clean and dry, will ride lolling in one of them, and endure all the inconvenience of that manner of travelling rather than ride on horseback.” Mr. Cressett goes rather far afield to find how it affects His Majesty’s revenues: “For now four or five travel in a coach and twenty or thirty in a caravan. Gentlemen and ladies without any servants consume little drink on the road, yet pay as much at every inn as if

their servants were with them ; which is the tapster's gain and His Majesty's loss." The clothier and hatter were injured, "for when men rode on horseback, they rode in one suit and carried another to wear when they came to their journey's end or lay by the way. But in coaches a silk suit and an Indian gown with a sash, silk stockings, and beaver hats men ride in ; and carry no other with them, because they escape the wet and dirt which on horseback they cannot avoid ; whereas, in two or three journeys on horseback these clothes and hats were wont to be spoiled, which done, they were forced to have new very often." The drapers "sold more linnen, not only to sadlers to make up saddles, but to travellers for their own use, nothing wearing out linnen more than riding." But not only was every trade in the country being ruined, but the morals of the age were in danger : "For passage to London being so easy, gentlemen come to London oftener than they need, and their ladies either with them, or, having the convenience of these coaches, quickly follow them. And when they are there they must be in the mode, have all the new fashions, buy all their cloathes there, and go to plays, balls, and treats, where they get such a habit of jollity and a love to gaiety and pleasure that nothing afterwards in the country will serve them, if even they should fix their minds to live there again."

Mr. Cressett certainly draws a rather repulsive picture of coach travelling in his day. "What addition," he asks, "is this to man's health or business to ride all day with strangers, oftentimes sick, ancient, disabled persons, or young children crying, to whose humours they are obliged to be subject, forced to bear with, and many times are poisoned with the nasty scents, and crippled by the crowd of their boxes and bundles ? Is it for a man's health to travel with tired jades, to be laid fast in the foul ways, and forced to wade up to the knees in mire ; afterwards sit in the cold till teams of horses can be sent to pull the coach out ?" This was not altogether an exaggerated statement of the troubles to which the traveller was subjected ; for Arthur Young and other authorities have handed down to us a sufficiently gloomy description of the state of the roads many years after this. Cressett took a great deal of pains by getting up petitions to Parliament, &c., to suppress stage coaches ; he issued pamphlets among the householders and tradesmen of country towns, and got a considerable number on his side ; but the knights of the whip were not without their advocate, and a pamphlet in reply came out, entitled "Stage Coaches Vindicated : or, Certain Animadversions and Reflections upon several Papers writ by J. C., of the Inner Temple,

Gent., against Stage Coaches." The writer pleads in favour of coaches that "they prevent many casualties by the rising of waters and fords which many passengers by horseback are subject to ; whereas the stage coachmen by their constancy upon the road are generally acquainted with, and therefore are often assistants to noblemen and gentlemen's coaches in guiding them the best ways, and trying the waters and fords for them, which they, not being so much used to, could not pass without danger." The charge that the new mode of travelling would have the effect of enervating the men who had recourse to it, he dismisses with the following sneer:—"If these be pernicious luxuries, then J. C. as well as others may say farewell to down pillows and feather beds, night caps, close stools and warming pans, and such like things as work that effect in a greater measure."

Spite of all opposition, the coaches went on increasing, but it is curious to find how long the old prejudice was kept up. All Mr. Cressett's arguments are reproduced and urged to the disparagement of stage coaches in "The Trade of England Revived," printed by Dorman Newman in 1681 (pp. 26-7, sec. xiii).

Thoresby, in his Diary (vol. ii., page 207), alludes to the coach between Hull and York resuming work in the spring after being laid up for the winter :—"4th May, 1714, *morning*—We dined at Grantham ; had the usual solemnity (this being the first time the coach passed the road in May), and the coachman and horses being decked with ribbons and flowers, the town music and young people in couples before us."

According to Mr. Smiles (Life of Telford, p. 23), in the early days of stage coach travelling, "whether the coach was to proceed or to stop at some favourite inn was determined by the vote of the passengers, who usually appointed a chairman at the beginning of the journey." My readers have no doubt seen preserved as curiosities in the miscellaneous columns of the newspapers, like flies in amber, quaint advertisements of flying machines and coaches, announcing the times of starting, breakfasting, dining, and sleeping, or, as it was generally printed, "laying" on the road. I have a very large collection now lying before me, but the limited space of this article will not afford room for them. I fear even a little of them would overload it. Roberts, in his "Social History of the Southern Counties" (p. 494), incidentally mentions that, in 1700, the "Fly" coach slept, the fifth night from London, at Exeter, and next day breakfasted at Axminster, where a woman barber "shaved the coach."

Pennant, in his Tour, describing his journey in the Chester coach to London in 1739-40, says :—"The first day, with much labour, we got

from Chester to Whitchurch (twenty miles), the second day to the Welsh Harp, the third to Coventry, the fourth to Northampton, the fifth to Dunstable, and, as a wondrous effort, on the last to London before the commencement of night. The strain and labour of six good horses—sometimes eight—drew us through the sloughs of Miredon and many other places.”

In 1749 a stage coach was started to go from Birmingham to London in three days. “It breakfasts,” writes Lady Luxborough to Shenstone, the poet, “at Henley, and lies at Chipping Norton; goes early next day to Oxford, stays there all day and night, and gets on the third day to London.” In 1754 a “flying coach” was started to get to London from Manchester in four days and a half, “barring accidents.” In 1757, when Wedderburn first came to London from Edinburgh by stage coach, he was six days on the road. “When I first reached London,” says Lord Campbell, “I performed the same journey in three nights and two days, Mr. Palmer’s mail coaches being then established. But this swift travelling was considered dangerous, as well as wonderful; and I was gravely advised to stay a day at York, as several passengers who had gone through without stopping had died of apoplexy from the rapidity of the motion.”

With the road all to myself, I should be tempted to ramble into some discursive, though perhaps entertaining, anecdotes about the introduction of Mr. Palmer’s mail coaches, which Lord Campbell’s allusion suggests; but I must keep time, and remember that I am already approaching the half-way point in my allotted space. Sundry bye-roads of my subject to the right and left will, however, remain, to be worked by a “branch” paper on a future occasion. Just *one* glance, by your leave, at the genesis of Scotch coaching, and I will cut short my “retrospective survey.”

The Town Council of Glasgow was the first to copy the English exemplar, and in 1743 attempted to set up a public conveyance or “lando” to be drawn by six horses, and run between Glasgow and Edinburgh, a distance of forty-four miles, once a week in winter and twice in summer. But the attempt broke down; and it was not until 1749 that the first public conveyance, called “The Caravan,” was started between the two cities, and it did the journey from one to the other in two days. In 1760 a “wonder” appeared upon the road, called the “Fly,” from its alarming speed, which accomplished the distance in rather less than a day and a half. So lately as 1763 the coach from London to Edinburgh, only starting once a month, is said to have consumed a fortnight on the road; but this is rather inconsistent with Lord Campbell’s more reliable statement. However, we have it on

good authority that in 1774 the arrival of the Glasgow mail from London was a matter of such sensational importance that a gun was fired to announce the event, just as a similar signal was given not many years ago to the city of Sydney that the mail steamer was descried afar off at sea.

Dropping at this stage some of the heavier luggage with which we started, we will get upon the stage coaches of "Nimrod's" time; just as perfection was in sight, and they were all suddenly upset by—railways. Mr. Murray has recently done this cold iron age so good a service by reproducing in popular form and in two separate editions the stirring, thorough-bred book of Apperley's on the Chase, Turf, and Road, that I need not borrow for readers of healthy appetite any of that "fine old English gentleman's" anecdotes—their instinct has already led them back to the brave feast—but from a fugitive contribution of Nimrod's in the *New Sporting Magazine* in 1830, which, I believe, has never been reprinted, I take up the first of my personal recollections of incidents by the road. The article was little more than a fragment, but appeared as "Nimrod's Northern Tour." That thorough sportsman arrived in England from the Continent on an invitation from a hunting baronet, and, landing at Dover, took the "Eagle" coach to London. "My chief object in selecting the 'Eagle' out of the many coaches that leave Dover for the metropolis was to see the performance of a coachman called Bill Watson, whose father and four brothers are all on the bench on the same road—a circumstance unparalleled, I believe, in the annals of English coaching. We were strangers to each other, which suited my book the better, as I was then sure of seeing him in his everyday costume; that is to say, in his real character as the driver of a very well appointed and sufficiently fast coach on perhaps the most difficult road that is now to be found within the same distance from London. Nor could I have selected a better day for my observance of him, for, having to take up some passengers in two or three very narrow streets, and those full of interruptions from building materials, I had a good opportunity of judging his powers of coachmanship; and he certainly afforded me a treat. I found he not only was gifted with the delicacy of finger which is indispensable to perfection in the art, with strength equal to anything that might be required of him for his box, but that he had all the quickness of the new school with the formerly indispensable qualification of the old one—I mean the proper and ready use of his whip, and which, on such ground as his is, is more essential to safety than the generality of persons are aware of. In short, from the

scientific way in which he caught the thong upon the crop, it was always ready for either wheelers or leaders ; and the rapidity with which he applied it to his leaders when wanting—the near-side one particularly—I have never seen equalled. But it was on the summit of the first hill we had to descend that the performance of this artist most gratified me ; for he showed me that he was one of the few of his fraternity that are sufficiently aware of the attraction of gravitation (or, in other words, that the weight of the coach would multiply by its velocity), by pulling up his horses nearly to their walk before he began to descend it. He then handed his coach down it in a masterly manner, without the assistance of the drag.”

Many a time and oft have I sat beside this splendid coachman, whom Nimrod truly called an “artist” in his driving. In his manners he was gentlemanly and obliging, and in dress and appearance he continued to the last as Nimrod described him :—“But really, looking at Watson on his box this day—his clean shirt, his well-starched neckcloth, and everything else clean about him, not omitting the good bit of broadcloth and well-brushed beaver—nor, above all things, the neat balconied house on the terrace a mile out of Dover, where he pulled up to drop a word to Mrs. Watson—looking at all this, I say, who can but rejoice that the liberality of the British public enables a man in this grade of life to do credit to his calling—one of no small importance to such a gad-about people as the English—and to induce him to continue in that line of conduct which will ensure him a lengthened continuation of it?”

The day of this memorable journey, which enrolled Watson’s fame on the pages of the sporting classics, was the first time he had been at work for ten weeks, having been laid up with a bad leg from the scrape of the roller bolt. “At one time,” he said to Nimrod, “I thought I was booked by the down mail—at all events, that nothing but the knife could have saved me.”

Poor fellow ! I saw him, twenty years after this was written, take his journey by the down mail through an obstinate refusal to be saved by the knife. The circumstances were these. He had been for two or three years driving the “Essex” coach, which ran out of the Three Nuns, at Aldgate, to Fyfield, in Essex, a distance of three-and-twenty miles. Of course this was a very different thing to the Dover “Eagle” or the other crack coaches he had driven ; but though coaching was on its last wheels, the “Essex” was a well-appointed concern, and, in fact, Watson was the man who made everything he touched respectable. At fifty years of age he was still as particular about his personal appearance as Nimrod has described him at thirty ; and it was only

in very hard winters that he appeared without a flower in his coat—the last rose of summer, the first camellia of spring, were his by prescription. They were gathered for him by the fair hands of mine host's daughters or the dimpled ones of the buxom hostess at the houses where he stopped to change ; and the ostler had scarcely called out "Coach up !" before the little bouquet was ready for his button hole. But one fatal morning—possibly he was a minute or two before time—the accustomed flower was not ready for him ; he ran into the garden to pick a rose, and it was presumed that a thorn entered his thumb. The next day he complained of a pricking sensation ; the second day I was on the box, and he begged me to take the reins, as his thumb was very painful ; and he never held whip or rein again. In vain the doctor begged him to be reconciled to the loss, first of his thumb, then of his arm, to save his life ; he persisted in his refusal, and on the fourth day poor Watson breathed his last in a little white-washed room in the clean but very homely inn known as the "Bull" at Fyfield.

And thou, Dick Whitton ! Among these too brief records of the gay knights of the whip, thy fame must not be forgotten, cheery old Dick Whitton ! Carolling merrily or whistling blythely on thy box, as thou threaded the ribbon of the green-fringed roads of Lincolnshire, who so merry as "old Whitton" ? How did it come to thee, honest Dick, to be called "old" ? for thou wert but forty-seven when thou camest by that cruel death, not by thine own hands, but at those of a brother knight ! Yet "old" thou wert always called, and methinks it was a term of pure endearment.

Dick Whitton was a facetious, good-humoured coachman, well known in Lincolnshire—a light-hearted, civil, clever handler of the reins, with a rubicund countenance, merry eye, and pleasant word for all he passed on the country-side. But the healthy cheek was blanched, the merry eye dimmed, and the cheery voice silenced for ever towards the close of a bright Saturday afternoon in 1830. It came about thus. Dick was, for the nonce, a passenger on the "Accommodation," Louth and Lincoln coach, enlivening by his jokes the five outsides, and at stopping-places cheering up the one solitary individual who chose to ride within. The day was stormy, the wind was furious ; hence, perhaps, the brightness of the sky, and the exhilaration of Dick Whitton's spirits. It was no easy work to drive in the teeth of such a wind, but the coach held its way bravely on its return to Louth, till it reached the village of Langton, two miles from Wragby, where no doubt the change-horses were already out awaiting it. There is a sharp bend of the road about half a mile

beyond the village, and as the coach rounded it a sudden blast of the wind, more fierce than any that had preceded it, swept across—the passengers felt the coach “lift” (as they described it), and the next moment found themselves in the ditch on the near side, literally *blown over*! The three women who were among the outside passengers naturally screamed their loudest, and made noise enough in their unpleasant quarters to arouse the dead; *par séquence*, they were found more frightened than hurt. Young Woodruff, a passenger, destined to be a coachman in his future years, had early acquired the knack of “coming to ground easy,” and without a scratch or bruise was already up and helping, when the coachman, who was but slightly hurt, pulled him by the sleeve, and pointing to the side of the prostrate coach, said, in a choking voice, “Look there! *He's dead!*”

Sure enough! There lay poor Dick Whitton, with his skull fractured from the ear to the eye-socket! It was conjectured that in the fall his head had struck against the lamp-iron or one of the wheels; at all events, he never spoke, nor groaned, nor breathed.

“To think of *that*, now!” said the coachman, rubbing the sleeve of his rough box-coat across his eyes; “to think that it should have happened to him on *my* coach! And who is to carry the news to his wife and the seven little ones at home?”

I believe that the widow and seven children whom Whitton left behind him found friends among those who had known him on the road.

A contemporary of Whitton's in an adjoining county was Thomas Cross, who drove the Lynn coach from London to Cambridge. He is, I believe, still living; and some years ago wrote the “Autobiography of a Stage Coachman.” It was not often that one met with a coachman of literary tastes; but Thomas Cross not only wrote the history of his life, but also several poems and plays. I have failed to trace any of them; but my informant is an esteemed nobleman, to whom I am indebted for some further notes on this subject, and who writes, “I well knew him many years ago; he was an intelligent man, much above the level of his occupation.”

Another weather-beaten veteran of the road was living until very lately, William Seymour. He at one time, I believe, drove a Market Harborough coach; but I can of my own knowledge only speak of his working the “Favourite” coach to St. Alban's. A dozen years ago I met with him in the fallen estate of driver of the omnibus that ran over the six miles of dusty road between Hatfield and St. Alban's to carry half a dozen people a day from the station of the Great

Northern Railway, in the Marquis of Salisbury's little town, to the quaint old town of the proto-martyr of England, then undefiled by the breath of the steam horse. (Now, alas! it has three of the greatest companies, the London and North Western, the Great Northern, and the Midland, piercing its vital parts and tearing it to pieces!) The opening of the North Western branch from Watford broke up the Hatfield box-on-wheels; and I next came across poor old Will Seymour as the landlord of the King Harry at St. Stephen's, in the parlour of which somewhat obscure hostelry there hung, and probably hangs still, in all the splendour of a gorgeous frame, a portrait of Seymour in his palmy days, dressed in a wonderful blue coat, with most resplendent buttons, and with an amazing display of shirt frill, and something that might have served as a bolster to a child's bed around his neck. In his latter days poor old Seymour came to be a pensioner and inmate in the noble foundation of "Swearing Sarah" at St. Alban's, known as the Duchess of Marlborough's almshouses, or, more familiarly, as the "Marlborough Buildings," which has given shelter and peaceful rest to the last days of many a weary pilgrim; and, I trust, will go a long way to blot out the record of the Duchess's naughty words and ways while in the flesh. Here, after severe suffering from dropsy, on the night of Sunday, the 30th of May, 1869, at the ripe age of seventy-seven, the old stager died. The *Herts Advertiser*, in recording the event, added: "The older inhabitants can well remember the then familiar faces, voices, stature, and habits of the 'whips' who forty or fifty years back drove our town or 'through' coaches to and from London—Anthony Bryan, Emanuel Reeves, Clark, Fossey, Gilbert, Leyley, Sharman, Wells, Everett, Matthews, Webb, Scarborough, William Seymour, and others who, in their day, worthily fulfilled their duty as trusty public servants, and *all* of whom are now taken from our midst by the hand of death." The Webb here mentioned was an excellent coachman on the Birmingham road. He was, in 1837, thrown from his box on the "Emerald" coach, through the wheel going over a large stone placed in the road while under repair. He was picked up dead.

ALEXANDER ANDREWS.

THE CHARGE OF CAVALRY.

THERE has been no more popular outcry for some years past amongst a certain class of Englishmen than the abuse of the English horse. According to these complaints he has been rapidly deteriorating, and can neither carry the weight nor go the distance he once was equal to, on the road or over the country. Of course this decline is traced in the outset to the mal-practices of the Turf; and reasonably enough, too, if, as we have it on record, a colt has not merely been broken and backed but tried—that is, raced in private—no fewer than seventeen times before he was eighteen months old ! The constitution of any animal, however good, cannot but be injured by such a system as this ; but, thanks to the interference of some true sportsmen like Sir Joseph Hawley and Mr. Chaplin, and in the face of the abstruse opposition offered by Admiral Rous, some very wholesome reform has been effected in the conduct of two-year-old racing. And it is only right and proper to begin at the beginning, and to look especially to the condition of the thoroughbred horse, as the worth of almost every other description of saddle horse must depend more or less upon his claiming kindred here. Despite, moreover, the periodical hecatomb, the costly sacrifice to the Demon of Play, there is more good blood in use, as there are no doubt more good horses, than ever there was. The number of hunting establishments shows a considerable increase during the last half-century, while the fields are larger and the sportsmen better mounted.

The modern hunter is a vast improvement upon our grandfathers', or even our fathers', favourite sort. He has more courage, more pace, and more power—as pace, in a greater or less degree, is power ; and “ Jolly Roger ” would drop, fairly choked, in ten minutes, were he made to gallop and fly his fences as people will go to hounds nowadays. Nevertheless we hear again and again how sadly the English horse has deteriorated, and in further proof of this we are gravely assured that he was never more sought after by other nations than he is just at present ! The Prussians, the French, and the Austrians, as we are told, have almost cleared us out ; as, indeed, when we ourselves happened to be at Doncaster on fair-day during only last autumn, a yeoman assured us there could not be much

to see either in the streets or at the homesteads, as the agents of the foreigners had been buying up their best nags, the mares more particularly, at almost any price. And here, as we take it, is something of the secret of our position. Our horses cannot be so bad, or other people would not be so anxious to have them; there is, the rather, more call for them both at home and abroad, and hence a scarcity which implies anything but an inferiority in the article produced.

Still, in coming to consider how a better supply may be obtained, it may be as well to see whether we really are on the right road or not. Mr. Edmund Tattersall, the head of the well-known firm, has said, in so many words, that we are especially weak in cavalry, that the men are badly mounted, that the trooper could travel no distance, and so forth. Whereas, on the other hand, we hear from old soldiers that the service is rather *under-horsed* than *badly* horsed. An English regiment is often expected to do the work that a foreign regiment of three times its strength has to do, so that the horses soon become knocked up, as, the number being so small, it is impossible to give them any rest. Then as to the ability to travel, we hear of the English horse marching five hundred miles in India, and carrying the full kit without any mishap; of "my late regiment," the 3rd Hussars, marching from Edinburgh to Manchester by a somewhat fatiguing route, and arriving in the most satisfactory condition; and of cavalry regiments in heavy marching order being out for weeks together. The English charger has no doubt been sorely tried, as he was under a combination of hardships in the Crimea, but this is no proof of his being, even at regulation prices, so inferior or incapable an animal as some folks would have us believe. That good yeoman and fine horseman, Mr. Frank Sherborn, said, at the Farmers' Club the other day, he "did not believe they would have any difficulty in remounting their artillery and cavalry. There was no lack of horses in this country. Although they had sold many of the best, there was still a sufficient number left for their own purposes." This is something like authority, as coming from a leading member of the class to which we have been habitually taught to look for our supplies. Nevertheless, the common run of the argument would go to imply a somewhat ominous scarcity, chiefly, as it would seem, with the view of suggesting a means for making up the deficit. And infinite indeed are the remedies offered. Companies should be started for breeding half-bred horses; Government studs should be established for ensuring the supplies of troop horses; we should open up a trade with America, Hungary, and Egypt, where, as it appears, just the animal for our purpose is bred. We

should go back to the use of the Arabian ; Royal prize plates should be given annually for the best sires in the great horse-breeding districts ; or Government should keep a stock of such horses, and so on. The exigencies of the days we live in have developed the abilities of a very smart gentleman, known as "a promoter," who will get up a company and place the shares for organising the manufacture of toothpicks, or expediting the hatching of silkworms ; but he must be a very sanguine man who would attempt to apply this kind of co-operation to the rearing of half-bred horses for cavalry purposes at regulation prices. On the face of it the proposition is too absurd to occupy a moment's attention from any practical man. Again, it would be next to impossible for the Government to go methodically to work to breed its own troopers. You may breed a Southdown sheep or a Shorthorn cow more or less "according to pattern," but a half-bred mare will throw all sorts of things—now a hunter, there a machiner, and here a hack ; while the cross tried the other way—that is, with the thoroughbred mare—would threaten to be more uncertain in its consequences. We say nothing of the expense attendant on such a mode of proceeding, but we fancy "the estimates" over such a business would not be very graciously received in these times of retrenchment. "I build my own ships and I breed my own hounds, but I buy my horses," said that mighty hunter, Mr. Assheton Smith ; and the Government would do well to follow this example—not that the ship-building has of late been so remarkable a success.

There is something on the face of it not only ungracious but more directly absurd in the notion of a nation like the English, so long famous for its horses, going in the hour of its need elsewhere for a supply of horses. Thus, if we went to war with one Continental Power we should go to another for our cavalry, or proceed to import horses from across the Atlantic. More ludicrous still is the suggestion for mounting an English dragoon on an Egyptian pony—the Turcoman, of some fourteen hands high. And the mention of this galloway naturally leads on to an introduction to his first cousin, the Arabian. So surely as some people are found to run down the English horse, so certainly are there others who cry up the Arabian. Why, it is indignantly asked, do we not go back to the original breed from which we trace all our excellence ? The answer is simple and plain enough—because our own breed has developed or acclimatised into something far superior to the original. The pure Arabian wants the size, symmetry, power, pace, and action of the English horse. Over any course, the T. Y. C.

at Newmarket, in the Cup at Goodwood, or in a twenty miles run across the desert, the English horse would give the Arabian any weight and go clean away from him, as, in fact, he often has done. Moreover, the cross has been tried again here, and proved to be almost utterly worthless, save perhaps for giving a little more style and prettiness to moor-side ponies. Almost the only recommendation in favour of the Arabian would seem to be his capability to "rough it," or live harder than our horses could, in his own country, but once transplanted even this virtue soon fails his progeny. Colonel Apperley, a son of the celebrated "Nimrod," who was for many years the remount agent for India, reported officially that "Poverty in any shape is the death-blow to Arab stock. Its tendency under the best care is to run light. Arab blood will never rectify defective fore-legs. I have found it fail in Indian studs; and witnessed the weedy, under-sized, under-limbed produce of Arab horses in England, France, Germany, and Prussia." Again, the Colonel says, "During the nine years that Colonel Hunter had charge of the central stud in Bengal, the number of Arabian stallions ranged from nine to thirty-four per annum, in general use upon Government mares who had plenty of good English blood in their veins, and in the whole of this period only fifteen Arab produce were taken for the Horse Artillery." And hence comes the inevitable conclusion that "the use of the Arab sires considerably injured the Indian stud-bred remounts." This was written some years since—in 1858—while perhaps the most telling argument ever offered against the use of the Arabian in this country was put more recently, though unwittingly enough, by one of the desert-born's especial champions. This gentleman reminded us that "the French had been running us hard—they had won the Derby; and the Americans were going in zealously for breeding and racing;" while he added, pathetically, "Do not let us be beaten at all points and on our own ground." And have the French and the Americans been resorting to the Arabian? Not they! If they have been running us hard it has been with our own blood. The French and American great winners—the Gladiateurs and Umpires—are, in so many words, English racehorses reared in other countries. The great horse authority of Austria is Mr. Cavaliero, a Cornishman by birth, who, writing early in the year to Mr. Tattersall, says:—"Of late a great deal has been written about English cavalry horses; about the Prussian cavalry feats in the present French war; about the excellences of the Arab, &c., &c.; but I fancy not alone Englishmen but the whole world will admit, and arrive at one conclusion, that there is no cavalry equal to the British

—no breed of horse like your own.” This is very much like a contradiction to Mr. Tattersall’s own argument about our men being so badly mounted and our being so weak in cavalry. Further, “the Prussian-bred horses are better looking than the Austrian ; the latter, however, are far superior for their adroitness of movement, their strength, and for their endurance, but, in my humble opinion, far inferior to the English.” And then Mr. Cavaliero continues, emphatically and logically enough, “For God’s sake admit no Arabs to come to your studs. These animals are all very well and good in their own countries, but when removed they degenerate and sicken. They can instil no quality so good as that you are able to derive from your own stock horses.” It will be noticed how thoroughly the opinions of Colonel Apperley and Mr. Cavaliero, men of immense experience and acknowledged judgment, agree ; and yet for years to come we shall no doubt be flooded with tall talk as to the value of the Arabian horse on the strength of such evidence as what Mr. Layard thought of the Shammar tribe, of Palgrave’s enthusiasm about the Nejed horses, and how very much astonished was Sir Kenneth in “*The Talisman*” when the Arabians “spurned the ground from behind them,” or “devoured the desert before them.” Mr. Layard is possibly a very good judge of a Nineveh lion, but we should not care to follow his lead in a matter of horse-breeding or buying ; and Sir Walter Scott’s imagination had probably a deal to do with Sir Kenneth’s astonishment. And yet on the force of such absurdities we are called to change a system which has worked so well.

So far it is sufficiently clear that the material is good enough if we could only command a greater supply. Still, with all our love for the animal, the breeding of riding-horses is rarely conducted as a distinct business. The farmer will cultivate a flock of sheep or a herd of cattle, but he rears his “nags” on no such scale, and is in consequence less careful as to how he conducts this incidental trade. Hence the proportion of inferior animals we see about ; as, were a man to give more attention to this matter, he would probably find it pay better. And here the Government’s interference or encouragement would promise to be of some advantage. In Austria the Government “entertains” about four thousand entire horses in the country at a low rate of service. In Prussia there are some sixteen thousand horses distributed over the North of Germany, as well as three breeding studs ; while in France the Third Napoleon made the horse a great feature in his improvements. But we question much whether the English would ever take very kindly to Imperial patronage or dictation of this character ; it would be

more politic to encourage farmers and others to help themselves. A Government stud of good, well-bred horses could only be established and maintained at great cost, and even then its success would be very problematical. We would the rather *localise* the experiment, as in our excursions about the country we have before now suggested that every Hunt Committee or Master should make it his duty to see that the district was supplied with a good sire. Others would have this horse's services secured through the agency of the county Agricultural Society; and no doubt the Horse Show, as held under the auspices of these associations, has done, and is susceptible of doing, a deal of good in the way of teaching people how to breed the right sort of horse. In a very long experience of these meetings, and where we have often been called upon to take an active part, we never heard but one person deny the benefits of such competition, and this was the manager of the Islington Horse Show, who has stated in public that prizes for horses are great absurdities, and that his Company gives more money in prizes for horses than any other Society! Naturally the only inference to be drawn from this bit of Dogberry dogmatism is that the Islington Exhibition is a mere raree show or mountebank performance, where the sole object is to draw the shillings out of the pockets of the public; and as, for our own part, we have from the first been rather inclined to regard it in that light, we may at once dismiss these tumbling and trotting matches as, to use the manager's own words, "of no use whatever."

In the country, however, there is now no such popular or useful gathering as the meeting of an Agricultural Society where the show of horses is made a prominent feature. Moreover, were we on the look-out for a sportsman we should "draw" for him here with far more confidence of finding than amongst the crowds of London "legs" at the annual races, or even steeplechases, from which gentlemen are coming to hold somewhat aloof. Whereas by the ring-side on a bright summer's morning you will find the Master of the Hounds, supported by most of his best men, if one or two of these be not in the centre as the judges of the day, or busily engaged in showing off the paces of a few promising four-year-olds. Even the great body of farmers fairly run away from the beeves and sheep so soon as the hunters come on for inspection, while the ladies forsake the flowers and poultry, and the townspeople evince the keenest interest in the proceedings, as the banker or the hard-riding attorney has an entry in the class. There is no such opportunity for teaching the world how to appreciate a good horse, no occasion when his points can be so aptly studied, or the science of breeding more

clearly demonstrated. And of these meetings, pregnant as they are with so much good, we cannot but think that it is time the Government took some notice. With a national object in view, by way of encouraging the breed of horses, some thousands per annum are expended in the offer of Royal plates, and these "Queen's Guineas," either as regards sport or use, are become all but a bye-word. They frequently enough produce no race whatever, but are walked over, or one good horse canters away from three or four bad, and the ring begins to bet about something else even as the race is run. There is scarcely a clerk of the course in the kingdom but, if he had his own will, would convert the Royal hundred into a half-mile handicap to-morrow. If, then, so much money is thrown away, or at any rate so little appreciated, in one quarter, it might only be reasonable to call for a grant in another, where there is every promise of a more beneficial result. As was said by one of the speakers at the Farmers' Club discussion, "there is but one horse in the world who can improve the breed of horses, and that is the thoroughbred one. Were Government to select ten of the best breeding districts in the country, and to give a prize in each for thoroughbred horses to serve at moderate prices, it would in that way introduce better horses, and at the same time put the public mind in the right direction." This is no mere conjecture, as the experiment has already been tried with decided success. Some years since the Royal Agricultural Society of England quite despaired of getting up any show of riding horses, and was on the point of striking such classes out of the list, when it was resolved to offer the highest prize ever given by the Society—that is, £100—for a thoroughbred horse, and since then the "nag" section of the show has never been a failure. Not only have a strong majority of the nine winners of this hundred been themselves horses which come well within the reach of the breeder of half-bred stock, but the second and third prizes, like Sir John Barleycorn, Naseby, Sincerity, and so forth, have well answered the purpose, even if the actual winner has been occasionally above his mission. If, then, it would be only politic that the Government should have a better and larger market to go to for its remounts, we believe that this end would be attained more directly and far less extravagantly by encouraging farmers and others to look to the supplies, rather than by the establishment of gigantic studs, or by the purchase of stud horses by the State.

The very obvious reason why so much of our best cavalry material has been exported of late years is that other Governments have outbid our own. From 1847 to 1854 the regulation

price here for a trooper was as low as twenty-five guineas, but the losses in the Crimean war raised the figure from £30 to £40, at which it stood for eleven years, although the £40 purchase was a more matured animal and assumed to be fit for almost immediate service. In 1868 and 1869 the price fell again to £30, or £32, with £36 for the artillery ; while the *Army Circular* for December, 1870, puts the following as the conditions of purchase :

“Other mounted corps—(that is, beyond the Life Guards and Horse Guards)—will be allowed, for each horse delivered at the head-quarters of the Regiment and finally approved, the actual price paid to the dealer, provided it does not exceed the following rates :—

		3 years old.			4 years old.		
		£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Artillery and Engineers	.. { at Home	30	0	0	36	0	0
	.. { (Abroad there is no fixed limit.)						
Cavalry of the Line (except 2nd Dragoons)		26	0	0	30	0	0
2nd Regiment of Dragoons		28	2	0	32	2	0
Army Service Corps		36	0	0

The age of a horse will be reckoned from the 1st May in the year in which it was foaled, and no remount horse will be purchased prior to the 1st October in the year in which it becomes three years old, except under the special authority of the Adjutant-General ; or later than the 31st December in the year in which it shall have reached the age of six years. On and after the 1st October, three-year-old horses may be purchased at four-year-old price. The standard of height is fixed by the Commander-in-Chief.”

Practical men will tell you that it is quite impossible to breed and rear up to three or four years old horses to be sold at these prices, some even go so far as to maintain that breeding this kind of animal does not pay at any price. Still it *is bred*, perhaps as much or more as an amusement than a matter of business ; or as a speculation, on the chance of the colt turning out a hunter or an officer's charger, worth, at a saleable age, from one hundred to two or even three hundred guineas. But if the produce is of no such character it of course straightway drops to the ranks as a trooper or a machiner, and in this chance way it is that our remount is obtained. The commodity is not always precisely what it should be, but it answers, as we have shown, better than might be expected, or than some critics would have us think. Still it should not be so difficult to show how more might be made even of the present purchase price. The more weight you put upon a horse's back the more money must you be prepared to give for it. This is a maxim which admits of no dispute. A weight-carrier will always make its price in the best market. A man who rides eighteen or nineteen stone to hounds is sure to have his stable of horses talked about as something extraordinary ;

and a second whip with the Heythrop always touched his cap and said "My Lord" to any Oxford freshman who looked to ride more than twelve stone, because, as he put it, "he must be a lord, he weighs so much;" meaning to say that no one but a lord could afford to be so heavy. We ourselves, after some single-handed judging one morning down westward, were met by a very great man in those parts, who proclaimed, in so many words, that he did not approve of our prize horse.

"Why not?"

"He could not carry me, Sir."

"And what might you ride?"

"Well, a trifle over twenty stone."

"Perhaps not; but surely you should go by goods train or the canal boat."

And yet what we look upon as extraordinary amongst other men is regarded as the ordinary riding weight of your horse-soldier. The average height of the men of the 7th Light Dragoon Guards, as taken some years since, was just over five feet nine inches, and their average weight in marching order just over nineteen stone one pound. "If they calls a biled leg of mutton a swarry," said Mr. Weller, "I wonder what they calls a roast 'un!" And if nineteen stone is the weight of a Light Dragoon, whatever will be that of a Heavy? Further, no weight tells so much against either horse or man as dead weight, in which there is little relief, as it cannot be fairly distributed, while it conduces more than anything else to sore backs and other such evils. Of course the average weight of an able, active man, of five feet nine inches, is nothing like nineteen stone, as thirteen stone would be about or above the mark. We have thus some six stone of impedimenta that might surely be reduced with every advantage alike to the horse and his rider, ever bearing in mind the purpose for which they are intended. On going one day through the stables at Quorn, we had the curiosity to have the hunting saddle, small saddle-cloth, breast-plate and double bridle, such as would be fit for a man of thirteen or fourteen stone, put into the scale, when the weight, as we well remember, was somewhere about twenty-one pounds, or a stone and a half. How much more should really be necessary for a dragoon? Mr. Tattersall talks of Wells, the jockey, on Blue Gown, Fordham on Seesaw, Daley on Restitution, and French on Kingcraft, as more the type of light cavalry; or as bound to have the best of Hanbury's men on dray horses in a charge. But in the one case we should have the *vivida* without the *vis*, and in the other the *vis* without the *vivida*; and the illustration is hardly a happy one. And again, he


says that "the Uhlan is the most effective cavalry soldier of the day, and his utility and ubiquity are all summed up in the fact that he is a light man on a light horse." But this a mistake; the Uhlans are the rather heavy cavalry, as, when the kilos come to be converted into English, the whole weight of the Uhlan is twenty stones, of which the man himself is but a few pounds over eleven stones. Of course this somewhat tells against our argument, as if the Uhlan whose total weight is so much, and whose dead weight is so great in proportion, proves so able on service, our own dragoon might naturally be expected to answer as well. We believe, however, that he would answer a deal better if much of his encumbrance were put into the baggage waggon instead of on his horse's back and body; and if, further, he were permitted to change occasionally from the stiff soldier-seat, and to go in his faster paces *with* his horse. Is there any sense in the order which forbids a dragoon to rise in his stirrups, but compels a man to "jolt" himself along in a style as ungraceful as it is apparently uncomfortable? A troop never goes jingling past in this way, but we think of the old joke about riding-masters and cavalry officers being the worst jockeys in the world.

At Malton horse fair the other day a dealer, who was buying troopers, announced that the standard had been reduced to fifteen hands and an inch. But this is only meeting the difficulty half-way. Let the weight of the man be reduced as well as the height of the horse, and the Charge for Cavalry will read and "prove" better than ever it has done.

THE CLAIRVOYANT.

FROM THE GERMAN OF ZSCHOKKE.

CHAPTER III.

HINGS went on in this way for several months. I am unable to record all the remarkable expressions which Clementina uttered. Her singular illness underwent some slight variations, though they betokened neither improvement nor aggravation of the malady. Although she suffered less from convulsions than formerly, yet her periods of unnatural sleep and trance returned more frequently. I was often summoned to her presence two or three times a day. By this means I became the actual slave of the house, for I was never able to leave home even for an hour. The slightest neglect might endanger her life. But oh! how willingly did I bear the yoke. I never failed. My heart trembled with joy when the moment came for being summoned to this lovely and mysterious lady. Every day added to her many charms. When I saw her and heard her voice, if only for an hour, I had enough in the remembrance of that precious hour to feed upon for days. Oh, the intoxication of first love! Yes, I do not deny it, it was love; but I can truly affirm it was not a mere earthly love—it was something beyond that. My whole existence was bound up in this new Delphic priestess with a reverence which itself destroyed the hope of being worthy even of a cold, indifferent look. If the Countess could have endured my presence, as she did that of her meanest attendant, I should have thought that heaven itself could have offered no greater happiness; but as her favourable feelings towards myself seemed to increase during her clairvoyant fits, so in like degree did her personal aversion gain strength when she saw me in her waking intervals, until, at length, it degenerated into actual abhorrence.

She seized every occasion for expressing this aversion, and in a way the most offensive. She entreated her father daily to dismiss me from the house. She besought him with tears of wounded self-will to do so; she declared that I could contribute nothing to her recovery, and that, even if it were so, all the benefit which I could impart during her senseless state would be undone by the annoyance

which my presence caused her. She looked down upon me as a common vagrant, as a man of the lowest birth, who ought not to be permitted to breathe the same air with her, to say nothing of my enjoying such privileges, and her father's confidence to such a boundless extent.

It is a well-known fact that women, especially those who are handsome, petted, and self-willed, have their caprices, and are all the better pleased when they can indulge at times in little acts of self-contradiction. But never before was there such a series of contradictions to be found as in the lovely Clementina ; for everything which she thought, said, or did when awake, she retracted in her moments of clairvoyance. She implored the Count to take no notice of anything which she might bring forward against me ; she declared that the consequence of my leaving the house would be her certain death ; she entreated me to take no heed of her caprices, to pardon generously her foolish behaviour, and to rest persuaded she would conduct herself better towards me as soon as her malady should abate. I could not, on the other hand, but marvel myself, as did every one besides, at Clementina's extraordinary partiality for myself during her moments of clairvoyance. She seemed, as it were, to exist only in me and through me ; she seemed to know all my thoughts, especially those relating to herself. It was not necessary for me to express the trifling instructions I had to give, she fulfilled them as soon as they occurred to me ; and, however incredible it may appear, it is nevertheless true, that she involuntarily followed every movement and every direction of my hands with hers. She affirmed that it was now scarcely necessary that I should stretch out my hands towards her, as I did at first ; my presence, my breath, merely my will, was sufficient for her well-being. She refused all wine or water unless I had previously touched it, and thus made it, as she said, "beneficial to her by the streams of light emanating from the points of my fingers." She even went so far as to declare that my slightest wishes were to her as irresistible commands.

"No longer has she any free will," Clementina said to me on one occasion ; "as soon as she knows your will, Emmanuel, she is forced to have the same will. Your thoughts have a supernatural power over her, and her well-being and happiness consist in this obedience. She cannot resist it ; the moment she is conscious of your thoughts they become her thoughts and a law to her." "But how is this consciousness of my thoughts possible?" I asked one day of the Countess. "I cannot deny that you penetrate the most secret thoughts of my heart. How remarkable is your malady, which makes

you, as it were, omniscient ! Who would not desire such perfection, while infirmity is a condition of our chief imperfection ?” “ So it is in her case,” she replied ; “ do not deceive yourself, Emmanuel ; there is great imperfection in her, insomuch as she has, to a great degree, lost her individuality ; she has lost it in you ; her life depends entirely on yours. Were you to die this day, your last breath would also be her last breath. Your happiness is also hers ; your grief is her grief.” “ Could you, madame, explain how such a thing is possible ? It amazes me beyond expression, and continues incomprehensible, though I have deeply studied the matter.”

Clementina did not at once reply, but after some minutes' silence she said, “ No, she cannot explain it ; but do not persons sometimes appear to you in dreams, and do you not seem to know their thoughts at the moment as well as the persons themselves ? So is it with her, and yet her perceptions are quite clear, and she knows that she is awake. It is true that her identity is still the same ; but that which unites the body and the spirit is no longer the same. Her earthly covering is rent in that very part with which the soul is most nearly and intimately connected ; her life becomes weaker ; and had not you, Emmanuel, been found, she would ere this have ceased to live. But as an uprooted plant fades and withers without fresh nourishment, yet when its roots are again placed in fresh earth draws renovated vigour from the soil, makes new shoots, and puts forth new leaves, so is it with her spirit and her life ; wandering in space, they find support from the fulness of your energy ; form, as it were, fresh roots in you, and she recovers through you. She is like an expiring light in a broken vessel, but the glimmering wick of life is once more sustained by the oil of your lamp. Thus the poor sufferer is, as regards her spirit, rooted in you, lives by the same power as you do, and therefore she feels pleasure and grief, sensation and will, identically with you. You are her life, Emmanuel.”

The Doctor and the waiting maids could not forbear smiling, somewhat maliciously, at this tender explanation. On the same day the Count said to me : “ By way of a joke, will you put your irresistible power over Clementina to the severest test ?”

“ How ?”

“ Demand as a proof of her obedience that she should send for you in her waking hours, and of her own accord present you with the most beautiful rose in the garden.”

“ It would be presuming too much,” I replied. “ You know, my lord, what an unconquerable aversion she entertains for myself, however much she may appear to regard Emmanuel.”

“For that very reason I beseech you to try the experiment, if it be only to know whether the force of your will be powerful enough in her periods of clairvoyance to control her in her waking hours. No one shall tell her of your request, and for that reason it shall be arranged that nobody shall be present but you and myself when you express your wish.” I promised at length to comply, though I confess somewhat unwillingly.

On the following morning I went to her room, when she lay in the sleep which commonly preceded her trance, before which I never made my appearance; the Count was there. He reminded me by a significant look of our conversation on the previous day. Clementina soon passed into her clairvoyant state, and immediately entered into cheerful conversation. She assured us that her illness had nearly reached the turning point, and that then it would of itself gradually decline, the first symptom of which would be her having less clear perceptions in her sleep. I became more and more perplexed when the Count made me repeated signs to prefer my request. She moved from one side to the other with manifest uneasiness, bent her brow, and appeared in deep meditation.

By way of gaining a little time and courage I walked silently across the room to the window where Clementina's flowers were in full bloom, and as I began playing with the branches of a rose bush I carelessly pricked the tip of my middle finger rather sharply with a thorn. Clementina uttered a loud cry; I hastened to her aid, as did her father. She complained of a sharp prick on the tip of the middle finger of her right hand. The circumstance was of a piece with all the witchcraft I had been so accustomed to during my intercourse with her, and indeed I thought I could detect an almost invisible blue speck on her finger. The following day a small abscess made its appearance on the spot, as it did on mine. “It is your fault, Emmanuel,” said Clementina, “you have pricked your hand with a rose; only be cautious, for whatever happens to you is felt by her.”

She was silent, and I was in deep thought how I should prefer my request. The little wound seemed to afford a favourable opportunity. The Count gave me an encouraging nod. “Why will you not speak out,” said Clementina, “that you wish her to send for you at twelve o'clock, and to give you the rose which opened to-day?” I listened in perfect amazement at hearing her utter exactly what I wished to say. “I was afraid of offending you by my presumption,” was my reply. “Oh! Emmanuel, she well knows that it was her father who suggested the request,” said she, with a charming smile. “It is, however, at the same time my own earnest desire,” I stammered out;

"but will you indeed think of it at twelve o'clock when you are awake?"

"Can she help herself?" she replied, sweetly smiling.

As the conversation then ceased the Count left the room, and ordered the Doctor and her attendants to enter. I withdrew after half an hour, when her trance had subsided into actual sleep. It must then have been past ten o'clock.

Clementina on waking showed the Doctor her injured finger. She fancied she had pricked herself with a needle, and was astonished to find no external wound. At eleven o'clock she became very uneasy, walked up and down the room, seemed at a loss for something, began talking of me to her women, or rather to pour out, according to her custom, the fulness of her wrath, and to upbraid her father with reproaches for not having yet dismissed me. "This intrusive fellow is not worth the words or even the tears which I have expended on him," said she; "I know not indeed what obliges me now to think of him and thus to embitter every hour of my life with the detested recollection of him. It is more than enough that I know he is under our roof, and that you, my dear father, so highly esteem him. I could swear that the wretched fellow has bewitched me; but beware of him, I entreat you, for soon you will bitterly repent your misplaced confidence. He deceives us all."

"I entreat you, my dear child," said the Count, "not to worry and annoy yourself perpetually by talking about him. You do not know him. You have only seen him twice, and then for a very few minutes; how can you pronounce such a sentence of condemnation against him? Wait until I detect him in some dishonest act. Meanwhile make yourself easy. It is enough that he never intrudes on your presence."

Clementina made no reply, and talked with her attendants on other subjects; but her uneasiness continued to increase. On being asked if she were unwell, she knew not what to say, and began to cry. Useless were all the inquiries concerning her grief. She hid her face in the sofa, and begged her father and her maids to leave her entirely alone. A little before twelve her bell was heard to ring. The servant who answered it was ordered to summon my attendance exactly as the clock struck. Notwithstanding that I had been looking forward with eager curiosity to this invitation, yet when it came I was surprised. Partly from the extraordinary nature of the thing itself, partly from fear, I felt exceedingly perplexed. Several times I consulted the looking-glass to see if my face was indeed one calculated to excite disgust. But at length twelve o'clock struck.

My heart beat audibly as I went down, and when I heard my name announced I was admitted.

Clementina was sitting on the sofa; her beautiful head, overshadowed by the profusion of her auburn hair, was resting on one of her fair white arms. She rose in some displeasure when I entered and begged in a low, trembling voice to know her commands. Clementina made no reply. She passed me with slow, thoughtful steps, as if she were at a loss for words; at length she stood still before me, gave me a look of contempt, and said, "Herr Henri, it seems that I ought to offer you something by way of inducing you to quit my father's house and service." "Countess," I said—and pride for the moment gained the upper hand—"I have sought to force myself neither upon the Count nor upon you. You yourself know for what reason your father has begged me to continue a member of his household. I consented most unwillingly, but the extreme kindness of his Lordship and the hope of being useful to you prevent me from obeying the command you have just expressed, however sorry I may be to displease you." She turned her back upon me, and began playing with a small pair of scissors at the window where the rose bush stood. All of a sudden she cut off the most beautiful flower, and, presenting it to me, said, "Take the best thing I have at hand; I give it to you as an acknowledgment that you will henceforth avoid me, and never presume again to appear before me." She spoke so rapidly and in such evident confusion that I scarcely understood her. She then threw herself on the sofa, turned her face from me, and, ere I could make any reply, she signed to me in anger to leave the room, which I at once did.

No sooner had I left her than all her offensive speeches were forgotten. I flew to my own room. The image of the suffering, not the insulting, Clementina rose in all her surpassing beauty before me. The rose bestowed by her fair hand was to me a jewel beyond price, which outweighed all the diamonds in the world. I pressed the flower to my lips, I mourned over the perishable nature of its blossoms, I considered what would be the surest way of preserving this the most precious of all my possessions. I dried it by carefully placing it between the leaves of a book, and placed it in a glass locket, that I might wear it like an amulet round my neck.

Meanwhile the recent event was the occasion of much that was unpleasant. From that time Clementina's hatred towards myself was expressed more strongly than ever. It was useless for her father to attempt a word on my behalf. Not only his firm persuasion that I was honest, but also in my being necessary for his daughter's

recovery, combined to render him deaf to the insinuations of all those who wished for my disgrace. Soon, however, he was the only one in the house who condescended to give me a friendly look or word. I remarked how, by degrees, all the attendants, even Dr. Walthen as well, avoided me and treated me with marked incivility. I learned from the faithful Sebald, the only one who continued devoted to me, that the object was my expulsion, and that the Countess had sworn to dismiss from her service any one who should hold any intercourse with me. Her orders had the more effect not only because every person in the household coveted the service of so wealthy a master, but also because they one and all envied my unlimited credit with the Count.

My position was certainly most painful. I lived more solitary in one of the finest palaces of Venice than if I had been in a desert, without a friend or any one in whom I could repose the slightest confidence. I knew well that every action of mine was watched, and I submitted without a murmur. The generous Count suffered no less than I did from Clementina's caprices, and often came to me for consolation. I became the most eloquent advocate of my beautiful persecutrix, who, nevertheless, in her clairvoyant state behaved with the most tender partiality in proportion to her bitter aversion at other times. It seemed as though she were overruled alternately by two rival spirits—one an angel of light, the other an angel of darkness and fear.

But when at length the Count began to be gradually colder and more reserved my situation became intolerable indeed. I subsequently learned how he was worried on all sides, how Dr. Walthen laboured to shake his confidence in me by various and repeated malicious remarks, and what a deep impression Clementina's upbraidings had once made upon him when she said, "Have we not all made ourselves dependent upon this unknown individual? They say my life is in his power. Well, let him be properly paid for his trouble; he deserves nothing more. But he has also been made acquainted with our family secrets. We are in his hands with regard to our most important matters, so that even if I were well we should not be able to dismiss him without prejudice to ourselves. Who will answer for his silence? His pretended disinterestedness may one day cost us very dear. The Count is the slave of his own servant, and a stranger has by means of his craftiness become our tyrant. This vulgar fellow is not only the confidant of a nobleman whose family is connected with princely houses, but he has made himself its ruler and head."

With the hope of irritating the pride of the Count still more, some of the servants conspired together to execute his orders with a degree of hesitation, as though afraid of displeasing me. Some carried their impudence so far as to express their anxiety aloud whether the orders he gave had also my consent. This gradually worked upon his mind so that he became mistrustful of himself, and fearful lest he should have overstepped the bounds of prudence. I could not help noticing it, notwithstanding his endeavours to conceal his changed feelings towards myself, and was vexed accordingly. I had never intruded myself into his affairs; it was he who, unsolicited, had communicated them one after another. He had asked my advice and followed it, and had been a gainer by so doing. He had also placed all his financial affairs in my hands, and I had so effectually cleared up the confusion they were in that the Count confessed to me that he had never before thoroughly understood them. By my advice he had settled two troublesome family lawsuits of long standing, by which arrangement he had gained great pecuniary advantages; and frequently, in the excess of his gratitude, had pressed upon my acceptance most liberal presents, but which I had always felt it right to decline. For some months I bore this universal dislike and mistrust, until at length my pride was fully roused. I longed to get away from this painful situation, to which no one now took the slightest pains to reconcile me. It was Clementina alone, even she, the original cause of the mischief, who unceasingly exhorted me in her hours of clairvoyance to take no notice whatever of the plots which she herself designed when awake, and overwhelmed me with the most flattering acts of kindness, as if desirous in those moments of repaying me for all the vexation which she immediately after, and with redoubled zeal, caused.

One afternoon the Count required my attendance in his private cabinet, and directed me to give up my account-books, and also two bills of exchange for two thousand louis d'or which had lately arrived, and which sum he had intimated his intention of placing in the Bank of Venice, as his stay in Italy might be prolonged a whole year. I took the opportunity of begging him to entrust all his affairs, which he had hitherto confided to me, to some other person, as I was determined to leave his house and Venice as soon as his daughter's health allowed of my so doing. Notwithstanding he noticed my tone of wounded feeling, the only reply he made was to entreat me not to neglect her or the cure which I alone could effect; and, as regarded the other matters, he would readily spare me all the trouble of them for the future. This was sufficient. I

saw that the Count wished to make himself independent of me. I went away to my room in a very dissatisfied state of mind, and collected together all the papers which he had demanded, and many others besides. But the two bills of exchange I could nowhere find. I must surely have misplaced them between some other papers. I had some faint recollection of having wrapped them up separately and put them carefully away with other things, but I searched for them in vain. The Count, accustomed to have his orders executed at once, might well wonder at my present delay; and on the following morning he again reminded me of his previous request. "Probably you have forgotten," said he, "that yesterday I asked for your account-books and the two bills of exchange." I promised to bring them that day at noon, and searched over and over again through every leaf and paper separately; but it was all in vain. Noon came, and nowhere could I find those unfortunate bills. I made my apologies to the Count, said that I must have mislaid them somewhere, and that I had probably overlooked them in my eager and hasty search, or had mistaken the papers and enclosed them in others. I begged that he would give me till the following day, for it was impossible that the bills could be lost—they were only mislaid. The Count looked rather displeased, but added, "Don't hurry yourself, only let me have them directly they are found."

I now employed every moment for the rest of the day in searching for these missing papers. On the following morning I began anew—my anxiety was extreme. At length I was forced to conclude that the bills were either lost or stolen, or, perchance, in a momentary absence of mind had been used by me as worthless paper. With the exception of my own servant, who, however, could neither read nor write, and who never had my key in his possession, no one had entered my room, to the best of my belief. The fellow assured me that he had never seen any one come into the room when he was cleaning it, nor had he ever touched one of my papers. No one but the Count ever paid me a visit, as I lived a most retired life in Venice and made no acquaintances. My perplexity increased until it amounted to absolute agony.

When I went on the following morning to the Countess, to be present at her daily trance, I thought I detected a kind of cold sternness on the Count's face, which said more than words could do. The thought that he at length began to suspect my integrity added to my uneasiness. In this frame of mind I advanced towards Clementina in her clairvoyant state, and then it occurred to me that I might perhaps, through her wonderful powers of perception,

discover what had become of the missing papers. Nevertheless I was pained to be obliged to confess my negligence in the presence of Dr. Walthen and the other attendants. Whilst this internal conflict of mind was going on as to what I ought to do, the Countess complained of an intolerable chill which emanated from me and which would cause her much pain if it did not pass away. "You are worried by some unpleasant circumstance," said she; "your thoughts and wishes are not with her."

"Madame," replied I, "it is no wonder; but perhaps with your marvellous powers of discovering the most secret things you may be able to restore my peace of mind. I have lost two bills of exchange belonging to your father from amongst my papers."

The Count frowned. Dr. Walthen exclaimed, "Pray don't disturb the Countess in her present situation about such matters." I was thus compelled to be silent; but after a considerable pause, during which Clementina appeared to be in deep thought, she suddenly said, "Emmanuel, you have not lost the bills; they have been stolen from you; make yourself quite easy. Take the key in her knitting bag and open yonder cupboard. The bills are in her jewel box."

So saying she took a small gold key out of her bag, gave it to me, and pointed to the cupboard. I hastened towards it, but one of the waiting maids, named Eleanor, rushed before me to the cupboard and tried to prevent me from opening it. "My Lord Count," said she, in great agitation, "your Lordship will never permit a man to rummage amongst her Ladyship's things." But before she could utter the words I had pushed her aside with a strong hand, opened the cupboard, and unlocked the casket, where, to my intense joy, lay the two missing bills. My eyes sparkled as I advanced to the old Count, who stood speechless and motionless with amazement, and said, "I shall afterwards have the honour to speak to you of other matters." I then advanced towards Clementina with a lightened heart, and placed the key in her hands. "What a change has come over you, Emmanuel," she cried in great delight, "you shine like the sun; a sea of radiant light surrounds you on all sides."

The Count in violent agitation exclaimed, "Order the Countess in my name to tell you how she became possessed of the papers." I obeyed. Eleanor sank fainting on a chair. Dr. Walthen hastened to her assistance, and was on the point of leading her from the room when Clementina began to speak. The Count then ordered him with unusual sternness to remain where he was and be silent. Not an individual ventured to move.

"It was out of mere hatred, dear Emmanuel, that the sick girl

had the bills taken from your room. She maliciously foresaw your distress, and hoped thereby to induce you to quit the house. But she did not succeed in her wish, for Sebald was standing in a corner of the corridor whilst Dr. Walthen went into your room by means of a false key, took the two bills which you had put away with letters from Hungary, and gave them to Eleanor when he came out. Sebald would have betrayed it all as soon as it became well known that papers of consequence were missing. It was Dr. Walthen who, having first seen the bills in your possession, first proposed to her to turn it to her purpose, and Eleanor offered to help. The sick girl herself encouraged them both in it, and could scarcely wait with patience till the papers were brought to her."

On hearing these words Dr. Walthen stood dumbfounded, leaning against Eleanor's chair. His face turned deadly pale, but he shrugged his shoulders, saying, with a ghastly smile, to the Count, "It is evident from this that Madame may sometimes be a little mistaken even in her clairvoyant state ; let us wait till she wakes, and then we shall know plainly how the papers came into her hands."

The Count made no reply, but rang the bell, and told the servant who answered it to call hither old Sebald. He came, and was asked if he had ever seen Dr. Walthen go into my room in my absence. "Whether in Herr Henri's absence or not I cannot say, but I believe it was last Sunday afternoon that he unlocked the door. Miss Eleanor must know better than I do, for she remained on the stairs till the Doctor came back and gave her some pieces of paper, after which they both talked together in a low voice and then separated."

Sebald was then dismissed. The Doctor and the half-fainting Eleanor were ordered by the Count to leave the room. Clementina seemed more cheerful than ever—"Don't be afraid of *her* hatred," she repeated several times ; "she will watch over you as your guardian angel."

The result of this remarkable scene was that not only Eleanor and two other servants, but also Dr. Walthen, were on the same day formally dismissed by the Count, and forbidden ever to enter the house. On the other hand, the Count himself came to me and begged my forgiveness, not only on account of his daughter's transgression, but also for his own weakness, which had led him to give ear, and in some measure credit, to the malicious insinuations against myself. He embraced me, called me his friend, and declared I was the only one he possessed in the world to whom he could open his heart with unlimited

confidence. He conjured me not to leave him and his daughter. "I know well," said he, "how much you must suffer, and all your sacrifices for our sakes; but rely with confidence upon my never ceasing gratitude. When my daughter's health is perfectly restored you will find yourself more comfortable with us than you have hitherto done. Think of me; can there be on earth a more forlorn and miserable man? Nothing but hope supports me, and all my hope rests on your kindness and on the continuance of your patience. What have I not already lived to witness! What have I yet to undergo? for my poor daughter's extraordinary situation sometimes almost drives me out of my senses. I no longer seem to know myself, and sometimes believe that Fate has determined to make me the hero of a fairy tale."

The grief of my noble patron affected me deeply. I became reconciled to him, and, through him, to my otherwise rather disagreeable position. However, the unworthy conduct of the Countess greatly weakened the enthusiasm with which I had hitherto regarded her.

CHAPTER IV.

OWING to the watchful care of the Count, I from that time never saw Clementina when awake; indeed, I had little inclination to do so; neither did I once hear what she thought of the recent occurrence, nor how she expressed herself regarding me. The strictest order prevailed in the house, and the Count resumed his former manner. No one ventured to make a party with Clementina against either him or me, as soon as it was known that she had accused her accomplices. Thus, I never saw the mysterious beauty save in those moments when, superior to her ordinary self, she appeared a being of a better world, and those moments constituted the most solemn and affecting periods of my life. Meanwhile, she constantly declared that she was much better, although for a long period no marked improvement could be seen; she continued, as before, to let us know what food should be given her in her waking hours, as also what was beneficial and what hurtful to her constitution. She showed the greatest aversion to medicine of all kinds, but prescribed for herself daily baths, icy cold, and, at length, sea-bathing.

As spring advanced, her periods of clairvoyance became shorter and shorter. In the seventh month after my arrival she was already so far restored that she not only received visits from strangers, and returned them, but went to church and to evening parties, though

only for a few hours at a time. The Count was overcome with joy : he loaded his daughter with handsome presents, and spared no expense to provide her a variety of occupations and amusements, connected as he was with many of the noble families of Venice, and sought after both on account of his wealth, and of his daughter's beauty. The natural consequence was that every day in the week became a series of varied festivity.

Until now the Count had lived the life of a hermit, weighed down by his daughter's unhappy state, and kept in anxious suspense by the marvellous circumstances connected with her malady. It was owing to this that he had had so little intercourse with any one but myself. Besides which, his own irresolution, and the influence which I possessed over his daughter's life, had inspired him with a sort of superstitious respect for my person, so that he was pleased with whatever I ordered. He allowed me, if I may so say, of his own accord, a certain sort of authority over himself, and conformed to my wishes with an eagerness which was somewhat distasteful to me, but which I never abused.

But now our relative positions were changed, as soon as Clementina's recovery freed him from care, and permitted him to enjoy the domestic pleasures to which he had been so long a stranger. I retained all my authority as regarded the management of the house and family concerns, which he had formerly given me in blind confidence for his own convenience ; but he now wished me, while conducting his affairs, to hold some distinct office in his service. As I positively refused to accept a salary, but remained faithful to the stipulations on which I had originally insisted, he seemed to make a virtue of necessity. He introduced me to the Venetians as his friend, and, to satisfy his pride, gave out that I was descended from one of the best families in Germany. At first I was very much averse to such a falsehood, but at length he prevailed on me to give way to his foolish vanity. I was considered as such by the Venetian nobility, and was asked everywhere. The Count continued my friend as before, but I ceased to be his only friend : we no longer lived, as before, exclusively for each other.

Still more remarkable was the change which took place in Clementina on her recovery. During her clairvoyant trances she continued, as ever, good and kind in the extreme, but her previous aversion to me appeared to be gradually passing away during the remaining portion of the day. In compliance with her father's wishes, or induced by her own feelings of gratitude, she never offended me by word or deed. I was occasionally permitted, though only for a

short time, to pay my respects to her as a member of the family, a friend of her father, or in the capacity of actual physician ; till, at length, I was able to join in society where she also was, without exciting her anger ; nay, habit, or her own endeavours, so far prevailed, that she received me with indifference when I dined with her and her father, which was as often as the Count was alone or had a great party at dinner. But even then I could perceive that she looked down upon me with the same pride as ever, and she seldom vouchsafed me a word beyond what common courtesy and politeness absolutely required.

With regard to myself, although my increased liberty gave me more comfort, yet I had but an imperfect enjoyment of life. The society in which I mixed amused without satisfying me ; I longed to exchange the noisy gaiety for some quiet retirement which better suited me, and my resolution continued unalterable to regain my former liberty as soon as Clementina's health was completely established. I looked forward most eagerly for that time, as I felt deeply convinced that the love with which her beauty had inspired me might cause my own misery. I had striven against it, and Clementina's arrogance and marked aversion to me had made the conflict more easy. To her pride of noble birth I opposed my own plebeian pride ; to her persecutions and ingratitude the consciousness of my own innocence. If there were moments in which her external attractions allured me, still more frequently did her offensive behaviour excite my deep indignation. I began to feel a degree of bitterness which almost bordered on dislike ; her present indifference, like her former aversion, betrayed a mind incapable of gratitude ; and, at length, I avoided her more assiduously than she did me. Thus, without its being perceived, the relative positions of the whole party were altered in a singular manner by Clementina's gradual cure. I had no more sincere wish than to free myself from ties which afforded me but little pleasure, and no more heartfelt consolation than in anticipating the moment when her restoration to perfect health would admit of her dispensing with my services.

Amongst those who became most intimate at our house was a wealthy young nobleman belonging to one of the most distinguished families in Italy. I will call him Prince Charles. In person he was very good looking ; in manners elegant, refined, intellectual, and pleasing ; the animation of his features and the glance of his eyes betokened a mind easily excited. He lived most expensively, and was more vain than proud. He had been for some time in the

French army, but, tired at length of service, he was at this time making a tour of Europe. An accidental acquaintance with the Count induced him to prolong his stay at Venice beyond what he originally intended ; for he had become one of Clementina's many admirers, and soon appeared to forget everything else in the great object of obtaining her.

His rank and wealth and his pleasing exterior flattered Clementina's pride and self-love. Without distinguishing him by any special favour, she yet liked to have him in her train, and a single look of friendly regard was sufficient to encourage his boldest hopes. The Count was equally flattered by the Prince's partiality, showed him on every occasion a decided preference, and soon the mere acquaintance was converted into the intimate friend. I did not for a moment doubt that the Count had secretly made choice of the Prince for a son-in-law ; and that it was only Clementina's delicate state, and the fear of her caprice, which prevented the father and lover from coming to a more distinct understanding.

The Prince had heard of Clementina's clairvoyant trances from her father, and was exceedingly desirous of seeing her in this extraordinary state ; and the Countess herself, who knew that she appeared to great advantage on such occasions, gave him permission to be present. Accordingly one afternoon he came to the house, when we knew that Clementina would sink into her singular sleep, for she always foretold the time in a previous trance. I cannot deny that I felt a pang of jealousy when the Prince entered the room. Until now I had been the person who had chiefly occupied Clementina's mind during those mysterious hours, when her external grace and beauty were so marvellously enhanced. The Prince approached on tip-toe over the soft carpet, thinking she was really asleep, as he saw her eyes closed. Love and rapture were visible on his features as he looked on the lovely form, which had something strange about it. At length Clementina began to speak, and conversed with me in her usual tone of tender regard. I was, as before, her dear Emmanuel, whose thoughts and wishes governed hers. This was a language which sounded very disagreeably in the ears of the Prince, and never had I felt so flattered by it. And yet Clementina seemed to get more and more restless ; she repeatedly declared she was suffering pain, and yet could not describe the cause. I beckoned to the Prince to give me his hand. Scarcely had he done so when Clementina gave a violent shudder, and exclaimed in anger, " Oh ! how cold ; away with that man ; he kills me." The convulsions, which had for some time ceased, now returned. Prince Charles was obliged to quit the house at once.

He was beside himself with rage ; and it was a considerable time before Clementina was enabled to utter these significant words :—" Never let that profligate come near me."

This occurrence had very unpleasant consequences ; the Prince from that time looked upon me as his rival, and vowed deadly hatred against me. The Count, who was completely guided by him, appeared a little suspicious of his daughter's feelings towards myself. The bare thought that she could by any possibility become attached to me was most intolerable to his pride. The Count and the Prince entered into a closer alliance than ever, kept me more apart from Clementina than before, save during the time of her trances, and came to a mutual understanding respecting the marriage. When the Count made known the Prince's wishes on the subject to his daughter, she requested that she might be permitted to postpone her reply until her cure was completely effected. In the meanwhile Prince Charles was regarded by all as the accepted husband of the lovely Countess. He was her constant attendant, and she the queen of every *fête* which he gave.

I soon perceived that I was *de trop* ; that on Clementina's recovery I should sink back into my original insignificance. My former depression of spirits returned, and my position would have been utterly insupportable, had not Clementina herself, not only during her trance-period, but soon at other times also, done me complete justice. Not only had her former dislike given place to indifference, but in proportion to the restoration of her bodily health did this indifference gradually assume the semblance of kind esteem, of that sort of regard which is usually shown towards those who belong to one's own household, and to whom one feels indebted for services rendered. She treated me as her physician, asked my advice about partaking of any amusement, and would so far control herself that she would leave off dancing as soon as the hour was come after which I had said it would be prejudicial to her. It sometimes seemed to me that the power of my will partially operated in her waking hours since it had begun to lose its influence during the time of her clairvoyant state.

Nor was this all. Clementina's pride, self-will, and caprice disappeared like evil spirits. Almost as amiable in disposition as she was during her trances, I felt myself as much enchained by her affectionate regard and grateful kindness to me as by her surpassing beauty. All this was the cause of great misery to me. How could I remain indifferent, daily witnessing, as I did, so many perfections ? I wished, in real earnest, that she would again treat me with disdain and insult, in order that I might the more readily avoid her and treat

her with like contempt. I pined away in silent, hopeless passion, as I knew beforehand that the approaching separation would be my death.

A dream, which returned frequently, and always under similar circumstances, rendered my state still more deplorable. Sometimes I was sitting in an unknown chamber, sometimes on the sea shore, sometimes under overhanging rocks leading to a cavern, at other times on the trunk of a gnarled oak in some wild desolate place, with a heart sad and depressed. Then would Clementina approach me and gently ask "Why so sad, dearest Henri?" and then on each occasion I suddenly awoke, for the tone in which she spoke thrilled through every fibre, and resounded in my ears throughout the succeeding day. I heard it amid the noise of the city, in the whirl of society, in the songs of the gondoliers and the artists of the opera—in short, everywhere. Sometimes, in the dead of night, when I had the dream, I would start up the moment Clementina began to ask the usual question, and then I heard the same sweet voice gently murmuring in my ears. In the ordinary course of things a dream is a dream and no more, but in the wondrous circle with which Fate had surrounded me, dreams had more than ordinary meaning.

As I was one day in the Count's room settling accounts, and had laid before him some letters for his signature, he was called away to receive the visit of a Venetian nobleman. Thinking he would presently return, I threw myself on a chair near the window, and gave way to my melancholy feelings. At that moment I heard footsteps, and Clementina, who had come in search of her father, stood by my side. I felt greatly frightened, without well knowing why, and rose respectfully from my seat. "Why so sad, dear Henri?" said she, with that charming grace peculiar to herself which so enraptured my whole soul, and in the very tone which I had so often heard in my dreams. So saying she smiled, and seemed surprised and wondering at her own question. She passed her hand thoughtfully across her forehead, and said presently, "What means this? Surely I have been here before: it is very singular. I have seen you before now exactly as you are at this moment, and asked you the same question. Is it not strange?"

"Not more strange, madame, than what I have experienced," said I; "for often have I dreamed that you found me thus, and had the kindness to put the very same question to me."

At that moment the Count entered the room, and interrupted our brief conversation; but this event caused me to reflect deeply. And yet in vain did I ponder how fancy was so closely connected

with reality. The Countess had also dreamed exactly the same as I had, and the accomplishment must therefore be fulfilled. This sort of witchcraft went on for a considerable time. Five days later the god of sleep conjured up a vision of a gay party, to which I was invited. It was a grand *fête*, with dancing. The music made me melancholy, and I stood a solitary spectator in the midst of the giddy throng. Suddenly Clementina left the crowd of dancers, came and pressed my hand, whispering at the same time, "Enjoy thyself, Henri, otherwise I cannot do so." She then looked at me with a glance of compassionate regard, and was again lost in the crowd.

On the following day the Count took a drive to see a friend in the country, and I was asked to accompany him. On our road he told me that his daughter was where we were going ; and on our arrival we found a large party. In the evening there were fireworks, and afterwards dancing. Prince Charles opened the ball with Clementina, and as I looked at that handsome pair I felt cut to the heart. I ceased to take any pleasure in the ball ; yet, in order to escape from myself, I selected a partner and joined in the dance. But I felt as if lead were attached to my feet, and I was glad when I could slip away from the throng. I stood leaning against a door, and looking on at the dancers, or rather at Clementina alone, who moved with inexpressible grace around the room.

At that moment I remembered the dream of the previous night, and just then the dance came to an end ; when Clementina, with her fair face beaming with pleasure, approached me. She timidly and secretly pressed my hand, whispering at the same time, "Enjoy yourself, dear Henri ; otherwise I cannot do so." She said this in a compassionate, affectionate manner, and looked at me. Oh ! that look ! I became at once confused, and could not utter a word ; but Clementina had disappeared ere I could recover myself. She had again joined in the dance, but her eyes were constantly directed towards me, and fixed so determinately, as if to deprive me of the little reason I had left by the attention she bestowed upon me. When the dance was finished I left my place with the intention of finding one in another room, to satisfy myself whether I had been mistaken or whether Clementina would again look at me as she had done before.

A fresh dance was being formed as I passed where the ladies were seated. One of them rose at my approach, and placed her arm within mine. It was Clementina herself. I trembled, and scarce knew where I was ; for never had I before presumed to ask her to dance with me, and yet I almost fancied that I must have done so.


However, she seemed quite at her ease, and scarcely took any notice of me as her brilliant eyes surveyed the crowd. One moment, and the music began. It seemed as if I had thrown off all earthly ties as I felt myself carried away by the excitement of the scene. I knew not what was passing around me, knew not that we had attracted the attention of all the spectators. What cared I for the admiration of the world? At the end of the third dance I led the Countess to a seat, and stammered out my thanks. She coldly bowed, as she would have done to a complete stranger, and I drew back among the crowd.

The Prince, as well as the Count, had seen me dancing with Clementina, and heard the universal whisper of applause. The Prince was bursting with jealousy, which he took no pains to conceal. The Count was displeased with the liberty I had taken, and the following day reproached his daughter with having forgotten what was due to her station. Both declared, as did every one else, that there was something more ethereal and *spirituelle* in Clementina's appearance than usual, and neither of them doubted that I had excited tender feelings in her heart towards myself, who was unworthy of her; and I soon perceived that I was the object of their hatred and fear. I was gradually excluded from Clementina's society, and at length never invited at all; but I was too proud to complain.

Meanwhile both the father and lover disquieted themselves without any just cause. The Countess, indeed, never denied that she entertained the liveliest feelings of gratitude towards myself—nothing more. She acknowledged that she esteemed me, but declared that it was a matter of perfect indifference to her whether I danced at Venice or at Constantinople. "You are very welcome to send him away," she said to her father, "as soon as I have obtained a perfect cure."

(*To be continued.*)

COMING OF AGE.

HE poet may tread earth sadly,
Yet is he dreamland's king,
And the fays at his bidding gladly
Visions of beauty bring ;
But his joys will be rarer, finer,
Away from this earthly stage,
When he, who is now a minor,
Comes of age.

For him soft leaflets cluster
Of violet, ivy, and vine ;
For him leaps livelier lustre
From purple depth of wine :
Pauses the song of the Sirens,
Closes the Sybil's page,
Till he, whom earth environs,
Comes of age.

He seems to the moiling million
A very pestilent knave ;
Yet the sky is his pavilion,
And the maiden moon his slave ;
And the sea, with its myriad laughter,
And maddening freaks of rage,
Owns him who, a king hereafter,
Comes of age.


The wailing winds and the thunder,
And the roar of a war that whirls,
Breaking great realms asunder,
And the merry songs of girls,
All in one music mingle,
All the great joys presage,
Of the poet who, royal and single,
Comes of age.

Roll on, O tardy cycle,
Whose death is the poet's birth !
Blow soon, great trump of Michael,
Shatter the crust of earth !
Let the slow spheres turn faster ;
Hasten the heritage
Of him who, as life's true master,
Comes of age !

MORTIMER COLLINS.



A SEASON'S PLAYGOING.

HE siege of Paris, and the subsequent disturbances, isolating the theatrical world of the French capital from the larger world generally dependent on it, has had this one effect upon the drama in London—it has put our authors on their mettle. Some well-known men have, during the past winter, been more prominent than usual, and some little-known men have come to the front. Broadly and roughly stated, the result of this great test of our capacities is this—we find that England has not got her Emile Augier, but that she has several dramatists whose original work is more acceptable than the translated work of foreigners. Let us see a little what the past season has done for us : let us see with what remembrances it leaves us of actor or playwright.

When, in the House of Commons, a familiar orator and an orator as yet unheard, together rise to catch the Speaker's eye, there is a cry of "New Member!" and the senior momentarily yields. Following the courteous fashion adopted in "another place," let us give the first word to the Court Theatre, which is new : older houses can be mentioned afterwards. "Randall's Thumb"—the opening piece at the little theatre in Sloane Square—shows several welcome characteristics of Mr. Gilbert's work : it pleases much and often, but it does not quite satisfy. In what, then, does it seem to fail? Does it lack probability? But who that is accustomed to the ways of the modern drama would even notice this defect, if it were unaccompanied by any other? The habit of playgoing dulls one's sense of the probabilities. Convenient uncles who come back from India at the right moment, fatal affrays that put an end to intolerable personages, watchful detectives who produce the handcuffs when they would be least expected—these characters and these things are an everyday affair on the stage whose task it is to hold the mirror up to Nature. They cease to surprise ; they do not even seriously disappoint. Perhaps the main fault of Mr. Gilbert's most recent comedy is that in spite of the compression to which the piece has been subjected since its first production, it is still too long for the story it contains. A long time passes in the first act before the hero—poor *Buckthorpe*, who is under *Randall's* thumb—appears at all.

About half of what happens in the second act has nothing to do with him; and after this amount of repression it would be a hard thing indeed if the poor fellow's fortunes did not occupy most of the third. Now this stricture can be passed in justice without the least implication that Mr. Gilbert is diffuse. That is not at all what I mean. Mr. Gilbert's dialogue is often very pointed: it is never dull. But it elucidates the mysteries of a dozen characters—not one or two. It concerns itself with all the world, while we want to hear about the unfortunate and ill-used *Buckthorpe*. Of course if it had been the author's chief object to describe to us, very minutely, all the sojourners at the "Beachington Hotel"—somewhere on the South Coast—just as Mrs. Gaskell described every one who dwelt in Cranford, there would have been nothing to say against his mode of treatment, nor would there have been anything wrong had the work been an "entertainment" and not a drama. But the play is called "Randall's Thumb;" only *Buckthorpe* is under *Randall's* thumb; yet *Buckthorpe* has to be quiet—not being only under *Randall's* thumb, but also under Mr. Gilbert's—while we are told all about the matrimonial bliss or worries of *Mr. and Mrs. Scantlebury* and *Mr. and Mrs. Flamboys*. These people are as amusing on the stage as they would be tiresome in society. Mr. Gilbert has sketched them with quick perception and ready wit, but their prominence detracts from the merit of construction which might otherwise have belonged to the comedy. In "*Nos Bons Villageois*," M. Sardou, it may be urged, treated the many with the care and elaboration usually bestowed upon the few. Exactly: but he called his play after the multitude—not after his hero—and, moreover, the serious interest was not so subordinate as it is made, quite unintentionally, I imagine, in the work of Mr. Gilbert. The best things in "Randall's Thumb" are to be found in the utterances of the secondary characters, or in the situations which these assume. The satire upon picnics, contained in the second act, is especially entertaining; and everybody laughs before the stage presentment of that modern combination of sentiment with iced-pudding. There is a good point when the burly bearded flirt moves about with plate and fork from one married lady to another, opening the conversation in the intervals of lobster-salad with the confidential query, "Mrs. Flamboys, do you believe in first impressions?" It is another good touch, too, when *Mrs. Scantlebury*—that old young lady—having lunched amply, is at liberty to admire the rocks and the sea, and when, with her parasol lowered romantically behind her, she feels doubtful whether she likes "the ocean best in its calm, or lashed into fury by the demon of the storm." With

scarcely an exception the characters are well played, and on the whole equally played ; so that instead of singling out any one or two, there may be grouped together for honourable mention nearly all who figure on the play-bill ; and, for the reader's information, the play-bill bears the names of Mesdames Stephens, Bufton, Brennan, and K. Bishop ; Messrs. Vezin, Mellon, Righton, Belford, Astley, and Frank Matthews.

They have been representing at the same theatre a one-act comedy by Mr. Albery ; the first work, if I mistake not, of this now popular writer ; and derived, strange to say, from the very source which furnished Mr. Robertson with the idea for *his* first play. Both "Dr. Davey" and "David Garrick" are drawn from the French piece "Sullivan ;" the story in each is that of the great actor who cures a love-sick stage-struck girl of her wild admiration for him by acting the drunkard and the snob. But while Mr. Robertson was so ill-advised as to cause his Garrick to marry the girl in the end—thereby wronging history quite as much as did Sir Walter in the most fascinating of his romances, "Quentin Durward"—Mr. Albery had the wisdom to send Garrick away with a bow to the young woman's father, and a smile at the cure he had wrought. At the Court Theatre Mr. Righton gives an excellent portrait of the rich dissenting alderman—terribly in need of Mr. Matthew Arnold's *Geist*—the prosperous Puritan who thinks the theatre as far from virtue "as Temple Bar from Aldgate Pump," and who, on the assumption that "all players are backsliders," argues that Garrick, as the greatest player, must be the greatest backslider too. Mr. Hermann Vezin's performance of *Garrick* is thoroughly artistic work ; full of variety, full of mental force, and only wanting in one quality to show the actor at his best, that quality being, unfortunately, impossible to the part—we mean the yearning tenderness of a sensitive, finely-strung nature, such as in "The Man o' Airlie" he showed with an almost perfect power. Let playgoers, however, be thankful for that which has been more recently done ; and if they wish enthusiasm (without which Art sinks to a trade), if they like true elocution, a bearing that is natural—above all, if they care for a clear conception of a character to be embodied consistently by work which is worthy of a master of his craft—let them, whenever opportunity offers, go to see Mr. Hermann Vezin in the compact little drama which Mr. Albery has fashioned.

The author of "Dr. Davey" has been for some time prominently before the public with two much more considerable pieces, the first of which, "Two Roses," was produced as long ago as last June, and

the second of which, "Two Thorns," was produced very early in the present year. The mantle of Mr. Robertson's popularity seems to have fallen upon Mr. Albery; and, in truth, between the two writers there is much resemblance, though there are also some noteworthy differences. The author of "Society" and "School" possessed, it may be, less material to work from; certainly he used less, and that not only in the plots of his plays. He had, at the same time, an adroitness in making a little go very far, and a freshness, almost a *naïveté*, of feeling, in which no recent dramatist appears to have equalled him. His satire was honest and rough; Albery's is more polished, and more obviously moulded after Sheridan. The effort to discard much of stage tradition is common to both writers; but in variety and richness of resource Mr. Albery must be accounted the superior. So far as his work has yet been seen, it gives one the idea of greater breadth than was possessed by Mr. Robertson. He has an opulence of invention which falls to the lot of very few; and even when he is unnatural—and, by the by, he is unnatural in his situations much too often—there is generally something which causes this fault in his art to be forgiven and overlooked. His very mistakes have frequently a piquancy, and one has then to see them twice to make sure that they are really very absurd and really very unworthy of him. In the story of "Two Roses," the chief blot is the rapid and unwarrantable transformation of *Our Mr. Jenkins* from a jolly-hearted bagman, whose manners only are objectionable, into a modern Puritan, more than ordinarily gifted with the slang and the shibboleth of our *Chadbands* and "Shepherds." The result is amusing for a moment, but one is soon ashamed of laughter at a transition so abnormal, and at such a violence done to Nature and to Art. In the comedy itself I have pointed out what must be deemed a blot: in its performance I can point out none. Much of the success—well-merited on many grounds—is due to the excellent *ensemble* which from the first the players contrived to obtain. Thus, for instance, the most ample justice is done to the fine situation with which the second act ends. Mr. Irving's character—the false-hearted, narrow-headed *Digby Grant*—is the central figure of the composition, and it is represented with nothing less than consummate skill. At the same time it should be noticed that any comedian fit to act it at all must necessarily act it most effectively: a thing which could not be truly said of any other part in the piece. Least of all, perhaps, could it be said of the part of *Lottie*, which might be played tamely or crudely without giving obvious offence—without even the appearance of under-acting—but which receives at the hands of Miss Amy

Fawsitt all that a part can receive from a lady who should one day be a distinguished artist. There are touches of comedy in this lady's performance quite delightful in their *naïveté*; while the girlish pathos—less noticed at first—is seen, on repetition, to have a rare and delicate power. Miss Fawsitt's delivery of her lines is always that which *Hamlet* commended to his players: her delivery in particular of the little passage in which there is mention of the "work" that "shall *not* come undone," is a lesson in elocution which half the clergymen in London would do well to take.

"Two Thorns," at the St. James's Theatre, is more elaborate in plot than is the companion play at the Vaudeville. It is very witty, but the wit does not always appear spontaneous; no one asks, *bien entendu*, that it should *be* spontaneous; only that it should *seem* so. As in the "Two Roses," the finest situation occurs at the end of the second act. The character of *Mrs. Minton*, the married coquette, is perhaps a little overdrawn; and, as it is the leading character of the piece, any fault in its conception or design must necessarily to some extent mar the artistic success of the drama. A woman of good intentions, not to say of delicate feeling, placed as *Mrs. Minton* is placed, would never allow her love of a joke to carry her so far as it carries the heroine of Mr. Albery's comedy. Wisely throwing over the dread of Mrs. Grundy—obedience to conventionality—she would yet be prevented by her own self-respect from allowing the advanced flirtations which one witnesses and hears about on the stage of the St. James's Theatre. Against the representation of this character there is nothing whatever to be said. Much may be said, indeed, in the way of praise. Mrs. Vezin shows her great and habitual command over not a few of the resources of her art. Many of *Mrs. Minton's* varied emotions—if "emotions" be not too strong a word—she expresses most admirably; none better than the genuine and creditable contrition which at last leads the heroine to make public apology to the husband in whose side she has been a very constant thorn. Mr. Farren, to whose lot it falls, as *Mr. Minton*, to receive an apology none the pleasanter for being made impulsively, before a troop of friends, has a character that suits him exactly. I have seen him in parts for which I find it hard to believe that he was ever intended; but here he is in his element, and his portrait of an English gentleman who is dignified in the midst of great trouble, and (what is, perhaps, even more difficult) patient in the midst of little worries, is all that it ought to be. Mr. Henry Marston is always welcome, because he is always artistic. To

those who have lately seen his all but unrivalled personation of the mediæval Merchant—

“The best-conditioned and unwearied spirit
In doing courtesies”—

it seems a fall to witness his performance of *Adolphus Bowles*, the broken-down tragedian. But, nevertheless, that performance has great and singular merit. A very small part in the comedy—that of the daughter of *Mr. Minton*—is played by Miss Lilian Adair in a way that claims and must receive recognition. It is not easy to judge from the little that falls to her lot whether Miss Adair has the capacity to be an actress of wit or of pathos; possibly she could be all that the French mean by *comédienne*—that is, a representative of pleasant heroines, whose sadness never becomes tragical. Time will show. Certain it is that what she has to do in the “Two Thorns” is done with unsurpassed naturalness, with absolute and facile grace.

Chief among the “Easter joys” prepared by enterprising managers has been Tom Taylor’s “Joan of Arc,” produced at the Queen’s Theatre with accessories due to the union of lavish expenditure with taste and thought. As an opportunity wisely seized for scenic display, the drama would have delighted the soul of an old Italian like Carlo Crivelli, never happier than when feasting eye upon costly raiment, costlier gold, and costliest stones. As literary work, it answers not only sufficiently but more than sufficiently the purposes for which I conceive it to have been designed—it familiarises the large public, in the most accurate of ways, with the story of the Maid of Domrémy, and it affords to an actress already distinguished just such a picturesque and stirring part as is best fitted to add to the distinction she has won. It is not fair to compare the piece with the dramas of complicated plot and sustained interest with which the author’s name has been much associated. Still less is it fair to compare it with the comedies one has admired from the same hand: this is work done upon a larger canvas, with a broader brush. Enough to say that in conception and execution it is dignified, that it has something of the gravity of serious Art, and that its humour is—as it ought to be—old-fashioned and robust. In the third act, scarcity of dialogue is justified by rapidity of action; the verse of Mr. Taylor pauses during the clash of arms, the taking of the Tourelles. Mrs. Rousby’s personation, though picturesque, spirited, and refined, seems to me to be wanting in physical force as in intellectual subtlety. *Etienne de Vignolles*, a captain of Gascon troops, is individualised both by the author of the play and

by the performer of the character. Mr. Rousby brings into prominence his bluff good humour and his enthusiastic devotion—devotion called forth quite as much by a person as by a cause. The stern and genuine sanctity of *Joan's* confessor is rendered very ably by Mr. George Rignold.

So much for English plays. Thanks to the disturbed condition of Paris, a company of fine French players is now in our midst, and the performances of these welcome guests began on the 17th of April with the representation of "*Les Pattes de Mouche*." Particular interest attaches to this comedy as the first successful work of M. Sardou, and, if I may be pardoned an unwarrantable piece of egotism, I would say to the reader that it is difficult to forget the description of that "first night" given me by Pierre Berton, who was the earliest to rush from the stalls on to the Boulevard Bonne Nouvelle, and, there perceiving M. Sardou, with crossed arms and bent head, as he swiftly and restlessly paced up and down the asphalte, to inform him of his remarkable triumph. The result of the night, as it was, made M. Sardou *un homme arrivé*; but it *might* on the contrary have retarded for long years the success well earned by original aptitude and laborious study of his art.

The quite French power of making much out of very little—of doing wonders with very limited materials—is shown plainly in "*Les Pattes de Mouche*," the story of which is the simplest that can well be conceived: the often-frustrated attempt of an accomplished woman to secure a letter by which her sister may be seriously compromised. The play bristles with little incidents, witty and unexpected things arising out of this often-foiled endeavour; and it is rich in sketches of character, which the actors are quick to see and to improve upon. M. Brindeau, for example, adds to M. Sardou's outline of the joyous, sensible man of the world, while the Dutchman of M. Parade seems even more silent and more phlegmatic than does the character when one reads the play at home. M. Parade's one display of emotion—when the torpid, silent man is almost choked through incapacity to give vent to his feelings, induced by the habit of reserve—is a piece of acting not to be forgotten. But attractive and admirable as would be the performance of "*Les Pattes de Mouche*" on account of the play itself and of the excellence of the general company, the attraction is more than doubled by the presence of Madame Fargueil, who plays *Suzanne*—the lively letter-hunter—with all her indescribable charm. Since the lifetime of Rachel, Madame Fargueil's equal has not been seen upon the stage in England, and as the element of horror

enters scarcely ever into the wonder of her performances, they will give pleasure to some to whom the acting of Rachel brought scarcely anything but pain. The leading lady at the Paris Vaudeville is an actress of very great versatility : bright, buoyant, and happy in "Les Pattes de Mouche," yet capable of expressing—as while these lines are in the press the public will have an opportunity of seeing—the strongest and most passionate emotion. Hers is the genius which comes to but one in a hundred thousand, and the elaborate art which as an acquirement is almost as rare as is that other gift. Possessing these great qualities in a combination not to be met with even in Madame Favart or Mdlle. Delaporte, Madame Fargueil has the rare good sense to decline the performance of youthful heroines, and to give interest of the highest order to the sorrowful wives or lively spinsters of the stage. I have known her presence to be a stimulus to other performers, who are moved by the rapid eloquent gesture and the bright observant face. The acting of Madame Fargueil ranks with the best of the Fine Arts, and adds to human life an unaccustomed and elevating pleasure.

FREDERICK WEDMORE.



THE UNIVERSITY BOAT RACE.



WITH the appearance of the Oxford and Cambridge crews upon the London waters the reign of "twaddle" commences, and holds undisputed sway over the minds of citizens and others until the excitement caused by the actual race has subsided, and the minutest features of the contest have been dissected and commented upon *ad nauseam*. The populace elects to be deceived, and is deceived, and would of a surety miss the daily *pabulum* of information served up with such piquant accessories in the columns of the dailies and weeklies of the period. This taste has been acquired mainly through the custom of employing persons presumably versed in sporting matters to furnish a daily *quantum* of information on all subjects furnishing matter for speculation; and the crowds of great unwashed hang upon the utterances of their favourite soothsayers without any regard for their fitness for enunciating opinions on the multifarious subjects they presume to handle. It would seem as if the multitude really imagined their instructors to be endowed with the gift of prophecy, and to be able to foresee the issue of any coming events, from Grand Nationals to the latest match at knurr and spell. Nor would it be deemed satisfactory if their prophet abstained from expressing his opinion or "promulgating his vaticination" on any sporting event whatever, and his advice is regularly looked for and religiously followed by those who constitute his "following." To such a height has the mania for "tipping" proceeded, that we verily believe that, in the event of the ultimate contest between St. Michael and the "ould Sarpint" being imminent, our "minor prophets" would deem their duty neglected if they did not "go for" the Archangel "in capitals," and congratulate their readers upon the result. But more than this is expected of the "penny dreadful" seer, who is bound to discuss the accessories of the contest in the correct slang appertaining to the branch of sport of which he treats, and to endeavour to give some reason for his ultimate choice in the matter. Consequently we find that in matters aquatic the compounders of "exhaustive analyses" and sensational articles are lamentably "at sea" in their treatment of the subject, and, in one of the many dissertations on the last boat race, we were not surprised to learn that the Cambridge men were reported to hail

from the Isis, and to gather other delicious tit-bits of information which contained no particle of truth. Rowing is an art which everybody imagines himself to be acquainted with more or less—generally the former—and inasmuch as the really sound judges of its practice are few and far between, any reasonable amount of ignorance may be displayed without provoking ridicule or even criticism. Every man who has sat in the stern of a punt or toiled laboriously his erratic and unfeathered course in a tub considers himself to be in a position to offer an opinion on the merits of individual rowing, and a fresh crop of such wise-acres is constantly springing up to swell the tide of “twaddle” which invariably sets in just before Easter in each year. When it is considered how few first-rate oarsmen leaven the mass of both amateurs and professionals, and how few of these possess the faculty of imparting their knowledge so as to form and train an eight, it must be conceded that the majority of those who wag their heads so wisely over the rival University boats are incapable of forming a correct judgment as to their defects as a crew or as individual oarsmen. “Catch” and “swing” and “lift” are technical terms easier of utterance than of explanation, and it puzzles us not a little to hear persons whose province is racing, and not rowing, descanting on such subjects with the familiarity of pundits in the science. It is beyond our purpose to inquire here by what means the University Boat Race has assumed such an overwhelming importance as now attaches to it, nor shall we pause to consider how far it may be looked upon as a healthy symptom; we content ourselves with asking whether the “sensational” features which have latterly surrounded it are not traceable in some degree to the capital which it has been attempted to make out of it by writers who cannot regard it otherwise than in a speculative sense, and to whom the “latest betting” affords their readiest cue. As the time, too, approaches for the decision of the great event, ordinarily intelligent and sensible individuals appear to lose their heads, preparatory to losing their money, and talk of their favourite crew in the “high falutin” strain peculiar rather to persons of prejudice than solidity of judgment. But in a matter involving so much jealousy and partisanship such mistakes may be readily condoned, inasmuch as they go far to prove, if any proof is needed, that the trial of skill will be conducted in the same honourable spirit of emulation which has ever distinguished it above the rest of our national pastimes, so few of which are at present free from the doubtful surroundings and base associations induced by considerations of profit over those of transitory renown. And this assurance

of the genuine character of the contest is the secret of its large and increasing popularity ; by which we do not mean a more formidable incursion of London roughs on each annually recurring celebration of the race, but the real interest evoked among the upper strata of society, who are apt to look with a somewhat jaundiced eye upon the generality of our out-door amusements, as connected with betting and ruffianism. The growing importance of the race is testified to by the greater amount of space dedicated to its notice in the columns of our leading journals ; whereas ten years ago the practice of the crews was summarily despatched in a few paragraphs, while the race itself occupied but an insignificant portion of the columns now specially reserved for it. And he who at that period had predicted that its features would be discussed and a moral drawn in a leading article of the "*Thunderer*," would have been laughed at for his pains.

At Oxford and Cambridge the commencement of term was of course the signal for action, and though some information as to their resources had been derived from the trial eights in the preceding year, the presidents of the respective clubs had no light task before them in collecting, sorting, and placing the elements of crews worthy of upholding the honour of their University.

As usual, during the selection and training of the crews on their home waters, the most conflicting rumours were rife concerning the weight, form, and condition of the rival blues, and "our own correspondents" further mystified the public mind by colouring their accounts according to the bias of the party to which they were attached. As on the turf it has become a leading practice to support for the Derby a horse belonging to the winner of the previous year ; on the same principle, we presume, it happens that the prestige of recent success suffices to exalt the last victorious boat to the doubtful honour of favouritism for the coming race. Undeterred by the terrible examples which had resulted from taking things too much for granted, the public almost unanimously agreed to "throw in" with Cambridge, more especially when it became known that at Oxford serious difficulties had arisen in filling the important station of stroke in the University boat. The promotion of Mr. Lesley to that post, and the glowing reports which came to hand relative to the capabilities of the men behind him, at once commenced to turn the tide of speculation, whose current once more set in in favour of the sons of Isis ; more especially when their "tub" performances were admitted on all hands to be exceptionally good. They reckoned, too, that in the multitude of counsellors there must be wisdom, and that the faithful

phalanx of renowned oarsmen who acted as *aides de camp* to Mr. Benson must be able by their united efforts to shape into comely form the rough-hewn materials ready to their hands. And so it came to pass before their arrival at Putney, and in the face of the unanimous condemnation of their new ship, that "Actum est de Cantabrigiâ" became the motto of those who followed the fortunes of the Dark Blue. Their second new boat was on the eve of completion, the crew was undoubtedly a fast one so long as their somewhat robust condition enabled them to keep together, they averaged considerably more in weight than the Cambridge men, and they hoisted their dark blue banner in the old riverside town, with all the confidence of ultimate success which had served them so well in bygone years.

At Cambridge, notwithstanding the gradual rise in popular estimation of her opponents, there existed an amount of quiet confidence in her men which the temporary indisposition of more than one of her crew at a rather critical period had no effect in disturbing. They had a sufficiently numerous leaven of well-tried oarsmen to rely upon, and if Goldie could only be properly backed up, they knew well enough that, under his generalship, the best would be done. Training had progressed favourably, though the fault, if any, lay, as usual, on the side of over-ripeness, and there were not wanting those who declared that the men were drawn too fine before leaving home. In the important matter of a ship, Clasper was again consulted, and the result of his labours was such as to imbue all with the impression that if the race was lost, it could not be laid at the door of their chief constructor. To Mr. Chambers had been confided the responsible duties of their training and management, and if no enthusiastic following of "old blues" volunteered their advice, the Mentor was at any rate unembarrassed by that whirlpool of conflicting opinions which has proved fatal to so many a good cause. Being, as has been intimated, in a forward state of preparation, it was wisely determined that the remaining time before the race should be devoted to making a thorough acquaintance with the waters on which the contest must be decided, and to shaking off any injurious influences to which they might have been subjected owing to the want of life on the stream of "willowy Camus." The importance of a timely introduction to the tidal waters is evidenced by the desire of both crews to establish themselves on the scene of action earlier on each occasion; whereas, in former years, a week's practice was considered amply sufficient, the best part of three weeks is now consumed in preparation for the great day, and a more thorough air of business is cast over the whole

proceeding, which must be surely a matter of regret to those who were used to look upon it rather as a quiet season of enjoyment than the Saturnalia into which it has degenerated.

The Cambridge boat, which was the first by a few days to put in an appearance at Putney, during that period afforded endless food for discussion, and the would-be *cognoscenti* at once delivered themselves of the opinion that the crew was overtrained, and wanting in that everlasting "catch" which seems such a favourite term among *dilettante* critics. These wiseacres, knowing that such had been the drawback of Light Blue crews in former years, thought themselves safe in at once denouncing faults which existed only in their imagination, for the men, though forward in their preparation, had plenty left to work upon, while, owing to the peculiar construction of their racing craft, it was impossible for them to accomplish that long reach forward, of late years considered so indispensable for success. And though all were compelled to admit the perfection of their time and swing, and the admirable manner in which their ship carried them, yet by the time the Oxford men showed on the "lower waters," their opponents had been picked to pieces, condemned, and finally pushed on one side in favour of the "finest crew which ever left Oxford." Great was the anxiety of the aquatic world to obtain a glimpse of this wonderful boat, concerning whose occupants it was gravely remarked to us that "they were good enough to beat Cambridge in their tub." And the first glimpse of the crew appeared to justify the encomiums which had been lavished on them by their admirers. There could be no two opinions regarding the physique of the men, while it was equally apparent that they carried a deal of superfluous flesh, and that they were grievously underboated. And while the more sanguine contended that a fortnight would impart both polish and condition, the more sceptical doubted how far that short space of time would suffice to bring them to the required standard of former years. And it was agreed to suspend the verdict until it should be seen what improvement would be effected by practice in their new craft, whose completion, though hastened by all means in its builder's power, was necessarily delayed to a somewhat dangerously late period.

The difference in style between the two boats after their crews had become fairly habituated to the new features of the tidal course could not fail to strike the most casual observer. And the difference in build between their respective crafts, while it diminished the apparent strength and size of the Cambridge crew, threw up in bolder relief the power and substance of their adversaries. The

Cambridge men sat low in their boat, and their rowing at first sight gave the impression that their work lay somewhat too high and too much in front, but the effect of its position was to make their ship "oil" well through the water, and to travel without any perceptible dip and rise in its motion. Concerning the polished perfection of the rowing there could be no two opinions, and, while doubts were expressed as to their speed, it was unanimously agreed that they could last, and that their form was as good at the end of their journey as it was at its commencement. Oxford, on the contrary, sat much higher above their work, which had the effect of making them appear if possible a larger set of men than they really were, while the tendency of this arrangement was to cause an unsightly as well as retarding dip at the finish of each stroke, so that their great power was undeniably wasted. Moreover, perhaps from the fact that their boat was then somewhat limited in size for so powerful a crew, the men seemed to pull out of the boat, and, while catching the water moderately well, did not finish off their stroke to advantage. The time and swing were anything but uniform, and a more raw and unfurnished crew never took their final breathings over the metropolitan course. And it was generally remarked that the farther they went the worse they became, and that through lumpy water their strength did not tell to their advantage as it might naturally have been expected to do. Therefore it was no matter of astonishment, when both crews rowed over the course under nearly similar circumstances, that the better performance of the Light Blues should have caused such a revulsion of feeling in their favour. Still Oxford backers consoled themselves with the reflection how much their men would be served by the extra time, which might also tend to the deterioration of the enemy, whom they persisted could not be kept up much longer to the "concert pitch" in which they had appeared. Why such expectations were not realised may perhaps be determined by referring to a circumstance which appears as yet to have escaped the attention of the many commentators on the race.

During the first week of the usual fortnightly practice, the temperature had risen almost unprecedentedly for the month of March, so that the weather bade fair to become eminently favourable to those labouring under a burden of flesh, while to men trained almost to perfection, and incapable of losing more weight without deterioration, its effect would be rather enervating and depressing. But March, which, contrary to its usual traditions, had come in with "The Lamb" at Liverpool, determined to make amends by going out with "the lion," and the temperature of the last week was exactly of that

nature as to preclude any hope of reducing weight by natural means, and by its keen and bracing tone to sustain the health and condition of those whose training it was not desirable to prolong. Hence it was that the Oxford crew went from bad to worse, the rowing on some days being worse than second-rate, and evident weakness displaying itself in more places than one in the boat. Salter's new craft, too, though preferable to the one they had been practising in, did not come up to their expectations, and the mere fact of such frequent changes had a great deal to do with demoralising the crew, although some of the river-side *cognoscenti* professed themselves sanguine to the last, leaning on those broken reeds of which so many are ever at hand to sustain doubtful reputations. The unexpected triumph of 1859 buoyed them up not a little with the hope that on a windy and tempestuous day all might again go well with the stalwart sons of Isis, and that their strength might bring them through an otherwise doubtful contest.

It is not our intention to make the crews fight their aquatic battle over again in these pages, for the accounts of the race in most of the exclusively sporting journals are correct in all their descriptions of its principal features. The moving incidents which occurred in the course of its decision were few and far between, for Cambridge took the lead at starting, kept it, and passed the flag-boat first. From the first dip of their oars at Putney to their ultimate easy off the Ship, they never for a moment lost that uniformity of swing and neatness of style which distinguished them far above any University crew of late years. Even in taking their opponents' water below Barnes Bridge, there was no hurry or unsteadiness; nor, again, when that vigorous Oxford challenge redoubled the shouts from the banks, and those most enthusiastic in the Dark Blue cause fondly hugged the pleasing delusion of a probability of their victory "on the post." All the crew rowed well, and were most efficiently steered; nor was there the least evidence of staleness or overtraining when the boat's head was once more set for home, and a four miles long ovation awaited them on their return to Putney. The Oxford crew never had a chance from the commencement, and it is sheer insanity to entertain the notion for one moment that the result would have been altered had the course been longer. The desperate spurt which Lesley effected just before the finish, in which he was nobly seconded by his crew, was merely one grand expiring effort to show that Oxford, if beaten, would "die game," and, if it turned out futile, it at any rate afforded a momentary excitement to those who, having taken up their coign of vantage near the winning-post, are usually treated to the mere

semblance of a contest which has virtually been decided farther down the river. Lesley's rowing was admirable, and quite worthy of old Oxford traditions and such strokes as Darbshire, Brown, and Hoare, his predecessors in well nigh a decade of victories. Had he been well backed up by those behind him, the result might have been different; but, as faithful chroniclers, we are bound to record the existence of more than one weak place in the boat, which had been painfully apparent during the practice of the previous fortnight. Even at the last moment we hear the substitution of a stronger man was earnestly advocated, and as summarily rejected by their Mentor, whose care and attention to his men throughout their training was deserving of a more auspicious termination to his labours. Without the slightest wish to detract from Mr. Benson's abilities as a "coach," we confess we should like to have seen what Mr. Morrison would have done with the crew, for we take it that the ability to lick into shape rough material rather than to polish up a generally proficient crew is the *forte* of that distinguished oarsman. And Cambridge will thankfully acknowledge their debt of gratitude to him for their success in the two last races; and, now that the Cam has been rendered more amenable to the requirements of rowing, we shall look forward to a long series of brilliant struggles between the sister seats of learning; hoping, nevertheless, that the tide of victory may not set in too persistently in the same direction, as such a state of things tends to diminish that healthy public interest which is manifested in the University Boat Race.

In these days of speculation and finesse, it is gratifying to be able to record the existence of at least one phase of sport which has as yet been undefiled by the machinations of the "clever division" of mankind; and to point to the annual Easter contest as one involving no monetary considerations, and the result of which is unaffected by "market movements." This is the secret of its popularity, which is never likely to wane so long as the same rigid principles of honour and generous rivalry are brought to bear upon its decision. Would that all English pastimes were carried out in the same spirit, and that money-grubbing propensities were confined to business, leaving the realm of sport free from their odious contamination!

ASTEROID.

WITHIN AND WITHOUT.

A SERIES OF MOSAICS FROM THE CITY.

BY D. MORIER EVANS.

V.—THE GREAT HERR STEIN VON SKORK.

H WAS listening to the strains of Old Cohen, the Jew violinist, who has long since departed from this scene, and who, in his day, enjoyed a high reputation among the civic *cognoscenti*, his grand *rendezvous* at that period being opposite Garraway's Coffee House—when a voice whispered close to my ear, “Mein guten Kapel Meister—yer wanted near here, round der corner—bray come along.”

I turned—lo! and behold—it was the great Herr Stein von Skork.

“No,” I replied, “not immediately, for I want to hear Old Cohen finish.” He was giving the overture to “Artaxerxes” with his peculiar fire and dash, making the very strings of the instrument tremble; and, as he proceeded, played with more force and *verve* than ever.

“But, my good sare, it is a particular pishiness,” continued the queer individual in question. “Besides, the learned Professor is waiting, and I know you would not like to disappoint him.” The latter sentence was spoken in such an insinuating tone that, knowing whom he meant by “the learned Professor,” I was half inclined to accede.

Still, I was not inclined to leave Old Cohen, because, having finished the overture to “Artaxerxes,” he entered upon the overture to “Semiramide,” and was delighting his audience with his bold and vigorous performance of the piece. The visitors of Garraway's subscribed liberally to the pockets of the blind violinist, and he eventually put up his instrument, encased his bow, and retired with his daughter, either for Baker's, Simpson's, the North and South, the New York, or other great dining-rooms in the neighbourhood.

“Now, what is the matter, Stein von Skork?” I observed. “I really take no interest in your affairs, and am not disposed to do so because your engagements are not punctually fulfilled.”

“But, my dear sare,” continued the brave German, Skork, “but

they will be, and we shall require clear-headed, practical people, to carry them out. Vy, pless your heart, you're one of the very men."

"Nonsense," I replied; "the same old story, always going to make a fortune, and in the end losing whatever you have, and letting your best friends in."

"Nein—nein, my goot Poy. Bray come and see der learned Professor."

Now I was at leisure, I had not the least objection, and that for the best of reasons. The learned Professor to whom Stein von Skork so pointedly alluded was a cherished colleague of mine, one of the best men who ever lived—only perhaps a little too generous in his promptings of assistance in almost every case of distress presented to his notice. The Professor never went too far without consulting me on these small points, and this was the reason why the astute German wished me to be at the interview.

Nevertheless, I showed no alacrity in complying with his request; this he saw; and he urged me more violently than ever, saying "it was unkind not to give him my support when his situation and prospects were so precarious."

It should be explained that the learned Professor and I were engaged on City business in an office in the neighbourhood of Lombard Street, not far from Birchin Lane; that we worked harmoniously together, and possessed each other's complete confidence. At the same time, having been brought up to the law, he kept his name on the rolls, and pursued a small but lucrative practice among his private connections.

In this way several curious introductions took place, and if a rich client was not to be had, a poor one was invariably imported. Stein von Skork came through his loophole, as did the Baron de Mascareñas and other dilapidated titled worthies. But there was a well-to-do Irish surgeon, who followed his profession not far from East Cheap, who entrusted my friend with a few of his cases, and who entertained the most unmitigated contempt for all foreigners—save Americans—several of his friends having emigrated to that illustrious country.

It was not surprising, therefore, that when any of these "bamboozling" foreigners, as the great Mascareñas designated them, encountered him in the office, his vocabulary being strong and suggestive, they came off second best.

When I returned to "the shop," as our place of business was familiarly called, Herr Stein von Skork having preceded me, I found

him huddled in a corner, awaiting the issue of a conversation between the great M—— and the learned Professor.

The learned Professor, with bright, beaming face, fine, intelligent eyes, and manly bearing, was attempting to balance a long ruler on the top of his thumb ; but he signally failed.

"Now," said Mr. M——, "when you've done your balancing tricks, we'll come to business. I suppose you've issued that writ for the amount due to me by those scoundrels at Islington?" Anybody who owed Mr. M—— money was invariably placed under the category either of scoundrels or vagabonds.

"No, indeed, I have not," replied the Professor. "If I had it would have only put you to needless expense, and you know your economical tendency."

"Bah!—when I told you to do it you should have done it, and carried out my wishes," strongly asseverated the Irish surgeon.

"But it would have incurred costs without producing any result," rejoined the Professor.

"Never mind," said the hot-headed Dublin man, "you think you have acted for the best, but it is not my opinion. Understand, I wish the writ issued."

"But, listen to reason," echoed the Professor.

"Reason or no reason," blared out the Hibernian, "I'll have the writ issued."

"What, when I tell you the defendant is out of the way, and his wife and children are living in meanly furnished apartments?"

"How do you know that?"

"How do I know that? Because I have made the requisite inquiries," rejoined the Professor. "Others have tried to serve him, and have failed. Why should we throw good money after bad?"

"Ah! poor me—ah! poor me!" chimed in, with doleful gesture, Stein von Skork.

"What, you here again, Stein von Skork?" cried the Irish surgeon, searching him with his eagle eyes—"some fresh project on foot; a borrowing scheme, no doubt; but not a farthing will you get out of me." And he shook his head, with a full determination to carry out his resolve.

Mr. M——, after a moment or two, seemed to cool down, but the Professor evidently enjoyed his Hibernian friend's indignation, whilst I was merely a passive spectator.

Presently the Irish surgeon returned to the attack. "Perhaps, my friend, if Stein von Skork required a writ to be served you would do it gratuitously for him, and think it a serviceable action to Society. You are so fond of these foreigners in distress."

"No, no, M——, you know better than that, and my *fidus Achates* (pointing to me) would not allow it if he had a voice in the matter," replied the Professor.

Herr Stein von Skork rose from his seat, and repudiated the insinuation of the native of Dublin. He came, like the Irish surgeon, on professional business, and when he came into his estates the kindness of his friends would be amply rewarded.

"Estates!" sneered the Irish surgeon; "I should like to see them. Is there enough land to sod a lark on?"

Stein von Skork stretched himself to his full height, and became quite red in the face. "Hut ar you dat dare doubt my estates? Der Professor has seen der papers, and if not quite complete they will soon be mad so. Y'are a poor, shamplng doctor, dat kill more dan cure. Get away."

Stein von Skork, although in seedy attire, was a tall, well-favoured man, and notwithstanding the Doctor was much his junior, the latter, in a struggle, would not have escaped without rough handling. The Skork family, according to Stein's own showing, were a remarkably fine race; and if their representative was only an average specimen, his ancestors could claim a very patrician appearance. He possessed a military bearing, wore a frogged, tight-buttoned coat, which concealed a doubtful under vest, and his black trousers presented anything but steady colour, and were frayed and torn at the ends. Yet Von Skork always had a dirty-white handkerchief thrust in his breast, and mounted gloves, although they were long since faded.

The Doctor was a short, stumpy individual, with a roguish twinkle in his eye, which he could change to sternness when he desired it, and enforce, if necessary, by his battering-ram of a tongue. He could be sparkling and vivacious, but also terribly ironical. His style of dress would, according to modern acceptance, have been described as of the "fast" school.

The Doctor failed to appreciate the remarks of his antagonist, and was about retorting, when Stein von Skork deliberately walked towards him, and, shaking his fist, said (the words almost choking his utterance), "Mein estate, gut sare, are in the province of G——, et vould puy yer and all dere family put togeder. Yer no insult me vuidout rueing vor it."

The learned Professor and I at once saw the prospect of a storm. How to appease the irascibility of the belligerents was the question. We appealed to the good feelings of Stein von Skork and the Doctor, but both were obstinate, though there was no doubt the latter was shaking in his shoes.

At the very moment the Baron de Mascareñas entered, having weighty professional affairs on hand. A further short parley then took place, mutual apologies were made, and the Doctor departed to fulfil a most pressing engagement. The remainder of the company were well satisfied at the result, since a regular "row" in the office of the Professor would, under the circumstances, have been equally disagreeable to him as well as myself.

The Baron de Mascareñas, although ordinarily no friend to Herr Stein von Skork, because he considered the German was trespassing on privileged ground, on this occasion sided with him, and if the Doctor could have heard and understood the anathemas levelled at him, in choice Spanish, he would not have relished the compliments offered to his present health and future prospects.

When the cause of the quarrel had been fully debated, we found the day had far advanced, and consequently it was necessary to adjourn.

Before, however, the meeting broke up, the business of the Baron was entered upon. It proved to be less urgent than supposed; only a desire on his part to be introduced to somebody who would pay a *douceur* for a small appointment connected with one of the Spanish American governments. Of course the thing could not be entertained; and, therefore, the consideration of the proposal was postponed. The Baron was always attempting to traffic in these "unconsidered trifles;" but, as far as I could ever trace, he never succeeded.

He possessed a regular tariff for the supposed regulation of his appointments. He professed to be able to obtain, through some occult influence, the title of Baron in Germany for £40; the position of Consul at one of the second-rate out-ports was fixed at £30; and of Vice-Consul at £15; with a trifling bonus for himself. His means of livelihood were, nevertheless, principally derived from giving lessons in Spanish, and obtaining, which he could with facility, choice brands of cigars for his friends.

Methinks I see him stand before me now. In stature, middle height, but rather broad. Of pure Castilian blood, and of a dignified presence. Scrupulously neat and clean, well dressed, and without attempt at display. He always confessed his resources were very limited, but he said he could make both ends meet, because the motto of his life was—" *Ne bebe; ne fumar*"—(never drink or smoke).

The Baron despatched, it was arranged that Herr Stein von Skork should see us on the morrow, when extraordinary revelations were to be confided to us with regard to a most valuable property; and

which, if it could be developed, would very speedily recompense all who engaged, even to a limited extent, in the enterprise.

The next day arrived, and both the Professor and I were anxious to ascertain the great secret which Herr Stein von Skork was to divulge. He was not punctual, as usual, either being detained by ill-health, or pestered with duns. When the latter was the case, he had to make a long circuit before reaching our office.

We therefore retired to Garraway's to take luncheon, leaving word where he could find us if he turned up.

Garraway's was not then what it is now. Its character has almost entirely changed. The new management have had to succumb to the altered fashion of the times. At the period of which I speak Funge and Bland were the proprietors, and it was the resort of the first bankers, merchants, and Stock Exchange people. The sandwich bar was the most extensively patronised in the City. The ham, tongue, and beef sandwiches were the best that could be obtained in London, and the stout and pale ale could not be rivalled.

The attention bestowed by Mr. Funge and Mr. Bland in person upon their customers, assisted by their indefatigable deputy, added to the enjoyment of the visit. Then the wines were unexceptionable, and if, in the evening, you stayed late, tea, coffee, and anchovy toast were prepared in rare perfection.

Now, although the establishment is admirably conducted, one of the Funge family still taking part in the administration, the ordinary luncheon bar has been introduced, and the charges have been lowered in proportion. This alteration has been a necessity, to meet the competition so rife in every direction.

Then there is no Old Cohen now, to cheer the heart with his good music. His son, the harpist, attends and executes well; but the father was for nearly a quarter of a century a general favourite. The Fez Band followed. They, however, after a season or two retired; and since then the only enlivening strains have been derived from French harpists and flautists who constantly play out of tune, and small violinists who place their instruments in every possible position and make horrid grimaces if they are not able to extract some coppers from you.

We had been in Garraway's at least half an hour, discussing sandwiches and pale ale, when a guttural laugh apprised us of the presence of Herr Stein von Skork, who had his customary roll of papers under his arm. He was invited to take refreshment, which he did with little persuasion; and so soon as this was finished we returned to the office.

The first thing Herr Stein von Skork did was to spread on the table the plans and details of his estates in the province of G——, and to descant upon the value of the timber, which could be either used for building, or burnt and calcined for chemical purposes. But the great prize on the property was what he described as the Bibchstein Quarry—which could be cheaply worked, and the produce sold on the spot. A small capital, with a few good names, would be sufficient to float the undertaking, and he would most willingly at once go out and undertake the superintendence.

“Yes, yes,” chimed in the Professor, “this is all very well, but we want the title complete. It is not the first time we have heard of the valuable timber and the Bibchstein Quarry; but, till the necessary papers are forthcoming to verify the title, you will not get any one to go into the adventure.”

“Certainly not, Stein von Skork,” I added. “We have been asking for these papers month after month, and you have always promised them, but they are not yet forthcoming.”

“But,” said Stein von Skork, “they will be here. Vy not shettle the prelinnies ready vor der coming?”

“Then the marvellous revelation is the Bibchstein Quarry,” rejoined the Professor, “which can be worked cheaply, and the produce sold on the spot?”

“*Nein*—not all,” said the German. “Den der is the rivere dat runs through the estates; makes fine plue (blue), der vash plue.”

“Ah, ah! Then the estates seem inexhaustible in resources,” replied the Professor; “and, no doubt, a fine thing can be made of them when the necessary papers for completing the title arrive.”

“Dat is vat you alway say—comblete der title”—(shrugging his shoulders).

“Yes,” said I; “it is thoroughly essential before any active steps are adopted.”

“Den can you let me hab £10 to send for papers to put der ting straight?” said Stein von Skork; “den dey vill be here in a week.”

We both laughed outright. It was the same old “try-on.” We had already made several small advances, but now the great Stein von Skork was launching out indeed. The Baron de Mascareñas was tolerably bold in his requests; he, however, was less extensive in his demands; yet, neither of them was a good paymaster.

We refused point blank. Herr Stein von Skork endeavoured to argue the question; but we remained resolute. At length he gathered his papers together, rolled them up, and left the place in apparent dudgeon.

Nothing more was heard of him for some time. The Baron, nevertheless, informed us that the great Stein von Skork was occasionally to be seen at the West End, where, he said, he thought he should be able to do more with his estates, and adjunctive enterprise, than in the City.

Months passed. Stein von Skork never honoured us with an appearance, and the Baron, who seemed tired of a lazy life, talked of joining the Flores expedition.

One fine summer morning—and it was certainly delightful weather—our old friend and annoyer made his appearance, dressed in the most elaborate manner—new frogged blue suit of the true Prussian hue, black trousers, a good hat, and gold-mounted cane. He walked with confidence into the office, took off his gloves, and admired his boots. The change in his costume had marvellously improved the man. Always dignified and courteous in his behaviour, he now looked thoroughly imposing. I alone was there to receive him, and I heartily congratulated him on the sudden mutation in his fortune.

Crossing his arms, he smiled, tapped his boots with his cane, and merely added that the Bibchstein adventure would be sure to prove a success.

From a long, rambling story, interspersed with many thanks for what my colleague and I had done for him, I gathered that there was now the prospect of getting the claims to his property put in order. He had been placed in communication with an “influential party” at the West End, who had advanced him £70 on making over one-half of the property, the object being to allow him to visit G——; complete the title; to return and organise a Company.

I told him I was perfectly satisfied that the learned Professor would be delighted to hear that he had fallen into such good hands, and that we should be pleased to learn of his safe arrival in Germany to secure the object of his visit.

“Ah,” he said with a bright beam on his countenance. “I sall return soon—veri rich—I sall repay vun hundrefold all vat you advance—sall keep karridge and ride—Herr Stein von Skork will pe a pig man.” He took out his pocket handkerchief, again saluted me, and retired.

The Professor soon returned. I acquainted him with the altered circumstances of Herr Stein von Skork, and of the glowing terms in which he depicted his future prospects. “Then,” said he, “you may depend, my dear friend, that is the last we shall see of him.”

The Professor was quite correct. We never saw Stein von Skork again.

The "influential party" at the West End we eventually discovered, through the Baron, was a "speculative money lender," who, after six months' patience, wrote off his investment as "doubtful."

A rumour reached us about a twelvemonth after that Stein von Skork did reach his native country, but shortly afterwards sickened and died, the property passing to his heirs.

TABLE TALK.

WHAT is the value of English public opinion—the value, that is, of the opinion of the man with the bald head and gold glasses on the back of the 'bus with the *Times* in his hand? The question is one which must often have suggested itself, and at last we are in a position to answer it. It is exactly a milliard of francs. That, at least, is the rate at which Count Bismarck discounts our influence; and Count Bismarck, according to the *Times*, is “the first statesman in Europe.” His original demand upon France was for six milliards of francs. M. Thiers protested against this as too high. Mr. Gladstone thought it too high, and, at the request of the Duc de Broglie, sent a message to Mr. Odo Russell to ask Count Bismarck to reconsider the sum. The telegram to Mr. Odo Russell was kept about on the road for twenty-seven hours, purely by accident, of course; but Count Bernstorff sent a hint to the Imperial head-quarters at Versailles, and Count Bismarck, in anticipation of Mr. Odo Russell's telegram, spontaneously reduced the indemnity to five milliards. This is a feather in our cap. The value of the average British statesman is generally represented by a fall of an eighth per cent. in Consols. The rumoured accident to the Prince of Wales a year or two ago in the hunting field reduced the Three per Cents. half per cent. But public opinion, even measured by the rule of *£ s. d.*, puts the Heir Apparent, and Lord Palmerston, too, to the blush. That is worth £40,000,000 sterling.

THERE is a field of inquiry as yet almost untouched by the advocates of the Darwinian philosophy. They have delved deeply in the quarries of the lower animals. They have worked hard at the natural history of aboriginal and primitive races of our own kind. Why not take a turn at the highly civilised tribes? It is sometimes hard searching for the germ of future moral and intellectual greatness among the molluscs and quadrupeds, but the traces of lower types of being are numerous and distinct enough among ourselves. Let the philosophers come and make a schedule of our vices, our meannesses, our grovelling tastes. Let them take note of the constantly recurring tendency to run back upon the lines of our development and to exhibit features of relationship with our ignominious parentage. We hold our heads very high to-day. We take a generous and dignified view of things. Our honour may not be questioned. Our honesty is beyond suspicion. But how little is needed to demoralise us! A turn of fortune; the falsehood of a friend; a bout of ill-usage; a chance temptation dexterously applied to our secret weakness—and we betray the old taint in the blood. Let Mr. Darwin put the animals on one side for the time, and go among his fellow-creatures. He

may not find the incipient foot of the reptile under the skin which covers the human ribs ; but he may discover, perhaps, traces of the instinct of any one of the most and the least admirable of the inferior creatures of the earth, the air, and the sea. What are the thirty or forty millions included in the new census of these islands all doing to-day? Some are creeping at night into holes not very different from those which give shelter to the wolf and the bear. Some have absolutely no belief in honesty or virtue. To many thousands of them a noble thought or a generous feeling is impossible and inexplicable. But our scientific theorists should not stop at mere observation. Their most convincing results are those of experiment. Let them put us through a few simple tests, and see what they can make of us in a generation or two. Let them subject us to alternate periods of hunger and feasts of raw meat. Let them deal with us as they do with plants and animals in the interests of discovery—not to produce new varieties and higher developments—for nature cannot be hurried on—but to reduce us back to that from which we sprung. *Facilis descensus a verni*. It would not take long to recover a glimpse of the character of our ancestors.

How often one meets people now with their nerves in a state of fiddle-strings ! And yet, considering the friction of town life, the surprise is that there are not ten times more people with shattered nerves than one meets even now. What a course of hideous noises one has to go through to travel ten or twelve miles over a railway ! The harsh grating of the break when applied ; what whistling, what shouting, what banging of doors ! One ought to have nerves of steel to travel over the Underground Railway, as so many thousands have to do in attending business. But this, bad as it is, is a paradise to Oxford Street, Fleet Street, and the City. Can no one strike out a plan for reducing all this friction? We have noiseless oil cloths ; we have a bit of noiseless pavement here and there ; we have noiseless carriage wheels. But the principle wants carrying out a little more systematically. We want a little more India-rubber everywhere, upon carriage and 'bus wheels, upon railway doors, to reduce the friction, to lessen the noise, and to allow us now and then to hear ourselves speak ; and the man who can India-rubber town life for us will deserve an equestrian statue at Charing Cross or a Peerage.

Is there any reason in the nature of things why we should not be allowed to send Post Office Orders by telegraph? It is done in Switzerland, one of the poorest countries in Europe ; and yet it pays. Why should it not be done in the busiest and wealthiest of all commercial States, and pay too? And why, concurrently with the establishment of the Swiss system here for the transmission of money, should we not alter our tariff of commission for the trifles which the poor now send through the Post Office? To the mass of people in this country—to all, in fact, who do not keep a bank book—the Post Office is a sort of national bank,

where they can always draw a cheque to send a friend ; and in this way £20,000,000 a year is sent through the Post Office. But what proportion does this sum, high as it is, bear to the total that is sent under cover of an envelope in the form of coin in slit cards, or of split notes or bank post bills? To say that it is not more than a third may at the first blush look a high estimate ; and yet I believe that it is within the mark. By reducing their tariff every shilling of these sixty millions might be brought into the hands of the Post Office, and the revenue from this part of its business doubled at a stroke. And yet you may as well talk to a cromlech as offer suggestions of this sort to the Post Office. It groans and frets at every fresh trifle that is added to its burden, like a camel loading for a run across the desert ; and yet if Mr. Monsell wants to distinguish himself by producing a handsome balance sheet at the close of his first year's administration of the Post Office, I know no way by which he can do this easier than by reducing the charges upon Post Office Orders 50 per cent. all round, and publishing a general order interdicting the transmission of coins and bank notes in unregistered letters. He need not even give a second thought to the public ; it is made to be fleeced. But there are two ways of fleecing us, and the present is neither artistic nor commercial. That is all.

THE west end of a city is mostly the best end. This well recognised disposition of things has generally been accounted for upon the supposition that as civilisation travels from east to west human progress goes with it, and with the highest personages at the head of the march. But a philosophical friend, with whom I was lately discussing the subject, offered an explanation which to my view is much more plausible. The west end of a town has always the purest air, because the prevailing wind over nearly the whole earth is westerly, and this carries to eastward all smoke, dirt, and vaporous refuse of life. Naturally, then, all who can settle where they get the freshest air. The best houses are built there, and the best people tenant them. The prevalence of westerly winds is a meteorological fact, so this hypothesis rests on a sound basis.

WHY, if only for the sake of rationality, do not our leading music publishers commence the abolition of that stupid half-price system? It is absurd to read music advertisements, setting forth that a composition whereof the asserted value is three shillings will be sent free to a purchaser for eighteen stamps, and that such-and-such a song, price four shillings, may be had for half price. When once it is known, as, in this matter, it is universally, that a price is doubled on purpose that it may be subsequently halved, where is the need for continuing the imposition? The buyer is no gainer by the transaction, since a piece of music is dearer at half price now than it would have been at full price thirty years ago, comparing length for length—in lines, however, not in pages, for the modern trick is to spread through six pages what might conveniently be printed

on three. Of the "half price" really paid, a fair proportion must go for paper merely; and I have a reason for suspecting that, for popular songs at all events, a large share goes to a very peculiar mode of advertising. If you want to popularise a song of your own composition you must get a vocal star to sing it publicly in his or her concert performances, and this involves a thumping bonus to the singer, which has somehow to be paid out of the profits on the sale of the composition.

AN ingenious American has been measuring the duration of a lightning flash. Considering that he makes it out to be only about the five-hundredth part of a second, there may be suspicion upon the accuracy of the estimation, for where is the sense that can appreciate such an interval? But there are simple and certain means for measurements even more minute than this. In the actual case before us the only apparatus was a cardboard disc, rotating at a great but a known velocity, and with a hole in its edge. The observer placed his eye behind the disc, and when a flash came he saw the hole lengthened into a streak by the lightning shining through it as it moved. The length of the streak showed how much the disc moved while the flash lasted: it was just a fortieth of a circle. The card turned once in the twelfth part of a second, so the flash lasted the fortieth of a twelfth of a second—that is one four hundred and eightieth of a second. When next you use the expression "As quick as lightning" you may speak by the card.

THE Communistic movement in France is an interesting example of contradictory psychological phenomena. Judging not merely by the theories of their speculative writers, but by the events of the last four-score years, we seem warranted in calling the French a sceptical people. Those of them who think are apt to run counter to prescription. They are quick to question the grounds of any received doctrine, and to dispute the foundation of an accepted principle of action. Even their ignorant crowds are not astonished at the enunciation of a proposition upsetting the faith of their lives. When the ordinary current of their experience is disturbed they will acquiesce in any fresh formula. That murder is not a crime; that cruelty is a virtue; that morality is superstition: are premises which, in certain moods, they would not for a moment call in question. On the other hand, the position they take up demands an amount of faith greater than that needed for the reception of any orthodox dogma. There is a positive side to all negative formulæ, but to these doctrinaires a new faith needs no proof. Their credulity with regard to the novel is greater than their unbelief with respect to the old. How may we explain the curious perversity? We can account for it only by reconsidering the charge of scepticism. They are, in truth, an eminently superstitious race. New objects of faith take the place of old, but the French mind must have its dogma. Their superstition, in ceasing

to be conservative, remains unaltered in character and intensity. That which was known as the Atheism of the period of the first Reign of Terror, was not Atheism, but Fetishism. They will fall down and worship a lay figure, a histrio fantastically dressed, a red cap, a political image. The philosophic sceptic accepts the conclusions of experience, provisionally, without admitting that they express an absolute truth ; but to the French an untried abstraction is better than experience—superior to what plain people call knowledge. The Anglo-Saxon Reformer, however “advanced” his school, is a man who tries to improve upon society, constitution, and laws. That is the “inductive method” applied to politics. The French Reformer hates the inductive method. The weakest party in all France, at any given period, are the Reformers. They have no patience with “improvements.” The ruin alike of Napoleon III. and of Louis XVI. was “concessions.” The political life of the nation is divided into two great superstitions. One party clings to the prescriptive, the other to an untried and purely abstract theory. The word “Liberty” is familiar in the mouths of the one and the other, but liberty itself is not an element in either of the creeds. When will the great man come who shall turn the bias of superstition in the Celtic character to some good end, in harmony with the steady progress of civilisation ?


NOT for some two or three months yet will the Registrar-General furnish us with the census returns. Till then we shall probably know nothing about the increase of population in the metropolis and the large towns. Strict orders were given that the enumerators and local registrars should hold the schedules inviolable. Nevertheless in numerous places the totals are already known and published in the country newspapers. The orders from head-quarters were capable of a free interpretation, and they have been freely interpreted. The registrar, or the registrar's clerk, in many a country town and village, is also the correspondent of the county *Chronicle* or *Mercury*. If not, he is on the “free list.” It is the duty of these officers to copy the particulars from the schedules into a book and to add up the figures ; and it does not appear in the letter of the Registrar-General's instructions that the gross totals shall be kept secret. Before us lies a large number of these results, wherefrom we draw the inference, which we believe will be confirmed by the official reports, that the agricultural population is still on the decrease. Ten years ago the falling off in the numbers of our field labourers was the subject of a good deal of comment, but the fact was not then regarded as in any degree alarming. In the rapid introduction of machinery was found a sufficient explanation ; and it was a matter for congratulation that the labourers had not remained upon the land and starved. They had gone abroad, and sought, and found, a living elsewhere. Two or three years elapsed, and then a new complaint arose. The exodus of labourers from the rural districts, once begun, went on too rapidly. The parishes were getting emptied ; there would soon be not men enough left to perform the

work. And worse still, the young, the strong, the able, the intelligent, made haste to go ; the aged, the decrepid, the "half men," the fathers of large families, remained. Upon the top of these serious facts arose the great question of the Condition of the Agricultural Labourer. The remnant of the farm servants want more wages and better conditions. They must have education. Their wives and young children must not go out to work in the fields. Meanwhile the competition in foreign agricultural produce is as severe as ever. The profit on the crops is not enough to bear increased burdens. Just now there is a lull in the discussion of these hard problems, but the census returns will bring the question to the fore again. There will be work for the statistical section of the British Association and the Social Science Congress in the autumn, and for Parliament next year. Happily in this country ingenuity and manufacturing enterprise step in to the aid of the politician at every possible opportunity. The contrivers of the still further application of machinery to the cultivation of the land may do more for the relief of agriculture from its difficulties than Mr. Gladstone.

A FACE is often a fortune : but the riches it produces should go exclusively to the natural possessor. It is to be presumed that every man and woman holds a copyright of his or her features which, if it is held lightly, has no right to be taken from its owners surreptitiously and put to a disrespectful purpose. A villainous practice has sprung up among fashion-book compilers and dress and adornment advertisers of pictorially clothing notable personages with the articles they wish to puff before the public. This practice may be seen in a phase bad enough, but yet comparatively innocent, in the pictures of royal ladies all in muslin and lace, which are put forth to illustrate the efficiency of somebody's patent starch. With less innocence has it been resorted to by some tailors, who have of late exhibited in their windows portraits of kings and emperors in surtouts and "vesters," and new style swallow-tails. If these plates are meant for compliments they are in questionable taste : if they are intended for caricatures they are disreputable : if they are to make it believed that the high personages actually wear the garments advertised, they deserve to fail in their dishonest aim. But the worst phase in which I have seen this malpractice exercised as yet—for there is no knowing where it will stop—is in the case of some unmanneredly woman's tailor, who has taken to placarding large portraits, far too well executed, of several well known ladies in a state of semi-undress, for the purpose of setting off his new and improved corset. This is making a degrading use of a familiar face : it can do the ladies portrayed no honour : it may do them dishonour : and if the offence is not punishable, it ought to be.

THESE pale green limes this Spring have a certain earnest look. Beautiful, but somehow almost sad. Are they coming out to watch us? They are everywhere. Over the churchyard wall, over the garden fence,

in the quiet bye-ways, above the throng in the roaring thoroughfare, adown the boulevards, in the passes of the Vosges, by the side of the Moselle, up the famous avenue of Berlin. Not the German legions, only, home from the wars, but all the fighters and the victims and the spectators are *unter den Linden* to-day. What have we been doing on this side of the water and on that since these black sentinels grew green above our heads only twelve months ago? Last year's leaves fell upon the battle fields, and the dark trunks have stood, weird-like, through a winter of such horrors as should never have belonged to these latter days. But life itself is absolutely pure and good, and no example of it is more suggestive or more touching than these marvellously delicate buds breaking into leaf. The contrast is mournful. We are not able to answer for ourselves in the presence of these monitors. We have not been faithful to the bright life that has been given us as it is given to these. The world has been too much for a great many of us. Our story seems plausible enough by some lights, and our excuses seem to demand a hearing ; but under the fresh budding limes in the spring sunshine, remembering what has been done and what is doing beneath the green branches, there is not a word to say. We may only try to take courage once again for the distant future times, by reason of the unbounded resources of new and pure life in the bosom of nature, whereof these limes of early summer are the witnesses.



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